

THE
MISCELLANEOUS
W O R K S

OF

Mr. PHILIP FRENEAU K

CONTAINING HIS

E S S A Y S,

AND

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

PHILADELPHIA:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Essays and Poems, selected from some printed and manuscript papers of Mr. Freneau, are now presented to the public of the United States, in hopes they will prove at least equally acceptable with his volume of poems published last year.— Some few of the pieces in this Volume have heretofore appeared in American Newspapers; but through a fatality, not unusually attending publications of that kind, are now, perhaps, forgotten; and, at any time, may, possibly, never have been seen, or attended to, but by very few.

The Printer.



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THE

THE
PICTURES OF COLUMBUS,
THE GENOESE.

PICTURE I.
COLUMBUS *making* MAPS.*

AS o'er his charts Columbus ran,
Such disproportion he survey'd,
He thought he saw in art's mean plan
Blunders that Nature never made;
The *land* in one poor corner plac'd,
And all beside, a swelling waste—!
“It can't be so,” Columbus said;
“This world on paper idly drawn,
“O'er one small tract so often gone
“The pencil tires; in this void space
“Allow'd to find no resting place.
“But copying Nature's bold design,
“If true to her, no fault is mine;
“Perhaps in these moist regions dwell
“Forms wrought like man, and lov'd as well.
“Yet to the west what lengthen'd seas!
“Are no gay islands found in these,
“No sylvan worlds that Nature meant
“To balance Asia's vast extent?”

A

“As

* History informs us this was his original profession: and from the disproportionate vacancy observable in the drafts of that time between Europe and Asia to the west, it is most probable he first took the idea of another continent, lying in a parallel direction to, and existing between both.

" As late a mimic globe I made
 " (Imploring Fancy to my aid)
 " O'er these wild seas a shade I threw,
 " And a new world my pencil drew.
 " But westward plac'd, and far away
 " In the deep seas this country lay
 " Beyond all climes already known,
 " In Neptune's bosom plac'd alone.
 " Who knows but he that hung this ball
 " In the clear void, and governs all,
 " On those dread scenes, remote from view,
 " Has trac'd his great idea too.
 " What can these idle charts avail—
 " O'er real seas I mean to sail;
 " If fortune aids the grand design,
 " Worlds yet unthought of shall be mine.
 " But how shall I this country find!
 " Gay, painted picture of the mind!
 " Religion* holds my project vain,
 " And owns no worlds beyond the main.
 " 'Midst yonder hills long time has stay'd
 " In sylvan cells a wondrous maid,
 " Who things to come can truly tell,
 " Dread mistress of the magic spell.
 " Whate'er the depths of time can shew
 " All pass before her in review,
 " And all events her eyes survey,
 " 'Till time and nature both decay.
 " I'll to her cave, enquiring there
 " What mighty things the fates prepare;
 " Whether my hopes and plans are vain,
 " Or I must give new worlds to Spain."

PICTURE

* The Inquisition made it criminal to assert the existence of the Antipodes.

PICTURE II.

*The CELL of an INCHANTRESS.**Inchantress.*

WHO dares attempt this gloomy grove
 Where never shepherd dream'd of love,
 And birds of night are only found,
 And poisonous weeds bestrew the ground :
 Hence, stranger, take some other road,
 Nor dare prophane my dark abode ;
 The winds are high, the moon is low—
 Would you enter ?——no, no, no :——

Columbus.

Sorceress of mighty power ! *
 Hither at the midnight hour
 Over hill and dale I've come,
 Leaving ease and sleep at home :
 With daring aims my bosom glows ;
 Long a stranger to repose,
 I have come to learn from you
 Whether phantoms I pursue,
 Or if, as reason would persuade,
 New worlds are on the ocean laid——
 Tell me, wonder-working maid,
 Tell me, dire enchantress, tell,
 Mistress of the magic spell !

Inchantress.

The staring owl her note has sung ;
 With gaping snakes my cave is hung ;
 Of maiden hair my bed is made,
 Two winding sheets above it laid ;

With

* The fifteenth century was, like many of the preceding, an age of superstition, credulity and ignorance. When this circumstance therefore is brought into view, the mixture of truth and fiction will not appear altogether absurd or unnatural. At any rate, it has ever been tolerated in this species of poetry.

With bones of men my shelves are pil'd,
 And toads are for my supper boil'd ;
 Three ghosts attend to fill my cup,
 And four to serve my pottage up ;
 The *crow* is waiting to say grace :—
 Wouldst thou in such a dismal place
 The secrets of thy fortune trace ?

Columbus.

Though death and all his dreary crew
 Were to be open'd on my view,
 I would not from this threshold fly
 'Till you had made a full reply.
 Open wide this iron gate,
 I must read the book of fate :
 Tell me, if beyond the main
 Islands are reserv'd for Spain ;
 Tell me, if beyond the sea
 Worlds are to be found by me :
 Bid your spirits disappear,
 Phantoms of delusive fear,
 These are visions I despise,
 Shadows and uncertainties.

Inchantress.

Must I, then, yield to your request !
 Columbus, why disturb my rest !—
 For this the ungrateful shall combine,
 And hard misfortune shall be thine ;—
 For this the base reward remains
 Of cold neglect and galling chains ! *
 In a poor solitude forgot,
 Reproach and want shall be the lot
 Of him that gives new worlds to Spain,
 And westward spreads her golden reign.

BEFORE

* In 1498 he was superseded in his command at Hispaniola, and sent home in irons. Soon after finishing his fourth voyage, finding himself neglected by the Court of Spain after all his services, he retired to Valladolid in Old Castile, where he died on the 20th of May, A. D. 1506.

BEFORE you came to vex my bower
 I slept away the evening hour,
 Or watch'd the rising of the moon,
 With hissing vipers keeping tune,
 Or galloping along the glade
 Took pleasure in the lunar shade,
 And gather'd herbs, or made a prize
 Of horses tails and adders eyes :
 Now open flies the iron gate,
 Advance, and read the book of fate !
 On thy design what woes attend !
 The nations at the ocean's end,
 No longer destin'd to be free,
 Shall owe distress and death to thee !
 The seats of innocence and love
 Shall soon the scenes of horror prove :
 But why disturb these Indian climes,
 The pictures of more happy times !
 Has avarice, with unfeeling breast,
 Has cruelty thy soul possess'd ?
 May ruin on thy boldness wait !——
 Advance, and read the book of fate.

WHEN vulture, fed but once a week,
 And ravens three together shriek,
 And skeleton for vengeance cries,
 Then shall the fatal curtain rise !
 Two lamps in yonder vaulted room,
 Suspended o'er a brazen tomb,
 Shall lend their glimmerings, as you pass,
 To find your fortune in that glass
 Whose wondrous virtue is, to show
 Whate'er the inquirer wants to know.

PICTURE

PICTURE III.

*The MIRROR.**Columbus.*

STrange things I see, bright mirror, in thy breast:—
 There *Perseverance* stands, and nobly scorns
 The gabbling tongue of busy *calumny* ;
 Proud *Erudition* in a scholar's garb
 Derides my plans and grins a jeering smile.
Hypocrisy, clad in a doctor's gown,
 A western continent deems heresy :
 The princes, kings, and nobles of the land
 Smile at my projects, and report me mad :
 One royal woman only stands my friend,
 Bright *Isabell*, the lady of our hearts,
 Whom avarice prompts to aid my purposes,
 And love of toys—weak female vanity !—
 She gains her point !—three slender barques I see
 (Or else the witch's glass deceives mine eye)
 Rigg'd trim, and furnish'd out with stores and men,
 Fitted for tedious journeys o'er the main :
 Columbus—ha !—their motions he directs ;
 Their captains come, and ask advice from him,
 Holding him for the soul of resolution.
 Now, now we launch from *Palos* ! prosperous gales
 Impel the canvas : now the far fam'd streight
 Is pass'd, the pillars of the son of Jove,
 Long held the limits of the paths of men :
 Ah ! what a waste of ocean here begins,
 And lonely waves, so black and comfortless !
 Light flies each bounding galley o'er the main ;
 Now *Lancerota* gathers on our view,
 And *Teneriffe* her clouded summit rears :
 Awhile we linger at these islands fair
 That seem the utmost boundaries of the world,
 Then westward aiming on the unfathom'd deep
 Sorrowing,

Sorrowing, with heavy hearts we urge our way.
 Now all is discontent—such oceans pass'd,
 No land appearing yet, dejects the most;
 Yet, fertile in expedients, I alone
 The mask of mild content am forc'd to wear:
 A thousand signs I see, or feign to see,
 Of shores at hand, and bottoms underneath;
 And not a bird that wanders o'er the main,
 And not a cloud that traverses the sky
 But brings me something to support their hopes:
 All fails at last!—so frequently deceiv'd
 They growl with anger—mad to look at death
 They gnash their teeth, and will be led no more;
 On me their vengeance turns: they look at me
 As their conductor to the realms of ruin:
 Plot after plot discover'd, not reveng'd,
 They join against their chief in mutiny:
 They urge to plunge him in the boiling deep
 As one, the only one that would pursue
 Imaginary worlds through boundless seas:—
 The scene is chang'd—Fine islands greet mine eye,
 Cover'd with trees, and beasts, and yellow men;
 Eternal summer through the vallies smiles
 And fragrant gales o'er golden meadows play!—
 Inchantress, 'tis enough!—now veil your glass—
 The curtain falls—and I must homeward pass.

PICTURE IV.

COLUMBUS *addresses* King FERDINAND.

Prince and the pride of Spain! while meaner crowns,
 Pleas'd with the shadow of monarchical sway,
 Exact obedience from some paltry tract
 Scarce worth the pain and toil of governing,
 Be thine the generous care to send thy fame
 Beyond the knowledge, or the guess of man.

THIS

THIS gulphy deep (that bounds our western reign
 So long by civil feuds and wars disgrac'd)
 Must be the passage to some other shore
 Where nations dwell, children of early time,
 Basking in the warm sunshine of the south,
 Who some false deity, no doubt, adore,
 Owning no virtue in the potent cross :
 What honour, fire, to plant your standards there,*
 And souls recover to our holy faith
 That now in paths of dark perdition stray
 Warp'd to his worship by the evil one !

THINK not that Europe and the Asian waste,
 Or Africa, where barren sands abound,
 Are the sole gems in Neptune's bosom laid :
 Think not the world a vast extended plain :
 See yond' bright orbs, that through the ether move,
 All globular ; this earth a globe like them
 Walks her own rounds, attended by the moon,
 Bright comrade, but with borrowed lustre bright.
 If all the surface of this mighty round
 Be one wide ocean of unfathom'd depth
 Bounding the little space already known,
 Nature must have forgot her wonted wit
 And made a monstrous havock of proportion.
 If her proud depths were not restrain'd by lands,
 And broke by continents of vast extent
 Existing somewhere under western skies,
 Far other waves would roll before the storms
 Than ever yet have burst on Europe's shores,
 Driving before them deluge and confusion.

BUT Nature will preserve what she has plann'd :
 And the whole suffrage of antiquity,
 Platonic dreams, and reason's plainer page
 All point at something that we ought to see
 Buried behind the waters of the west,
 Clouded with shadows of uncertainty.

The

* It is allowed by most historians, that Ferdinand was an implicit believer, and one of the most superstitious bigots of his age.

The time is come for some sublime event
 Of mighty fame :—mankind are children yet,
 And hardly dream what treasures they possess
 In the dark bosom of the fertile main,
 Unfathom'd, unattempted, unexplor'd.
 These, mighty prince, I offer to reveal,
 And by the magnet's aid, if you supply
 Ships and some gallant hearts, will hope to bring
 From distant climes, news worthy of a king.

PICTURE V.

FERDINAND *and* his FIRST MINISTER.

Ferdinand.

WHAT would this madman have, this odd projector!
 A wild address I have to-day attended,
 Mingling its folly with our great affairs,
 Dreaming of islands and new hemispheres
 Plac'd on the ocean's verge, we know not where—
 What shall I do with this petitioner?

Minister.

Even send him, sire, to perish in his search :
 He has so pester'd me these many years.
 With idle projects of discovery—
 His name—I almost dread to hear it mention'd :
 He is a Genoese of vulgar birth
 And has been round all Europe with his plans
 Presenting them to every potentate ;
 He lives, 'tis said, by vending maps and charts,
 And being us'd to sketch imagin'd islands
 On that blank space that represents the seas,
 His head at last grows giddy with this folly,
 And fancied isles are turned to real lands
 With which he puzzles me perpetually :
 What pains me too, is, that our royal lady

B

Lend's

Lends him her ear, and reads his mad addresses,
Oppos'd to reason and philosophy.

Ferdinand.

He acts the devil's part in Eden's garden ;
Knowing the man was proof to his temptations
He whisper'd something in the ear of Eve,
And promis'd much, but meant not to perform.

Minister.

I've treated all his schemes with such contempt
That any but a rank, mad-brain'd enthusiast,
Pushing his purpose to extremities,
Would have forsook your empire, royal fir,
Discourag'd, and forgotten long ago.

Ferdinand.

Has he so long been busy at his projects ?—
I scarcely heard of him till yesterday :
A plan pursued with so much obstinacy
Looks not like madness :—wretches of that stamp
Survey a thousand objects in an hour,
In love with each, and yet attach'd to none
Beyond the moment that it meets the eye—
But him I honour, tho' in beggar's garbs,
Who has a soul of so much constancy
As to bear up against the hard rebuffs,
Sneers of great men, and insolence of power,
And through the opposition of them all
Pursues his object :—Minister, this man
Must have our notice :—Let him be commissioned
Viceroy of all the lands he shall discover,
Admiral and general in the fleets of Spain ;
Let three stout ships be instantly selected,
The best and strongest ribb'd of all we own,
With men to mann them, patient of fatigue :
But stay, attend ! how stands our treasury ?—

Minister.

Empty—even to the bottom, royal fir !
We have not coin for bare necessities,
Much less, so pardon me, to spend on madmen.

PICTURE

PICTURE VI.

COLUMBUS *addresses* Queen ISABELLA.

WHILE Turkish queens, dejected, pine,
 Compell'd sweet freedom to resign ;
 And taught one virtue, *to obey*,
 Lament some eastern tyrant's sway,
 Queen of our hearts, bright Isabell !
 A happier lot to you has fell,
 Who make a nation's bliss your own,
 And share the rich Castilian throne.

Exalted thus, beyond all fame,
 Assist, fair lady, that proud aim
 Which would your native reign extend
 To the wide world's remotest end.

From science, fed by busy thought,
 New wonders to my view are brought :
 The vast abyss beyond our shore
 I deem impassable no more.

Let those that love to dream or sleep
 Pretend no limits to the deep :
 I see beyond the rolling main
 Abounding wealth reserv'd for Spain.
 From Nature's earliest days conceal'd,
 Men of their own these climates yield,
 And scepter'd dames, no doubt, are there,
 Queens like yourself, but not so fair.

But what should most provoke desire
 Are the fine pearls that they admire,
 And diamonds bright and coral green
 More fit to grace a Spanish queen.

Their yellow shells, and virgin gold,
 And silver, for our trinkets sold,
 Shall well reward this toil and pain,
 And bid our commerce shine again.

As

E

As men were forc'd from Eden's shade
 By errors that a woman made,
 Permit me at a woman's cost
 To find the climates that we lost.

He that with you partakes command,
 The nation's hope, great Ferdinand,
 Attends, indeed, to my request,
 But wants no empires in the west.

Then, queen, supply the swelling sail,
 For eastward breathes the steady gale
 That shall the meanest barque convey
 To regions richer than Cathay.*

Arriv'd upon that flowery coast
 Whose towns of golden temples boast,
 While these bright objects strike our view
 Their wealth shall be reserv'd for you.

Each swarthy king shall yield his crown,
 And smiling lay their sceptres down,
 When they, not tam'd by force of arms,
 Shall hear the story of your charms.

Did I an empty dream pursue
 Great honour still must wait on you
 Who sent the lads of Spain to keep
 Such vigils on the untravell'd deep,
 Who fix'd the bounds of land and sea,
 Trac'd Nature's works through each degree,
 Imagin'd some unheard of shore
 But prov'd that there was nothing more.

YET happier prospects, I maintain,
 Shall open on your female reign,
 While ages hence with rapture tell
 How much they owe to Isabell!

PICTURE

* The ancient name for China.

PICTURE VII.

*Queen ISABELLA's Page of Honour writing a
reply to COLUMBUS.*

YOUR yellow shells, and coral green,
And gold, and silver—not yet seen,
Have made such mischief in a woman's mind
The queen could almost pillage from the crown,
And add some costly jewels of her own,
Thus sending you that charming coast to find
Where all these heavenly things abound,
Queens in the west, and chiefs renown'd.
But then no great men take you by the hand,
Nor are the nobles busied in your aid;
The clergy have no relish for your scheme,
And deem it madness—one archbishop said
You were bewilder'd in a paltry dream
That led directly to undoubted ruin,
Your own and other men's undoing:—
And our confessor says it is not true,
And calls it heresy in you
Thus to assert the world is round,
And that *Antipodes* are found
Held to the earth, we can't tell how.——

BUT you shall fail; I heard the queen declare
That mere geography is not her care;——
And thus she bids me say,
“Columbus, haste away,
“Hasten to Palos, and if you can find
“Three barques, of structure suited to your mind,
“Strait make a purchase in the royal name;
“Equip them for the seas without delay,
“Since long the journey is (we heard you say)
“To that rich country which we wish to claim—
“Let them be small—for know the crown is poor
“Though basking in the sunshine of renown.

“Long

“ Long wars have wasted us : the pride of Spain
 “ Was ne’er before so high, nor purse so mean ;
 “ Giving us ten years war, the humbled *Moor*
 “ Has left us little else but victory :
 “ Time must restore past splendor to our reign.”

PICTURE VIII.

COLUMBUS *at the Harbour of PALOS, in Andalusia.*

Columbus.

IN three small barques to cross so vast a sea,
 Held to be boundless, even in learning’s eye,
 And trusting only to a magic glass,
 Which may have represented things untrue,
 Shadows and visions for realities!—
 It is a bold attempt!—Yet I must go,
 Travelling the surge to its great boundary ;
 Far, far away beyond the reach of men,
 Where never galley spread her milk-white sail
 Or weary pilgrim bore the Christian name !

But though I were confirm’d in my design
 And saw the whole event with certainty,
 How shall I so exert my eloquence,
 And hold such arguments with vulgar minds
 As to convince them I am not an idiot
 Chasing the visions of a shatter’d brain,
 Ending in their perdition and my own ?
 The world, and all its wisdom is against me ;
 The dreams of priests ; philosophy in chains ;
 False learning swoln with self-sufficiency ;
 Men seated at the helm of royalty
 Reasoning like school-boys ;—what discouragements !
 Experience holds herself mine enemy,
 And one weak woman only hears my story!—

I’ll

I'll make a speech——“ Here jovial sailors, here !

“ Ye that would rise beyond the rags of fortune,

“ Struggling too long with hopeless poverty,

“ Coasting your native shores on shallow seas,

“ Vex'd by the gallies of the Ottoman ;

“ Now meditate with me a bolder plan,

“ Catching at fortune in her plenitude !

“ He that shall undertake this voyage with me

“ Shall be no longer held a vulgar man :

“ Princes shall wish they had been our companions,

“ And Science blush she did not go along

“ To learn a lesson that might humble pride

“ Now grinning idly from a pedant's cap,

“ Lurking behind the veil of cowardice.

“ FAR in the west a golden region lies

“ Unknown, unvisited for many an age,

“ Teeming with treasures to enrich the brave.

“ Embark, embark—Columbus leads the way——

“ Why, friends, existence is alike to me

“ Dear and desirable with other men ;

“ What good could I devise in seeking ruin ?

“ Embark, I say ; and he that sails with me

“ Shall reap a harvest of immortal honour :

“ Wealthier he shall return than they that now

“ Lounge in the lap of principalities,

“ Hoarding the gorgeous treasures of the east.”——

ALAS, alas ! they turn their backs upon me,

And rather choose to wallow in the mire

Of want, and torpid inactivity,

Than by one bold and masterly exertion

Themselves ennoble, and enrich their country !

PICTURE

PICTURE IX.
A SAILOR'S HUT, near the Shore.

THOMAS and SUSAN.

Thomas.

I WISH I was over the water again!
'Tis a pity we cannot agree;
When I try to be merry 'tis labour in vain,
You always are scolding at me;
Then what shall I do
With this termagant Sue;
Tho' I hug her and squeeze her
I never can please her——
Was there ever a devil like you!

Susan.

If I was a maid as I now am a wife
With a fot and a brat to maintain,
I think it should be the first care of my life,
To shun such a drunkard again:
Not one of the crew
Is so hated by Sue;
Though they always are bawling,
And pulling, and hauling——
Not one is a puppy like you.

Thomas.

Dear Susan, I'm sorry that you should complain:
There is nothing indeed to be done;
If a war should break out, not a sailor in Spain
Would sooner be found at his gun:
Arriving from sea
I would kneel on one knee,
And the plunder presenting
To Susan relenting——
Who then would be honour'd like me!

Susan.

To-day as I came by the sign of the ship,
A mighty fine captain was there,

He

He was asking for sailors to take a small trip.
 But I cannot remember well where:
 He was hearty and free,
 And if you can agree
 To leave me, dear honey,
 To bring me some money!——
 How happy—indeed—I shall be!

Thomas.

The man that you saw not a sailor can get,
 'Tis a captain Columbus, they say;
 To fit out a ship he is running in debt,
 And our wages he never will pay:
 Yes, yes, it is he,
 And, Sue, do ye see,
 On a wild undertaking
 His heart he is breaking——
 The devil may take him for me!

PICTURE X.

BERNARDO, a Spanish Friar, in his canonicals.

DID not our holy book most clearly say
 This earth is built upon a pillar'd base;
 And did not REASON add convincing proofs
 That this huge world is one continued plain
 Extending onward to immensity,
 Bounding with oceans these abodes of men,
 I should suppose this dreamer had some hopes,
 Some prospects built on probability.
 What says our lord the pope—he cannot err——
 He says, *our world is not orbicular*,
 And has rewarded some with chains and death
 Who dar'd defend such wicked heresies.
 But we are turning heretics indeed!——
 A foreigner, an idiot, an impostor,
 An infidel (since he dares contradict

C

What

What our most holy order holds for truth)
 Is pouring poison in the royal ear ;
 Telling him tales of islands in the moon,
 Leading the nation into dangerous errors,
 Slighting instruction from our brotherhood !—
 O Jesu ! Jesu ! what an age is this !

PICTURE XI.

OROSIO, a Mathematician, with his scales and compasses.

THIS persevering man succeeds at last !
 The last gazette has publish'd to the world
 That *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* grant
 Three well rigg'd ships to *Christopher Columbus* ;
 And have bestow'd the noble titles too
 Of *Admiral* and *Vice-Roy*——great indeed !——
 Who will not now project, and scrawl on paper—
 Pretenders now shall be advanc'd to honour ;
 And every pedant that can frame a problem,
 And every lad that can draw parallels
 Or measure the subtension of an angle,
 Shall now have ships to make discoveries,

THIS simple man would sail he knows not where ;
 Building on fables, schemes of certainty ;—
 Visions of *Plato*, mix'd with idle tales
 Of later date, intoxicate his brain :
 Let him advance beyond a certain point
 In his fantastic voyage, and I foretell
 He never can return : ay, let him go !——
 There is a line towards the setting sun
 Drawn on an ocean of tremendous depth,
 (Where nature plac'd the limits of the day)
 Haunted by dragons, fond of solitude,
 Red serpents, fiery forms, and yelling hags,
 Fit company for mad adventurers.——

There,

There, when the sun descends, 'tis horror all;
 His angry globe through vast abysses gliding
 Burns in the briny bosom of the deep
 Making a havock so detestable,
 And causing such a wasteful ebullition
 That never island green, or continent
 Could find foundation, there to grow upon.

PICTURE XII.

COLUMBUS and a PILOT.

Columbus.

TO take on board the sweepings of a jail
 Is inexpedient in a voyage like mine
 That will require most patient fortitude,
 Strict vigilance and staid sobriety,
 Contempt of death on cool reflection founded,
 A sense of honour, motives of ambition,
 And every sentiment that sways the brave.—
 Princes should join me now!—not those I mean
 Who lurk in courts, or revel in the shade
 Of painted ceilings:—those I mean, more worthy,
 Whose daring aims and persevering souls
 Soaring beyond the sordid views of fortune
 Bespeak the lineage of true royalty.

Pilot.

A fleet arrived last month at Carthagene
 From Smyrna, Cyprus, and the neighbouring isles:
 Their crews, releas'd from long fatigues at sea,
 Have spent their earnings in festivity,
 And hunger tells them they must out again.
 Yet nothing instantly presents itself
 Except your new and noble expedition:
 The fleet must undergo immense repairs,
 And numbers will be unemploy'd a while:
 I'll take them in the hour of dissipation

(Before

(Before reflection has made cowards of them
 Suggesting questions of impertinence)
 When desperate plans are most acceptable,
 Impossibilities are possible,
 And all the spring and vigour of the mind
 Is strain'd to madness and audacity :
 If you approve my scheme, our ninety men
 (The number you pronounce to be sufficient)
 Shall all be enter'd in a week, at most.

Columbus.

Go, pilot, go—and every motive urge
 That may put life into this expedition.
 Early in August we must weigh our anchors.
 Time wears apace—bring none but willing men,
 So shall our orders be the better borne,
 The people less inclin'd to mutiny.

P I C T U R E XIII.

DISCONTENTS at Sea.

Antonio.

DREADFUL is death in his most gentle forms !—
 More horrid still on this mad element,
 So far remote from land—from friends remote !
 So many thousand leagues already sail'd
 In quest of visions !—what remains to us
 But perishing in these moist solitudes ;
 Where many a day our corpses on the sea
 Shall float unwept, unpitied, unentomb'd !
 O fate most terrible !—undone Antonio !
 Why didst thou listen to a madman's dreams,
 Pregnant with mischief—why not, comrades, rise !—
 See, Nature's self prepares to leave us here ;
 The needle, once so faithful to the pole,
 Now quits his object and bewilders us ;

Steering

Steering at random, just as chance directs——
O fate most terrible!—undone Antonio!——

Hernando.

Borne to creation's utmost verge, I saw
New stars ascending, never view'd before!
Low sinks the bear!—O land, my native land,
Clear springs and shady groves! why did I change
Your aspect fair for these infernal wastes,
Peopled by monsters of another kind;
Ah me! design'd not for the view of man!

Columbus.

Cease, dastards, cease; and be inform'd that *man*
Is nature's lord, and wields her to his will;
If her most noble works obey our aims,
How much more so ought worthless scum, like you,
Whose whole existence is a morning dream,
Whose life is sunshine on a wintry day,
Who shake at shadows, struck with palsied fear;
Measuring the limit of your lives by distance.

Antonio.

Columbus, hear! when with the land we parted
You *thirty days* agreed to plough the main,
Directing westward.—Thirty have elaps'd,
And thirty more have now begun their round,
No land appearing yet, nor trace of land,
But distant fogs that mimic lofty isles,
Painting gay landscapes on the vapourish air,
Inhabited by fiends that mean our ruin—
You persevere, and have no mercy on us——
Then perish by yourself—we must return——
And know, our firm resolve is fix'd for Spain;
In this resolve we are unanimous.

JUAN DE VILLA-REAL to COLUMBUS.

(*A biller.*)

“ I heard them over night a plot contriving
“ Of fatal purpose——have a care, Columbus!——
“ They have resolv'd, as on the deck you stand,

“ Aiding

" Aiding the vigils of the midnight hour,
 " To plunge you headlong in the roaring deep,
 " And slaughter such as favour your design
 " Still to pursue this western continent."

Columbus, solus.

Why, nature, hast thou treated those so ill,
 Whose souls, capacious of immense designs
 Leave ease and quiet for a nation's glory,
 Thus to subject them to these little things,
 Insects, by heaven's decree in shapes of men!
 But so it is, and so we must submit,
 Bending to thee, the heaven's great chancellor!
 But must I fail!—and by timidity!
 Must thou to thy green waves receive me, Neptune,
 Or must I basely with my ships return,
 Nothing accomplish'd!—not one pearl discover'd,
 One bit of gold to make our queen a bracelet,
 One diamond for the crown of Ferdinand!
 How will their triumph be confirm'd, who said
 That I was mad!—Must I then change my course,
 And quit the country that would strait appear,
 If one week longer we pursued the sun!—
 The witch's glass was not delusion, sure!
 All this, and more, she told me to expect!—

(To the crew.)

" Assemble, friends; attend to what I say:
 " Signs unequivocal, at length, declare
 " That some great continent approaches us:
 " The sea no longer glooms unmeasur'd depths,
 " The setting sun discovers clouds that owe
 " Their origin to fens and woodland wastes,
 " Not such as breed on ocean's salt domain:—
 " Vast flocks of birds attend us on our way,
 " These all have haunts amidst the watry void,
 " Sweet scenes of ease, and sylvan solitude,
 " And springs, and streams that we shall share with
 " Now, hear my most importunate request: [them.
 " I call

“ I call you all my friends; you are my equals,
 “ Men of true worth and native dignity,
 “ Whose spirits are too mighty to return
 “ Most meanly home, when nothing is accomplish’d—
 “ Consent to sail our wonted course with me
 “ But one week longer, and if that be spent,
 “ And nought appear to recompence our toil,
 “ Then change our course and homeward haste away—
 “ Nay, homeward not!—for that would be too base—
 “ But to some negro coast, where we may hide,
 “ And never think of Ferdinand again.”

Hernando.

One week!—too much—it shall not be, Columbus!
 Already are we on the verge of ruin,
 Warm’d by the sunshine of another sphere,
 Fann’d by the breezes of the burning zone,
 Launch’d out upon the world’s extremities!—
 Who knows where one week more may carry us?

Antonio.

Nay, talk not to the traitor!—base Columbus,
 To thee our ruin and our deaths we owe!
 Away, away!—friends!—men at liberty,
 Now free to act as best befits our case,
 Appoint another pilot to the helm,
 And *Andalusia* be our port again!

Columbus.

Friends, is it thus you treat your admiral,
 Who bears the honours of great Ferdinand,
 The royal standard, and the arms of Spain!
 Three days allow me—and I’ll show new worlds.

Hernando.

Three days!—one day will pass too tediously—
 But in the name of all our crew, Columbus,
 Whose speaker and controuler I am own’d;
 Since thou indeed art a most gallant man,
 Three days we grant—but ask us not again!

PICTURE

PICTURE XIV.

COLUMBUS at CAT ISLAND.

Columbus, solus.

HAIL, beauteous land ! the first that greets mine eye
 Since, bold, we left the cloud capp'd *Teneriffe*,
 The world's last limit long suppos'd by men.—
 Tir'd with dull prospects of the watry waste
 And midnight dangers that around us grew,
 Faint hearts and feeble hands and traitors vile,
 Thee, HOLY SAVIOUR, on this foreign land
 We still adore, and name this coast from thee !*
 In these green groves who would not wish to stay
 Where guardian nature holds her quiet reign,
 Where beardless men speak other languages,
 Unknown to us, ourselves unknown to them.

Antonio.

In tracing o'er the isle no gold I find—
 Nought else but barren trees and craggy rocks
 Where screaming sea-fowl mix their odious loves,
 And fields of burning marle, where devils play
 And men with copper skins talk barbarously—
 What merit has our chief in sailing hither
 Discovering countries of no real worth !
 Spain has enough of barren sands, no doubt,
 And savages in crowds are found at home ;—
 Why then surmount the world's circumference
 Merely to stock us with this Indian breed ?

Hernando.

Soft !—or Columbus will detect you murmuring—
 This new found isle has re-instated him

In

* He called the island San Salvador. It lies about 90 miles S. E. from Providence.

In all our favours—see you yonder sands?—
 Why, if you see them, swear that they are gold,
 And gold like this shall be our homeward freight,
 Gladding the heart of Ferdinand the great,
 Who, when he sees it, shall say smilingly,
 “ Well done, advent’rous fellows, you have brought
 “ The treasure we expected and deserv’d !”——
 Hold ! I am wrong—there goes a savage man
 With gold suspended from his ragged ears :
 I’ll brain the monster for the sake of gold ;
 There, savage, try the power of Spanish steel—
 ’Tis of *Toledo**—true and trusty stuff !
 He falls ! he falls ! the gold, the gold is mine !
 First acquisition in this golden isle !——

Columbus, solus.

Sweet sylvan scenes of innocence and ease,
 How calm and joyous pass the seasons here !
 No splendid towns or spiry turrets rise,
 No lordly palaces—no tyrant kings
 Enact hard laws to crush fair freedom here ;
 No gloomy jails to shut up wretched men ;
 All, all are free !—here God and nature reign ;
 Their works unsullied by the hands of men——
 Ha ! what is this—a murder’d wretch I see,
 His blood yet warm—O hapless islander,
 Who could have thus so basely mangled *thee*,
Who never offer’d insult to our shore—
 Was it for those poor trinkets in your ears
 Which by the custom of your tribe you wore,—
 Now seiz’d away—and which would not have weigh’d
 One poor piastre !
 Is this the fruit of my discovery !
 If the first scene is murder, what shall follow
 But havock, slaughter, chains and devastation

D

In

* The best steel-blades in Spain are manufactured at *Toledo*
 and *Bilboa*.

In every dress and form of cruelty !
 O injur'd Nature, overwhelm me in the deep,
 And let not Europe hope for my return,
 Or guess at worlds upon whose threshold now
 So black a deed has just been perpetrated !——
 We must away—enjoy your woods in peace,
 Poor, wretched, injur'd, harmless islanders ;—
 On *Hayti's* * isle you say vast stores are found
 Of this destructive gold—which without murder
 Perhaps, we may possess !—away, away !
 And southward, pilots, seek another isle,
 Fertile, they say, and of immense extent :
 There we may fortune find without a crime.

PICTURE XV.

COLUMBUS *in a Tempest, on his return to Spain.*

THE storm hangs low ; the angry lightning glares
 And menaces destruction to our masts ;
 The *Corposant* † is busy on the decks,
 The soul, perhaps, of some lost admiral
 Taking his walks about most leisurely,
 Foreboding we shall be with him to-night ;
 See, now he mounts the shrouds—as he ascends
 The gale grows bolder !—all is violence !
 Seas, mounting from the bottom of their depths,
 Hang o'er our heads with all their horrid curls
 Threatening perdition to our feeble barques,
 Which three hours longer cannot bear their fury,

Such

* This island is now called Hispaniola.

† A vapour common at sea in bad weather, something larger and rather paler than the light of a candle ; which, seeming to rise out of the sea, first moves about the decks, and then ascends or descends the rigging in proportion to the increase or decrease of the storm. Superstition formerly imagined them to be the souls of drowned men.

Such heavy strokes already shatter them ;
 Who can endure such dreadful company !—
 Then, must we die with our discovery !
 Must all my labours, all my pains be lost,
 And my new world in old oblivion sleep— ?
 My name forgot, or if it be remember'd,
 Only to have it said, “ He was a madman
 “ Who perish'd as he ought—deservedly—
 “ In seeking what was never to be found !” —
 Let's obviate what we can this horrid sentence,
 And, lost ourselves, perhaps, preserve our name.
 'Tis easy to contrive this painted casket,
 (Caulk'd, pitch'd, secur'd with canvas round and round)
 That it may float for months upon the main,
 Bearing the freight within secure and dry :
 In this will I an abstract of our voyage,
 And islands found, in little space enclose :
 The western winds in time may bear it home
 To Europe's coasts : or some wide wandering ship
 By accident may meet it tofs'd about,
 Charg'd with the story of another world.

PICTURE XVI.

COLUMBUS visits the COURT at Barcelona.

Ferdinand.

LET him be honour'd like a God, who brings
 Tidings of islands at the ocean's end !
 In royal robes let him be straight attir'd,
 And seated next ourselves, the noblest peer.

Isabella.

The merit of this gallant deed is mine :
 Had not my jewels furnish'd out the fleet
 Still had his world been latent in the main —
 Since on his project every man look'd cold,

A woman

A woman, as his patroness shall shine;
And through the world the story shall be told
A woman gave new continents to Spain.

Columbus.

A world, great prince, bright queen and royal lady,
Discover'd now, has well repaid our toils:
We to your bounty owe all that we are;
Men of renown and to be fam'd in story.
Islands of vast extent we have discover'd
With gold abounding: see a sample here
Of those most precious metals we admire;
And Indian men, natives of other climes,
Whom we have brought to do you princely homage,
Owning they hold their diadems from you.

Ferdinand.

To fifteen sail your charge shall be augmented:
Hasten to *Palos*, and prepare again
To sail in quest of this fine golden country,
The *Ophir*, never known to Solomon;
Which shall be held the brightest gem we have,
The richest diamond in the crown of Spain.

PICTURE XVII.

COLUMBUS in CHAINS.*

ARE these the honours they reserve for me,
Chains for the man that gave new worlds to Spain!
Rest here, my swelling heart!—O kings, O queens,
Patrons of monsters,* and their progeny,
Authors of wrong, and slaves to fortune merely!
Why was I seated by my prince's side,

Honour'd,

* During his third voyage, while in San Domingo, such unjust representations were made of his conduct to the Court of Spain, that a new admiral, Bovadilla, was appointed to supersede him, who sent Columbus home in irons.

Honour'd, caress'd like some first peer of Spain :
 Was it that I might fall most suddenly
 From honour's summit to the sink of scandal !
 'Tis done, 'tis done !—what madness is ambition ;
 What is there in that little breath of men,
 Which they call *Fame*, that should induce the brave
 To forfeit ease and that domestic bliss,
 Which is the lot of happy ignorance,
 Less glorious aims, and dull humility.—
 Whoe'er thou art that shalt aspire to honour,
 And on the strength and vigour of the mind,
 Vainly depending, court a monarch's favour,
 Pointing the way to vast extended empire ;
 First count your pay to be ingratitude,
 Then chains and prisons, and disgrace like mine !
 Each wretched pilot now shall spread his sails,
 And treading in my footsteps, hail new worlds,
 Which, but for me, had still been empty visions.

PICTURE XVIII.

COLUMBUS at VALLADOLID.*

1.
HOW sweet is sleep, when gain'd by length of toil !
 No dreams disturb the slumbers of the dead—
 To snatch existence from this scanty soil,
 Were these the hopes deceitful fancy bred ;
 And were her painted pageants nothing more
 Than this life's phantoms by delusion led ?

2.

The winds blow high : one other world remains ;
 Once more without a guide I find the way ;
 In the dark tomb to slumber with my chains—

Prais'd

* After he found himself in disgrace with the Court of Spain, he retired to Valladolid, a town of Old Castile, where he died, it is said, more of a broken heart than any other disease, on the 20th of May 1506.

Prais'd by no poet on my funeral day,
Nor even allow'd one dearly purchas'd claim—
My new found world not honour'd with my name.

3.

Yet, in this joyless gloom while I repose,
Some comfort will attend my pensive shade,
When memory paints, and golden fancy shows
My toils rewarded, and my woes repaid;
When empires rise where lonely forests grew,
Where Freedom shall her generous plans pursue.

4.

To shadowy forms, and ghosts and sleepy things,
Columbus, now with dauntless heart repair;
You liv'd to find new worlds for thankless kings,
Write this upon my tomb—yes—tell it there—
Tell of those chains that sullied all my glory—
Not mine but their's—ah, tell the shameful story.



THE

HERMIT OF SABA.

HERMIT, FIRST MARINER, SECOND MARINER,
THIRD MARINER.

Scene. THE ISLAND OF SABA.

Hermit.

THOUGH many years on these tall cliffs residing
I recollect not such a dreadful quarrel
Between the seas and water-vexing tempests
As now torments my ears and pains my eyes—
Clouds low suspended seem to embrace the foam

Of

Of yonder angry ocean—bursting thunders
 With their pale sheets of lightning are as busy
 As tho' they meant to cleave this mass of nature,
 Proving at once the world's mortality—
 But am I safe on this sea-girded island,
 Or can these shores, thus beaten, bear the shock
 Of such a bold assault—— ?
 When universal ruin shall approach,
 Will the grand scene be more astonishing
 When thou, sky-pointing Saba,
 Shall tremble on thy base most fearfully— !
 Night comes !—I'll to my cavern in the mountain
 Far from the torrent's roar and bursting billow ;
 That cavern where I oft have found repose
 Since on this barren isle, a shipwreck'd stranger,
 I made my sole escape.—Ha ! what are these !
 A barque half buried in the spouting surge
 Comes rushing tow'rd the isle, impell'd by winds
 That scorn all motives of compassion.
 Hark ! now she strikes the iron pointed reef
 Foundering ; the horrid surge that breaks upon her
 Has seal'd their doom, and hope itself forsakes them,
 Man is too weak to combat with the power
 Of these mad elements, that conquer all,
 Ending the day light of our misery !—
 Yes, yes—I'll to my haunt, for scenes like these
 Pain the shock'd soul and damp all resolution ;—
 Or, shall I to the shore, while day remains,
 And search among the shell-incrusted coral,
 Lest if by some great chance or miracle
 Some wretch survives upon the ragged rocks,
 Who knowing not of human kind residing
 On this sequester'd, unfrequented isle,
 Tir'd in contending with the angry billows
 And beaten by the surge the whole night through
 For want of such relief, may die ere morning—
 Perdition ! three I see upon the rocks
 Clinging to keep off death, while the rude billow
Swells

Swells o'er their heads insultingly victorious :
 Now from the reef upborne I see them struggle,
 Heaven grant successfully !—they labour on,
 Now headlong to the shore, now back they go
 Despairing to the main—! —now, now they land
 Safe in that calm recess, a narrow bay
 To them the haven from impending ruin—
 So what are you ?——

First Mariner.

If thou art an inhabitant of the isle
 Lend your kind aid to three unhappy wretches
 Of threescore souls the only three remaining—
 And if thou knowest of any shelter'd spot
 Where from these horrid blasts and water spouts
 We may retire to pass the long dull night,
 Or if thou knowest of any standing pool
 Or running stream, or earth-supported spring,
 O tell us ; and as nothing more remains
 Our gratitude must be thy sole reward.

Hermit.

Among the hills, on their declivities
 Full many a sylvan haunt I have espy'd
 Ere now, in wandering when the heaven was bright ;
 But springs or running streams abound not here,
 The skies alone supply the hollowed rock
 From whence I drain my annual full supply.
 Yet to my cavern you shall all resort
 To taste a hermit's hospitality——
 If you have strength, ascend this winding path
 And 'mongst these rugged rocks, still following me,
 We soon shall reach a safe retreat, remov'd
 Alike from noisy seas and mountain torrents.

Second Mariner.

Lo ! here the tall Palmettoe, and the Cedar,
 The lime tree, and sweet scented shrubs abundant
 With mingling branches form a blest abode ;
 Here, bleating lambs crowd to the evening fold
 And goats and kids that wander o'er the hills,

Vext

Vext by the storm, herd to the social hermit :
 In neighbouring groves the juicy lemon swells,
 The golden orange charms the admiring eye,
 And the rich cocoa yields her milky stream:

Hermit.

Here, strangers, here repose your wearied limbs
 While some dead boughs I bring from yonder thicket
 To wake the friendly blaze. — To drain the dams
 Of these impatient kids, be next my care :
 The cocoa's milky flesh, dry'd pulse and roots
 Shall be your fare to night ; and when to-morrow
 Dispells the gloom, and this tornado ceases,
 We'll search along the shores and find where lie
 The bodies of your dear and lost companions,
 That so we may commit them to the dust,
 And thus obliterate from our remembrance
 The horrid havoc that this storm occasion'd.

Third Mariner.

O good old man, how do I honour thee !
 My future days, my services are your's :
 For you will I be earlier than the sun
 To bring you sticks to light the morning fire ;
 For you will I attempt these dangerous cliffs
 And climb on high to filch the blushing plum ;
 For you will I from yonder rocky height
 Drain ehrystal waters to delight your taste :
 But now be kind ; I wish to hear you tell
 What chance or fortune brought you to these shores ;
 Whether alone on these rough craggs you dwell
 Where wandering mist is gather'd into showers,
 Or whether town or village decks the plain,
 Or is there shelter'd port where swelling sails
 Lodge lofty ships, from hurricanes secure,
 Fenc'd in by reefs, or lock'd by neighbouring hills.

Hermit.

No town or village owns this scanty soil,
 Nor round its coast one safe recess is seen
 Where lofty ship or barque of meaner freight

E

Might

Might rest secure, untroubled by the winds,
 Which still pursue the restless surge that pours
 And spits its venom on these ragged shores;
 Nor in these woody wilds, till you were wreck'd,
 Except myself did Christian man reside,
 Wandering from Europe to these Indian isles
 So late discover'd on the world's green end:
 All lies as Nature form'd it, rough throughout,
 And chance has planted here this garden wild,
 For such as I, who wandering from the world,
 Cities, and men, and civiliz'd domains,
 The farther distant, find the bliss more pure.

Third Mariner.

In such a sad retreat, and quite alone!—
 To hold no converse but with senseless trees,
 To have no friendship but with wandering goats,
 And worthless reptiles that infest the ground—
 Can man be happy in so dull a scene?

Hermit.

To the steep summit of this slighted isle
 I often climb at early dawn of day,
 And o'er the vast expanse I throw my view,
 Not idly thence the busy scene surveying—
 Vast fleets I sometimes see, each kept at bay
 Or joining both in angry conversation,
 Their object avarice half, and half ambition—
 What is it all to me? what are they seeking
 That can give more than a sufficiency—
 That phantom I have here which they pursue,
 Grasping it, miser-like, in my embraces—
 The stream distilling from the shaded cliff,
 And fruits mature from trees by nature planted,
 And contemplation, heaven-born contemplation!
These are my riches! I am wealthier far
 Than Spain's proud fleets that load the groaning ocean.
 Wait you in yonder cave—I shall return—
 My herds of goats are wandering in the wild,
 And I must house them ere the close of day.

(Exit.
First

First Mariner.

Who can this hermit be—what doth he here ?
 In such a dismal cell who would inhabit
 Thus lonely, who has crowds and cities seen—
 Is he some savage offspring of the isle,
 The mountain goat his food, his god the sun ;
 Some wretch produc'd from mingled heat and moisture,
 Full brother to the hungry pelican ;
 His friend some monster of the adjacent wood ;
 His wife some sorceress, red hair'd hag from hell ;
 His children, serpents, scorpions, centipedes—— !

Third Mariner.

It was but now—he spoke before he thought—he told me
 That he is richer than the fleets of Spain
 That burden the wide bosom of the main—
 And then he seem'd so pleas'd and satisfied,
 Boasting himself the happiest of mankind.

Second Mariner.

Where should this wealth be hid—his cave shows none :
 A prayer book and a cross, a string of beads,
 A bed of moss, a cap, an earthen jug,
 And some few goat skins, furnish out his cave.
 But still this humble guise of poverty
 Vast sums of splendid riches may conceal :
 The flooring of his den is a loose sand—
 Searching a fathom deep may show strange things,
 While we so long pursuing, hit on fortune :
 Perhaps this hermit is some bloody pirate,
 Who having plunder'd friends and foes, alike,
 Has brought his booty here to bury it.

First Mariner.

Lo ! there he comes, driving his goats before him :
 He means to fence them from the tempest's rage
 Under the shelter of those tufted cedars :
 It does, indeed, appear most possible,
 That in this cavern rusts his plunder'd wealth :
 When sleep has lock'd his senses in repose
 We'll seize him on his couch, and, binding him,

Cast

Cast him from yonder jutting promontory
That hangs a hundred fathoms o'er the deep—
Thus, shall his fate prevent discovery.

Second Mariner.

Your project pleases me—it is most wrong
That such a savage should enjoy such hoards
Of useful wealth, he has no heart to use :
He builds no ships, employs no mariners,
But, like a miser, hides the ill gotten store,
And had he died before we wander'd hither
His gold had perish'd, and none been the wiser.

Third Mariner.

While you observe his motions, fellow sufferers,
Of twisted bark I'll make a sett of thongs
Wherewith to bind him at the midnight hour,
Lest waking, he should struggle to be free
And slip our hands before we gain the summit
From whence we mean to plunge his tawny carcase :
There, there he comes—" Now, hermit, now befriend
" For cruel, merciless hunger gnaws our vitals, [us,
" And every mischief that can man dishearten
" Is ripe to drive us into desperation !"

Hermit.

Have patience, till from yonder arched grotto
I bring my bowls of milk and season'd roots,
And fruits I pluck'd before the day was high :—
Now, friends, enjoy my hospitality ;
All's at your service, wretched shipwreck'd men ;
And when you've satisfied the rage of hunger
Repose on these soft skins : your sea-beat limbs
Demand the aid of kind refreshing sleep :
I'll to my evening prayers, as I am wont,
And early dreams ;—for travelling o'er the hills
And pelted by the storm the whole day past,
My knees grow feeble, and I wish for rest. (Exit.

Second Mariner.

Yes, yes—first pray, and then repose in peace,
Hermit of Saba, ne'er to wake again !

Or

Or should you wake, it must be in convulsions,
Toss'd from the peak of yonder precipice,
Transfixt on pointed rocks most bloodily.

Third Mariner.

Now, now's the time: he sleeps: I hear him snore—
This hidden gold has so possess'd my brain
That I, at all events, must handle it:
Yet should the hermit 'wake while thus engag'd,
Sad mischief might ensue: his nervous arms
(More than a match for our exhausted vigour)
Might exercise most horrible revenge!
Long practising among these rugged mountains,
Pursuing goats, bounding from rock to rock,
And cleaving trees to feed his evening fire,
His nerves and blood are all activity:
And then he is of so robust a fabrick
That we should be mere children in his hand,
Whirling us from the precipice at pleasure,
(Thus turning on ourselves our own designs)
Or catching up some fragment of a rock
Grind into atoms our pale, quivering limbs;
Taking full vengeance on ingratitude.

First Mariner.

Fast bound in chains of sleep, I first assail him:—
This knotty club shall give the unerring blow;
You follow on, and boldly second me! [brain!—
Thus—comrades—thus!—that stroke has crush'd his
He groans! he dies!—now bear him to the summit
Of yond' tall cliff, and having thence dislodg'd him,
Uninterrupted we shall dig his riches,
Heirs to the wealth and plenty of his cave.

Second Mariner.

'Tis done, 'tis done—the hermit is no more:—
Say nothing of this deed, ye hills, ye trees,
But let eternal silence brood upon it.
O base, base, base!—why was I made a man,
And not some prowling monster of the forest,
The worst vile work of Nature's journeymen!

Ye

Ye lunar shadows! no resemblance yield
From craggy pointed rock, or leafy bush,
That may remind me of this murder'd hermit.

Third Mariner.

Deep have I fathom'd in his cave, but find
No glimpse of gold—we surely did mistake him:
His treasures were not of that glittering kind;—
Dry'd fruits, and one good book; his goats, his kids,
These were, indeed, his riches.—
Now, hermit, now I feel remorse within me:
While here we stay thy shadow will torment us,
From every little rock or bush projecting;
And when from hence we go, that too shall follow,
Crying—*Perdition on these fiends from Europe,
Whose bloody malice, or whose thirst for gold
Fresh from the slaughter house of innocence
Unpeoples isles, and lays the world in ruin!*

A garret high (dark, dismal room)
Is still the pensive poets' doom ;
Hopes rais'd to heaven must be their lot,
Yet bear the curse, to be forgot.

Boldly they tell of things above,
And trace their tribe from Grecian Jove,
Yet stand abash'd, with all their fire,
When brought to face some snuffing squire.

To mend the world is still their aim—
The world, alas ! remains the same,
And so must stand to every age,
Proof to the morals of the page.

The wight that keeps a tippling inn,
The red-nos'd boy, that deals out *gin*,
If aided by some paltry skill
May both be statesmen when they will.

The man that mends the beggar's shoes,
The quack that heals your negro's bruise,
The wretch that turns a cutler's stone—
Have wages they can call their own :

The head that plods in trade's domains
Gets something to reward its pains ;
But wit—that does the world beguile—
With pain attracts an empty smile.

Yet each presumes his verse shall rise
And gain a place beyond the skies—
From earth and cold oblivion freed ;
Immortal in the poets' creed.

Can Reason in that breast remain,
Which fondly feeds a hope so vain ;
When every age, that passes by,
Beholds a tribe of poets die !

Poor *Sappho's* fate shall *Milton* know—
His scenes of grief, and tales of woe,
Fame scarce shall save from death's domain
When Goths, once more, shall have their reign.

To all that write, and all that read,
 Death shall, with hasty step, succeed;
 Even *Shakespeare's* page of mirth and tears
 Shall sink beneath this flood of years.

Ned Spenser's doom shall, *Pope*, be thine!
 The music of each moving line
 Shall bribe an age or two to stay,
 Admire thy strain—then flit away.

The people of old *Chaucer's* times
 Were once in raptures with his rhymes;
 But *Time*, that over verse prevails,
 To other ears tell other tales:

Why then so sad, dear rhyming friends?
 One common fate on both attends;
 The bards that please a monarch's ear,
 And them, who rhyme for bread,—or beer.

Mere structures, form'd of common earth,
 Not they from Jove derive their birth,
 Or why, like empty bubbles, pass
 To mingle with the meaner mass.

Of all the souls from dust that came
 To animate this mortal frame,
 Of all the millions on the wing,
 How few can taste the muses' spring!

Sejanus, of mercantile skill,
 Without whose aid the world stands still,
 And by whose wonder-working play
 Great things are done, (his flatterers say)

Sejanus has, in house, declar'd
 "These *States*, as yet, have born no bard,
 "And all the sing-song of our clime
 "Is only nonsense—tagg'd with rhyme."

With such a bold, conceited air
 When *such* assume the critic's chair,
 Low in the dust is genius laid—
 The *Muses* with the man in trade.

Then,

Then, Sylvius, come—let you and I
On Neptune's breast new gambols try;
Perhaps the muse may still impart
Her balm, to ease the aching heart.

Tho' cold might chill, and storms dismay,
Yet *Zoilus* will be far away—
With me, at least, depart, and share
No garret—but a cabbin there.

A R I O S T O ' S
D E S C R I P T I O N
O F T H E

G A R D E N S i n A L C I N A ' S I N C H A N T E D I S L A N D .

From the Italian.

IN these fair fields unfading flowers abound;
Here purple roses cloath the enamour'd ground;
Here, to the sun expand the lillies pale,
Fann'd by the sweet breath of the western gale.
Here, fearless hares thro' dark recesses stray,
And troops of conies scour the woodland way,
Here stately stags with branching horns appear,
And rove at random, unassail'd by fear.
Unknown the snare, the huntsman's fatal art,
That wings the missile weapon to the heart,
In social bands they trace their sylvan reign,
Chew the rich cud, or graze along the plain.
In these gay shades the nimble deer delight,
Here herds of goats ascend the rocky height,
Browse on the shrubs that shade the vale below,
And crop the plants that there profusely grow.

F

ADVICE



ADVICE TO AUTHORS.

BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT SLENDER.*

THERE are few writers of books in this new world, and amongst these very few that deal in works of imagination, and, I am sorry to say, fewer still that have any success attending their lucubrations. Perhaps, however, the world thinks justly on this subject. The

* MANY people, no doubt, will be anxious to know something of the history and character of the above named *Robert Slender*; and the Editor is really sorry it is not in his power to afford them the most ample information. Of two things, however, the reader may be assured, that he was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and a stocking and tape weaver by trade, and has now been dead something more than a year and an half; having been buried with very little ceremony by a few of his most intimate friends and neighbours.—Notwithstanding he was an author as well as a weaver of stockings and tape (both of which articles he manufactured on a curious loom of his own invention) we cannot say he ever possessed the least faculty or turn of mind for amassing the treasures of this world; so that when his executors came to examine his strong-box, little or nothing was discovered therein more than a bundle of manuscripts, penned in a very antiquated, obscure and perplexing hand; from which, however, we shall now and then present such extracts to the public in the course of this work, as shall appear to be best deserving of their notice. Indeed, had our old friend stuck closer to his loom for any length of time than he was wont to do, it is highly probable his box would have been stored with riches of a very different nature; but such as they are, gentle reader, they are wholly and sincerely at thy service.—**ROBERT SLENDER** was, in his person, a tall spare man with a meagre aspect, of a sociable disposition; fond of travelling from place to place, and was known to have made frequent

The productions of the most brilliant imagination are at best but mere beautiful flowers, that may amuse us in a walk through a garden in a fine afternoon, but can by no means be expected to engage much of that time which God and nature designed to be spent in very different employments. In a country, which two hundred years ago was peopled only by savages, and where the government has ever, in effect, since the first establishment of the white men in these parts, been no other than republican, it is really wonderful there should be any polite original authors at all in any line, especially when it is considered, that according to the common course of things, any particular nation or people must have arrived to, or rather passed, their meridian

frequent visits to the several capitals of the American continent and islands, while his brother weavers were more profitably employed at home at their looms. Writing and weaving seem to have been rather his amusements than his serious occupations; and one proof of his having been a man of sense is, his not having depended upon authorship alone for a subsistence. In his temper he was extremely irascible; but I have often remarked that when he saw his writings treated with malevolence, contempt or neglect, he never became angry or outrageous; whereas, when his stockings or tape were calumniated, he was instantly changed into a monster of passion and revenge, breathing out nothing but menaces and curses against the enemies of his loom.

He was extremely fond of sunning himself in clear winter mornings, and has been known to sit three hours together on the south side of a hill in December or January, enjoying the salutary beams of the great and splendid luminary.——Reader, if these few particulars will at all gratify thee, our purpose is answered. In this miscellaneous collection of original papers we shall now and then present thee with an essay, a paragraph, a sentiment, or a poem of the late facetious *Robert Slender*; all of which, it is hoped, will be treated by the critics with more indulgence than the rest, since these effusions are to be considered as the works of a deceased author, who, it does not appear, ever intended his lucubrations, at least the greater part of them, for the eye of the public. The first piece of his with which we shall present thee is the above, containing his *Advice to Authors*, which, from several circumstances, we conclude was written in the latter part of his life:

meridian of opulence and refinement, before they consider the professors of the fine arts in any other light than a nuisance to the community. This is evidently the case at present in our age and country; all you have to do then, my good friends, is to graft your authorship upon some other calling, or support drooping genius by the assistance of some mechanical employment, in the same manner as the helpless ivy takes hold of the vigorous oak, and cleaves to it for support—I mean to say, in plain language, that you may make something by weaving garters, or mending old sails, when an Epic poem would be your utter destruction.

BUT I see no reason that, because we are all striving to live by the same idle trade, we should suffer ourselves to be embittered against each other, like a fraternity of rival mechanics in the same street. Authors (such I mean as are not possessed of fortunes) are at present considered as the dregs of the community: their situation and prospects are truly humiliating, and any other set of men in a similar state of calamitous adversity would unite together for their mutual defence, instead of worrying and lampooning each other for the amusement of the illiberal vulgar.—And I cannot do otherwise than freely declare, that where the whole profits of a company amount to little or nothing at all, there ought not, in the nature of things, to be any quarrelling about shares and dividends.

As to those authors who have lately exported themselves from Britain and Ireland, and boast that they have introduced the Muses among us since the conclusion of the late war, I really believe them to be a very good natured set of gentlemen, notwithstanding they, in the course of the last winter, called me *poetaster* and *scribbler*, and some other names still more unfavourable. They are, however, excusable in treating the American authors as inferiors; a political and a literary independence of their nation being two very different

different things—the first was accomplished in about seven years, the latter will not be completely effected, perhaps, in as many centuries. It is my opinion, nevertheless, that a duty ought to be laid upon all imported authors, the nett proceeds of which should be appropriated to the benefit of real American writers, when become old and helpless, and no longer able to wield the pen to advantage.

If a coach or a chariot constructed in Britain, pays an impost of twenty pounds at the custom-house, why should not at least twice that sum be laid upon all imported authors who are able to do twice as much mischief with their rumbling pindaric odes, and gorgeous apparatus of strophes, antistrophes and recitativos?—I, for my own part, am clearly of opinion, that these gentlemen should be taxed; not that I would wish to nip their buds of beauty with the untimely frost of excise, but merely to teach them that our own natural manufactures ought to be primarily attended to and encouraged.

I WILL now, gentlemen, with your leave, lay down a few simple rules, to which, in my opinion, every genuine author will make no difficulty to conform.

1. WHEN you write a book for the public, have nothing to do with *Epistles dedicatory*. They were first invented by slaves, and have been continued by fools and sycophants. I would not give a farthing more for a book on account of its being patronized by all the noblemen or crowned heads in Christendom. If it does not possess intrinsic merit enough to protect itself, and force its way through the world, their supposed protection will be of no avail: besides, by this ridiculous practice you degrade the *dignity authorial*, the honour of authorship, which ought evermore to be uppermost in your thoughts. The silly unthinking author addresses a great man in the stile of a servile dependent, whereas a real author, and a man of true genius, has upon all occasions a bold, disinterested and daring confidence

fidence in himself, and considers the common cant of adulation to the sons of fortune as the basest and most abominable of all prostitution.

2. Be particularly careful to avoid all connexion with doctors of law and divinity, masters of arts, professors of colleges, and in general all those that wear square black caps. A mere scholar and an original author are two animals as different from each other as a fresh and salt water sailor. There has been an old rooted enmity between them from the earliest ages, and which it is likely will forever continue. The scholar is not unlike that piddling orator, who, cold and inanimate, not roused into action by the impelling flame of inspiration, can only pronounce the oration he has learned by rote; the real author, on the contrary, is the nervous Demosthenes, who stored with an immensity of ideas, awakened within him he knows not how, has them at command upon every occasion; and must therefore be disregarded as a madman or an enthusiast by the narrow and limited capacity, as well as the natural self-sufficiency of the other.

3. It is risking a great deal to propose a subscription for an original work. The world will be ready enough to anticipate your best endeavours; and that which has been long and anxiously expected, rarely or never comes up to their expectations at last.

4. If you are so poor that you are compelled to live in some miserable garret or cottage; do not repine, but give thanks to heaven that you are not forced to pass your life in a tub, as was the fate of Diogenes of old. Few authors in any country are rich, because a man must first be reduced to a state of penury before he will commence author. Being poor therefore in externals, take care, gentlemen, that you say or do nothing that may argue a poverty of spirit. Riches, we have often heard, are by no means the standard of the value of a man. This maxim the world allows to be true, and yet contradicts every hour and minute in

in the year. Fortune most commonly bestows wealth and abundance upon fools and idiots; and men of the dullest natural parts are, notwithstanding, generally best calculated to acquire large estates, and hoard up immense sums from small beginnings.

5. NEVER borrow money of any man, for if you should once be mean enough to fall into such a habit you will find yourselves unwelcome guests every where. If upon actual trial you are at length convinced you possess no abilities that will command the esteem, veneration or gratitude of mankind, apply yourselves without loss of time to some of the lower arts, since it is far more honourable to be a good bricklayer or a skilful weaver than an indifferent poet.—If you cannot at all exist without now and then gratifying your itch for scribbling, follow my example who can both weave stockings and write poems.—But, if you really possess that sprightliness of fancy and elevation of soul which alone constitute an author, do not on that account be troublesome to your friends. A little reflection will point out other means to extract money from the hands and pockets of your fellow citizens than by poorly borrowing what, perhaps, you will never be able to repay.

6. NEVER engage in any business as an inferior or understrapper. I cannot endure to see an author debase his profession so far as to submit to be second or third in any office or employment whatever. If fortune, or the ill taste of the public compels you even to turn shallopman on the Delaware, let it be your first care to have the command of the boat. Beggary itself, with all its hideous apparatus of rags and misery, becomes at once respectable whenever it exhibits the least token of independence of spirit and a single spark of laudable ambition.

7. If you are in low circumstances, do not forget that there is such a thing in the world as a decent pride. They are only cowards and miscreants that poverty can render servile in their behaviour. Your
haughtiness

haughtiness should always rise in proportion to the wretchedness and desperation of your circumstances. If you have only a single guinea in the world be complaisant and obliging to every one: if you are absolutely destitute of a shilling, immediately assume the air of a despot, pull off your hat to no one, let your discourse, in every company, turn upon the vanity of riches, the insignificance of the great men of the earth, the revolution of empires, and the final consummation of all things.—By such means you will at least conceal a secret of some importance to yourself—that you have not a shilling in the world to pay for your last night's lodging.

8. SHOULD you ever be prevailed upon to dedicate your book to any great man or woman, consider first, whether the tenor and subject of it be such as may in some measure coincide with the age, temper, education, business and general conversation of the person whose patronage is requested. A friend of mine once committed a great error on this score. He wrote a bawdy poem, and dedicated it to the principal in the department of finance.

9. NEVER make a present of your works to great men. If they do not think them worth purchasing, trust me, they will never think them worth reading.

10. If fortune seems absolutely determined to starve you, and you can by no means whatever make your works sell; to keep up as much as in you lies, the expiring dignity of authorship, do not take to drinking, gambling or bridge-building as some have done, thereby bringing the trade of authorship into disrepute; but retire to some uninhabited island or desert, and there, at your leisure, end your life with decency.

THE above is all that has yet been found written by Robert Slender relative to authors and authorship—and further the copyist at this time saith not.

THE
PICTURE GALLERY.

IT is full six months since I was persuaded by a friend to pay a visit to a certain picture gallery in a country town, upon his assuring me it was much frequented by people of taste, and that the views and entertainments there exhibited would well reward me for the expence and trouble of attending them. At our first entrance I was struck with a vast number of half-finished faces, hung up on the wall on either side of me, the originals of several of which, however, I recollected to have seen before in different parts and places of these States.—The person whose business it was to attend upon strangers in this gallery and explain matters to them, being ignorant of this circumstance, and taking me for a foreigner, began immediately to give me, very circumstantially, a short history of these worthies, one by one, concluding the account of every individual with asserting that *this one also had a very great share in accomplishing the American Revolution.*

THIS one (observed I to my friend) I very well know, and this one, and him yonder on horseback, but who are these?—I recognize exactly the features of his excellency the commander in chief, and here is *Reed*, and *Moultrie*, and *Marion*; and there is *Lincoln*, and *Montgomery*, and *Greene*, and some few others I might name—but who are yonder fat headed animals that are also putting in their claim for immortality?—To tell you the truth, replied my friend, there are too many placed here who are remarkable for nothing but their wealth, their impudence, or their meanness; and

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who,

who, instead of having really contributed to the establishment of the liberties of America, grew fat upon the miseries of the soldiery, and approved of the American Revolution only as it promised to bring about a revolution in their own fortunes for the better.—This was their virtue, this was their patriotism.—Finding little or nothing worth detaining us any longer in this school of art, except some few miniatures, we took our leave and returned home.—Having been somewhat fatigued with the walk, I went to bed earlier than common in the evening, and, amongst other dreams and visions of the night, I once more, in imagination, paid a visit to the pictures and heads we had been looking at the preceding day.

I IMAGINED I saw the painter standing in the entrance of his gallery, which was besieged by a number of humble petitioners, each in his turn recapitulating his own merits and services, and earnestly requesting the artist to take their likenesses for the satisfaction and information of posterity, as they pretended they had, individually, *a very great share in accomplishing the American Revolution.*

THE first that particularly attracted my attention was an honest shoemaker.—“ Ah, God bless your honour, (said he to the painter) you cannot possibly have already forgot the services of *John Ball-skin*, cordwainer, who once mended a pair of boots for his excellency *General WASHINGTON* when he was marching to besiege little York!—it is likewise well known that I risked my life and ventured my awl for the good of the country when I made shoes for Captain *Sturgeon's* company—indeed, had the enemy taken me prisoner, while employed in making rebel shoes, you know I should most certainly have been sent to England and beheaded!”—

THE painter at first seemed inclined to comply with the applicant's request, when a person whispered in his ear that this fellow was not only low in the world, but had,

had, on a certain occasion, been entrusted with a parcel of shoe leather belonging to the public stores and designed for the use of the soldiery, more than half of which he had been convicted of embezzling and applying to his own use and emoluments.—The painter then observed to him, that to be a rogue and poor at the same time was truly despicable—"Go, said he, "go, thou son of Crispin, acquire five or six thousand pounds by speculation, extortion, or how you please; make me a handsome present out of it, and thy swarthy visage shall brighten up in my gallery, and command the veneration of thy fellow citizens for ages and generations to come."

THE next personage that presented himself was a harmless taylor: the moment I saw him, I knew, and could have sworn to his occupation, not only from his awkward gait, but also from a large pair of shears he carried under his left arm. It was sometime before he could find an opportunity to make himself known to the painter, but at last taking advantage of a small and momentary opening among the throng of petitioners, he boldly presented himself, and demanded audience.

AND pray, friend, said the painter, what are your merits and pretensions?—I see nothing in your face that entitles you to a station in my gallery of immortality—Have you served in the army and been cheated out of your pay—so much for revolutions, my lad.—When you wielded the sword in defence of liberty you thought you were somebody, but you must be a simpleton if you are not convinced by this time that you were nothing. If you have been cheated, I indeed pity your case and condition, but I suspect there is nothing so particular or uncommon in either as to countenance a claim to everlasting remembrance.

I HAVE neither served in the army, replied the taylor, nor am I acquainted with the use of any weapon but *this*, and *this* (first pointing to his shears, and then
to

to a large needle in his sleeve) yet by these two have I amassed thousands, and without shedding a single drop of blood I have therewith gained more real honour than ever attended the spontoon, the dagger, the short dirk, or even the long three edged sword.

I BEG pardon, cried the painter, I really did not know I had been all this time conversing with so considerable a personage as you seem to be. Will you do me the pleasure to acquaint me with your name and quality.

My name, answered the other, with some warmth, is *Galumpus*; a name that cannot be otherwise than familiar to you, if you are in the least conversant in the affairs of the great world. Without *my* assistance the American Revolution must undoubtedly have been nipped in the bud, and left to be accomplished by the men of future ages. What a savage and contemptible appearance would our armies have made, had not I, the renowned and ever memorable *Galumpus*, stepped in to their assistance, in the hour of distress and misery, and with this right hand stripping off their Indian blankets and shapeless attire, arrayed them in the robes of comeliness, and distinguishable only from the men of Europe by the different colours of their garments!

If what you say be true, replied the painter, you indeed deserve the acknowledgments and recollection of late posterity—but I must make some enquiry about you from those who are not so much interested in your behalf as you yourself appear to be.—A person then advanced, who assured the painter, in the hearing of the whole assembly, that this man had, on a certain occasion, been entrusted with a large quantity of the public cloth, intended for the use of the army in the time of the late war, and that, by appropriating about one third of it to his own use, he had acquired a handsome estate, while many of the soldiers,

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in consequence, perished by the severity of the weather, and for want of the stipulated supply.

THE petitioner was a good deal disconcerted at this information, which he seemed to suppose had been forgotten; he nevertheless soon after repeated his request with a face of unparalleled impudence, and offered no less than forty guineas as the purchase of immortality.

THE painter hesitated:—at last a by-stander suggested that the picture should be drawn, and hung up in the gallery, provided a naked soldier, perishing with cold, was added to the piece in one corner of the background; and a gallows with a ladder, and a rope suspended from it, in the other,

THE crowd was by this time increased to a very great number, all bound hither on the same errand. But I could not avoid observing, that the men of real merit and virtue, the maimed and unrewarded soldier, and the honest and disinterested patriot, hung back in the rear of the throng; while impudence, avarice, selfishness, ignorance, cowardice and villainy were foremost, and most vociferous in arrogating those honours to themselves which were due to those only who had the modesty not to be perpetually troubling the world with the history of their merits; and whom experience had taught to consider the neglect and ingratitude of their countrymen as the most honourable badge of distinction.

I SHOULD doubtless have been witness to numberless other applications to the painter, but unfortunately, in the midst of my dream, a favorite spaniel, that sleeps every night at the foot of my bed, suddenly barked at something that disturbed him, and thus deprived the world of the remainder of my dream.

A

DISCOURSE UPON BEARDS.

I WAS some time since (perhaps twenty months ago) prevailed upon to pass an evening at a beer-house in a certain populous town of a neighbouring state, where there happened to be a cheerful fire and a good deal of company, but little or no conversation. The weather I remarked, was unusually wet and heavy, the wind had blown some days at east-north-east, and we had been drinking our pints of strong beer a piece, the efficacy of which was not, however, powerful enough to dissipate this drowsy and sullen humour. — *Johan Shovelshoes* smoked his pipe by himself in unsocial silence; *David Doolittle* played with the tavern keeper's spotted dog; *Richard Timbertoe* sat in silent admiration of the landlady's favourite cat; and *Robert Slender* amused himself with drumming on the great dining table with the four fingers of his right hand. At this instant my good friend *Adam Blackbeard* started up from his seat in a passion, called aloud for a glass of honest grog, leaped up on the table, and with an audible voice, delivered the following extempore lecture. As it is as good as some others I have seen published, and the subject equally important, I have kept a transcript of it, faithfully taken from the gentleman's own mouth, at the time of delivery; and sincerely hope its publication may prove of general utility.

DISCOURSE

A LECTURE

A LECTURE ON BEARDS.

PERMIT me, gentlemen, to address you on a subject which I do not remember to have seen handled by any one of the celebrated writers of antiquity, and which I am sorry to say, few or none of the moderns have deemed worthy of their serious attention. It is a subject upon which *Aristotle* himself, that admirable naturalist, has thought fit to be uncommonly sparing in his observations; which *Titus Livy* has not once mentioned in any of his decades, neither has it been descanted on in the almanac of *John Nathan Hutchins*, who, if I am rightly informed, suffered nothing else of similar importance to escape him.

THE subject, which has thus forcibly impressed itself on my ideas at this present time, is, gentlemen, nothing more or less than that of *beards*.—Beards, you will say!—what can possibly be said on this most barren of all topics that will command silence only for one quarter of an hour?—Lend me your attention but that short space of time, and I will endeavour to convince you that the subject has been hitherto shamefully neglected, and that it contains far more pith and energy than the world has been willing to suppose.

THE word *beard*, sayeth the celebrated *Isaac Casaubon*, is derived from *bard*, under which denomination the poets of former ages generally passed. These personages, I suppose for want of a barber, constantly suffered the hair upon the chin and upper lip to increase to its full natural length, from which custom this excrescence acquired the appellation of *beard*, from the *bards* that encouraged its growth by their own example.

HOWEVER, *Salmasius*, *Heinsius*, *Aldrovandus*, *Julius Scaliger*, *Dr. Bentley*, and several other learned men are of a different opinion. “The word *beard*,
 “(say they) is undoubtedly derived from *bear*, an
 “animal often met with in the forests of America,
 “and

“ and by no means unknown in many parts of Europe and Asia. The bear has been noted for a tuft of hair upon his chin, strikingly analogous to what we call the *beard* in the human species.” Hence, then, comes the *name*, by only adding the letter *d*, as in the former case they wickedly interpolated an *e*.—But, if any one should presume to deny that *bears* have *beards*, (says the acute and celebrated Bentley) he must be extremely ignorant, not only in the history of animals, commonly termed *Zoology*, but must have been criminally negligent in perusing the story of *David*, the son of *Jesse*, as preserved in the Jewish records; for *there*, we are expressly told, that a *bear* was caught by the beard, and afterwards smitten with the edge of the sword.

Thus far the critics and scholiasts. I come now, in the first place, to enumerate the several grand divisions of beards.—Beards, gentlemen, at least to a superficial observer, are, in their essence, similar. It is therefore from the colour only, which is nothing more than a *quality*, that we can make the several distinctions, and the rather, as it is my fixed determination to reason only from what we know. Beards, I say, may be primarily divided into *black*, *yellow*, *red*, and *grey*; and to these I shall speak, each in its turn and order, only premising that Nature seems to have entertained a mortal antipathy to the colour of *blue* in her distribution of beards. What was the foundation in the eternal reason for this antipathy, is not for such as me to say, neither will I be so bold as to assert that a total negation of *blue beards* is absolutely the case in *rerum natura*, inasmuch as a wild man with a blue beard is said to have been actually caught some years ago in a trap, in the desolate and mountainous parts of the kingdom of *Poland*. Why a sample of this man's beard was not sent to be deposited in the cabinet of curiosities belonging to the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, is hard to determine. I am therefore inclined to believe

lieve that the man with the abovementioned blue beard did never really exist. I come now to the first division of my subject, which was, to say something upon the excellence of *black* beards.

AND here I cannot be sufficiently thankful, that I myself, who am gifted to talk thus learnedly on so new and intricate a subject, as this, am also blessed with a beard of this most excellent colour and order. Beards of the other three divisions may, without all manner of doubt, have their particular and individual merits, but I do assert, and I defy any man to prove to the contrary, that all the male worthies of antiquity, the *Alexanders*, the *Pompeys*, the *Scipios*, &c. were all men of your right glossy black beards. Should any of you ask me what Nature saw in this colour, or rather in this absence of all colour, that she should make it, in this case, the criterion and standard of so much excellence; I answer, that black bodies are ever observed to absorb the largest quantity of solar rays. Thus, by a natural and easy analogy, the blackness of the beard gives us to understand that your black-bearded men have sucked in the largest quantity of the divine intelligence, or that fine ethereal matter which is said to constitute the souls of the animated creation, and according to the distribution of which we become capable of the different degrees of wisdom, valour, goodness of heart, honesty, and other virtues. Rejoice then, ye men of black beards, in being so particularly distinguished by the patron of all excellence; but take not the merit to yourselves, inasmuch as your beards have not been spun with the distaffs of this world, neither have your own hands twisted them, even as a thread of silk is twined.—I must now proceed to the second head of my discourse, which was, to speak a few words relative to yellow beards.

I SHALL make no secret of it, that I am always particularly upon my guard in my dealings and connexions with this second class of beards; and sorry I

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am that it is not my power to plunge the whole race of yellow-bearded into the staining pot of blackness itself, yea, into the pickling tub thereof, thereby darkening their beards even as mine own is darkened!—I have, upon many occasions, observed that yellow beards are for the most part vehemently inclined to overreaching, wrangling, schism, rebellion, and other evil works, which are not convenient. Whether this be owing to a natural thinness of the blood, which transmits too many aqueous particles into the small tubes of each particular hair, and thereby deadens those virtuous principles which are so apparent in black beards, and thus prevents them from attaining to the same degree of maturity; or whether dame Nature, when she was busy in spinning out beards from her invisible distaff, kept a pinch of snuff between her thumb and forefinger, and therewith soiled the thread, I shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is that yellow-bearded men are addicted to numerous evil practices.

THIRDLY, the red beard is, of all others, the most mischievous and intolerable—but it is meet that I should make some preliminary explanations.

THE ignified, igneous, or fiery particles which are contained in the whole mass of the blood of man, and which are equally disseminated throughout the entire human system, do, like the base and worthless individuals of a nation, sometimes find means to form and collect themselves into certain globules or little bodies and juntos of hot sanguinary matter, and these globules again uniting, do at length become formidable in the regions bordering on the heart; from whence, mounting aloft with extreme rapidity, they pass the narrow channel of the jugular vein, and soon after seating themselves in the vicinity of the brain, do produce daring designs and mad purposes of treasons, murders, rapes, and what not?—Here, then, they propagate and bring forth abundantly other fiery particles, precisely of their own nature and temperament, till

till the region of sentimentalism and intelligence is overstocked. They then make a disposition to emigrate, and finding no other outlet, pass into the great world through the *barbicular tubes*; and hence, gentlemen, red beards acquire their dangerous menacing appearance.—There is something so terrible and shocking in this species of beards, that I must beg to be excused from dwelling any longer on so disagreeable a part of my subject. I sincerely pity the man whom Nature has thus distinguished to his own detriment. Such a one is fit for treasours, stratagems, and spoils—the shaking of his beard is terrible; let no such beards be trusted!

THIS leads me to the fourth and last general head of my discourse, which was to say something, though unworthy, upon *grey beards*. Grey beards, gentlemen, are nothing more than the decay of beards in general. What renders them the more dangerous to the community, at large, is the extreme difficulty of distinguishing to which of the three former classes they did originally and truly belong. The man that possesses a decent black beard at sixty, and is accordingly respected for the same among his friends and acquaintance, as well as the public in general, is nevertheless in danger of being considered an arrant scoundrel at eighty, by the rising generation, unless he can make it appear his beard was not originally red or yellow. Hence, it would be advisable for every man that lives long enough to acquire a grey beard, to procure a certificate in due season from the parson or chief magistrate of his parish, ascertaining to which of the three original ranks, or orders, his beard formerly appertained and belonged.

GENTLEMEN, I have spoken sufficiently on beards at this time, and remain your most devoted humble servant.

ADAM BLACKBEARD.

THE

THE
ANTIQUARIAN.

THERE is no individual that has a greater claim to the commiseration of benevolent minds than the woman whose lot it is to marry a man of learning and science, but whose natural judgment of men and things is not equal to his studied acquirements in literature. This, nevertheless, was the hard fortune of a female acquaintance of mine, the amiable and good-natured Amelia, who in her younger days had imbibed an opinion that people of deep erudition, or those that had the appearance of it, were the only persons in the world, that, next to the virtuous and wealthy, were to be chosen for agreeable companions in the journey through life.

In conformity with this mistaken notion she was afterwards united to a man, at that time a preceptor in a college, who was so very learned that he could talk Greek in all its dialects with the most flowing volubility, and could tell the name of every thing in Hebrew or Syriac, at the same time that he could not seat himself in a chair in a genteel company, without doing it in the most awkward and disagreeable manner possible.—After several years absence in foreign countries, I paid this lady a visit some time ago, soon after my return, when in the course of an afternoon's chat, while her husband was at his studies in another apartment, she gave me the following history of her situation:

“ Good Mr. Timbertoe, I was in a great error when I formerly imagined every excellence was included in a thorough knowledge of Greek: but this was the

the fault of the person that superintended my education. He persuaded me to believe that a scholar was every thing ; whereas I find to my vexation that, from the pattern I have in my possession, they are the most insipid companions in the universe. A plain honest hearted farmer's son once paid his addresses to me, but I foolishly rejected him because he could talk nothing but a little homespun English, in the plain modern stile. By this error in judgment, or rather this prejudice imbibed from education, I sacrificed a plentiful living on a decent farm for the sake of a parcel of old moth eaten books, musty manuscripts, metaphysical perplexities, dreams of pagan superstition, and a man whose business and conversation has far less to do with the people of the present age than with those who lived eighteen or twenty centuries ago. Talk to him of matters that have passed almost under his nose ; mention the battle of Germantown or of Brandywine ; bring into view the capture of Burgoyne or the masterly manoeuvres of Washington ; and he is either wholly silent or pays very little attention to what you say. These things are modern, and events like these seem to him to have been of trifling moment in the world, while the remotest mention of his beloved ancients, the least hint of the retreat of Xenophon with the ten thousand Greeks out of Persia, of the wars of Alexander, Cæsar, Scipio, or Pompey, in a moment engages his whole attention, and then we are sure to hear of nothing but of them and their marches and counter-marches for days together. — But this is not the worst of it, Mr. Timbertoe ; I am perishing for want of company. The gentlewomen, formerly of my acquaintance, will not any longer venture to come near the house, having been more than once affronted for not dressing according to the antiquated fashions of the Spartan dames mentioned in history. Hence, whenever I am sick, I see few or none besides my husband and the physician, who is also an antiquarian, and altogether as unwelcome

unwelcome to me as the ghost of Aristotle or Socrates. Excepting him, as I said before, we have very few male visitants. The parson himself has almost forborne our house on account of an angry, but well conducted dispute, he lately had with my husband, relative to the education of the Persian youth in the time of Cyrus, the son of Astyages and Mandanè. There was also a master of a vessel who used to call now and then to pass an evening with us, but we have differed terribly with him, in my opinion on a very trivial matter, something relative to the rigging of Mark Anthony's ships; to the best of my remembrance, whether they carried what are called *top-gallant sails* or not; which my husband positively affirmed they did, and the other as obstinately denied, till blows had almost decided the contest.

As to the schoolmaster of the neighbourhood, who is allowed to be something of a philosopher, as well as an excellent instructor of youth, he has been our inveterate enemy, ever since my husband and he had a warm dispute together in Latin (which lasted the whole evening) about the antiquity of *temple-spectacles*, which the schoolmaster affirmed to have been in use among the ancient Romans, grounding his opinion on the following verse attributed to Virgil:

Nocte pluit tota: redeunt spectacula mane;
which the unfortunate preceptor construed to mean, that *spectacles are of little or no use very early in dark rainy mornings.*

And yet these continual bickerings, silly as they are, my dear Mr. Timbertoe, are not the only vexations I endure from this man of extensive erudition but weak judgment. He is almost continually in a childish fret, loudly complaining that the least noise or conversation, when at his studies, totally deranges and perplexes his ideas. This being the case, one would think the garret, or some retired part of the house would be his choice.—No such thing:—he will
commit

commit his ideas to writing no where but in the hall, where we are constantly passing and repassing, and of course the least noise or stir, the crying of a child, the fall of a cup, or the sudden shutting to of a door, throws him into agonies of rage, which are frequently accompanied with the sudden destruction of his whole sheet of scribbled paper, and a general flagellation of the domestics.——Thus am I confined for life to a most whimsical companion who, with his peculiarity of temper and present stock of knowledge, might have been tolerable good company two or three thousand years ago, but hates and despises every thing modern, and affects to think no author worth reading that is not at least eight or nine hundred years old; and no person worth talking to who does not carry the whole load of learned trash, and lumber of antiquity in his head.”

WHILE I was sympathizing with Amelia on her unfortunate choice, the learned man at last came in, with the weight of at least three thousand years suspended from his eye brows. Instead of accosting him in the usual manner, I made free to ask, What news from the south side of the Alps, and whether he believed it true that *Hannibal* had really hollowed out a passage through the rocks, by the application and operation of vinegar only?——He answered me dryly, that such a report was in town, and it was not improbable there might be truth in the story, as he believed the vinegar of the ancients to have had much more strength and spirit in it than the thin watery trash so called, that is in use among the moderns; he then added, that he intended shortly to compose a Latin treatise on this subject, which would prove beyond a doubt that the *Alpine* rocks might have been really dissolved in the manner, and by the means mentioned in the *public prints*.——After having said this, he left us abruptly, and returned to his books and papers.——I am persuaded many characters of this kind do really exist among us: Every thing that has been written by
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the ancients, and any thing that is brought from the other side of the globe, is, with them, inestimable; every thing modern or home-made is in their opinion contemptible, merely because it is modern, and happens to be of our own manufacture.

THE
M A N O F N I N E T Y,
OR, A
VISIT TO THE OAK.

“**T**O yonder boughs that spread so wide,
Beneath whose shade soft waters glide,
Once more I take the well known way;
With feeble step and tottering knee
I fight to reach my WHITE-OAK tree,
Where rosy health was wont to play.
If to the grave, consuming slow,
The shadow of myself, I go,
When I am gone wilt thou remain!—
From dust you rose, and grew like me;
I man became, and you a tree,
Both natives of one verdant plain.
How much alike; yet not the same!
You could no kind protector claim;
Alone you stood to chance resign’d:
When winter came, with blustering sky,
You fear’d its blasts—and so did I,
And for warm suns in secret pin’d.

When

When vernal suns began to glow
 You felt returning vigour flow,
 Which once a year new leaves supply'd;
 Like you, fine days I wish'd to see;
 And May was a sweet month to me,
 But when November came—I sigh'd!

If through your bark some rustic arm
 A mark impress'd, you took the alarm,
 And tears awhile I saw descend;
 Till Nature's kind maternal aid
 A plaister on your bruises laid,
 And bade your trickling sorrows end.

Like you, I fear'd the lightning's stroke
 Whole flame dissolves the strength of oak,
 And ends at once this mortal dream;—
 You saw with grief the soil decay
 That from your roots was torn away;
 You sigh'd—and curs'd the stream.

With borrow'd earth, and busy spade,
 Around your roots new life I laid,
 While joy reviv'd in every vein;
 Once more that stream shall death impart,
 Though *Nature* owns the aid of art,
 No art, immortal, makes her reign.

How much alike our fortune—say—
 Yet, why must I so soon decay?
 When thou hast scarcely reach'd thy prime—
 Erect and tall you joyous stand
 The staff of age has found my hand,

That guides me to the grave of time.
 Could I, fair tree, like you, resign,
 And banish all these fears of mine,

Grey hairs would be no cause of grief;
 Your blossoms die, but you remain,
 Your fruit lies scatter'd o'er the plain—
 Learn wisdom from the falling leaf.

As you survive, by heaven's decree,
 Let wither'd flowers be thrown on me,
 Sad compensation for my doom,
 While Christmas greens and gloomy pines,
 And cedars dark, and barren vines,
 Point out the lonely tomb.

The enlivening sun, that burns so bright,
 Ne'er had a noon without a night,
 So LIFE and DEATH agree;
 The joys of man by years are broke—"
 'Twas thus the man of *ninety* spoke,
 Then rose, and left his tree.

THE
 SCORNFUL LADY.

DRESS'D out in all her gay attire,
 Who sees but, seeing, must admire
 The nymph with all her cruel arts
 Bound on a cruise to capture hearts.
 Aloft her filken streamers play,
 The ensigns of unbounded sway:
 For her the wretched victim burns,
 Yet she no love for love returns.
 Young Jockey from the isle of Kent
 In chasing her a year had spent,
 And own'd at last no privateer
 Could ever yet compare with her.
 Proud of the artillery of her eyes
 She would not own so poor a prize,
 But, disregarding force or prayer,
 She struck him dumb, and left him there,

Thys

Thus huntsmen of their prowess boast,
Who, hunting on the Spanish coast,
No deer at once by them is slain,
But left to languish on the plain.

When first this heav'nly form I pass'd,
She back'd her topsails to the mast—
I saw there was no chance to fly,
At once she bade me yield or die.

Amaz'd at such a strange attack
I chang'd my course and hurried back,
But such a fatal arrow met
As pierc'd me deep, and pains me yet.

Ah, Celia, what a strange mistake
To ruin just for ruin's sake;
Thus to delude us in distress,
And quit the prize you should possess.

Years may advance with silent pace
And rob that form of every grace,
And all your conquests be repaid—
With Teague O'Murphy, and his spade.

HORACE, Lib. II. Ode 16. IMITATED,

AND ADDRESSED

TO GOVERNOR PARR.*

Otium di-vos rogat in patienti, &c.

THE sailor toss'd on stormy seas

Implores his patron god for ease,

When Luna hides her paler blaze,

And stars obscurely dart their rays.

For

* GOVERNOR of Nova Scotia. This address was occasioned by the return of General Arnold to that Province from Britain.

For ease the Yankee, fierce in war,
His stores of vengeance points afar;
For ease the toiling Dutchman sighs
Which gold, nor gems, nor purple buys.

No treasur'd heaps from India trade,
No doctor's or the lawyer's aid
Can ease the tumults of the mind,
Or cares to gilded roofs assign'd.

The lot of man he best completes
Whose board is crown'd with frugal treats,
Whose sleep, no fears nor thirst of gain,
Beneath his homely roof, restrain.

Why, then, with wasting cares engage,
Weak reptiles of so frail an age;
Why thus to distant climates run
And lands beneath another sun?

For, though to *China's* coasts we roam,
Ourselves we ne'er can leave at home,
Care, swift as deer, as tempests strong,
Ascends the prow, and falls along.

The mind that feels an even state,
And all the future leaves to fate;
In every ill shall pleasure share,
As every pleasure has its care.

Death early seal'd *MONTGOMERY's* doom,
In youth brave *LAURENS* found a tomb,
While *Arnold* spends in peace and pride
The years that heaven to them deny'd.

An hundred *flawer* before you fall,
A coach and six attends your call,
And vestments, ting'd with Tyrian dye,
Where'er you go, attract the eye;

On me, a poor and small domain,
With something of the rhyming vein,
The Muse bestow'd—and share of pride
To spurn a traitor from my side.

THE

THE
INDIAN STUDENT,

FORCE OF NATURE.

*Rura mihi et nigri placent in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amem, sylvasque inglorius.*—

V. 18. Georg. III. 1483.

FROM Susquehanna's utmost springs
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow fringes,
A shepherd of the forest came.
Not long before, a wandering priest
Express'd his wish, with visage sad—
“ Ah, why (he cry'd) in Satan's waste,
“ Ah, why detain so fine a lad?
“ In Yanky land there stands a town
“ Where learning may be purchas'd low—
“ Exchange his blanket for a gown,
“ And let the lad to college go.”
From long debate the Council rose,
And viewing *Shalum's* tricks with joy,
To *Havard hall*,* o'er wastes of snows,
They sent the copper-colour'd boy.
One generous chief a bow supply'd,
This gave a shaft, and that a skin;
The feathers, in vermilion dy'd,
Himself did from a turkey win:

* Havard College, at Cambridge in Massachusetts.

Thus dress'd so gay, he took his way
 O'er barren hills, alone, alone!
 His guide a star, he wander'd far,
 His pillow every night a stone.

At last he came, with leg so lame,
 Where learned men talk heathen Greek,
 And Hebrew lore is gabbled o'er,
 To please the Muses, twice a week.

Awhile he writ, awhile he read,
 Awhile he learn'd the grammar rules—
 An Indian savage so well bred
 Great credit promis'd to their schools.

Some thought he would in *law* excel,
 Some said in *physic* he would shine;
 And one that knew him, passing well,
 Beheld, in him, a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye
 Even then could other prospects show,
 And saw him lay his *Virgil* by
 To wander with his dearer *bow*.

The tedious hours of study spent,
 The heavy-moulded lecture done,
 He to the woods a hunting went,
 But sigh'd to see the setting sun.

No mystic wonders fir'd his mind;
 He sought to gain no learn'd degree,
 But only sense enough to find
 The squirrel in the hollow tree.

The shady bank, the purling stream,
 The woody wild his heart possess'd,
 The dewy lawn, his morning dream
 In Fancy's gayest colours dress'd.

“ And why (he cry'd) did I forsake
 “ My native wood for gloomy walls;
 “ The silver stream, the limpid lake
 “ For musty books and college halls.

“ A little

" A little could my wants supply—
 " Can wealth and honour give me more;
 " Or, will the sylvan god deny
 " The humble treat he gave before?
 " Let Seraphs reach the bright abode,
 " And heaven's sublimest mansions see—
 " I only bow to NATURE'S GOD—
 " The Land of Shades will do for me.
 " These dreadful secrets of the sky
 " Alarm my soul with chilling fear—
 " Do planets in their orbits fly,
 " And is the earth, indeed, a sphere?
 " Let planets still their aims pursue,
 " And comets round creation run—
 " In HIM my faithful friend I view,
 " The image of my God—the Sun.
 " Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
 " And mingled laurel never fades,
 " My heart is fix'd;—and I must go
 " To die among my native shades.
 He spoke, and to the western springs,
 (His gown discharg'd, his money spent)
 His blanket tied with yellow strings,
 The shepherd of the forest went.
 Returning to the rural reign
 The Indians welcom'd him with joy,
 The council took him home again,
 And bless'd the copper-colour'd boy.

P R I S O N E R.

TO fields of green and tufted pines,
 Where Nature plans her bold designs,
 While little souls for pleasure stray,
 I find content, an easier way.
 Once, like the rest in folly's train,
 A jail I deem'd the worst of pain;
 But reason says, and say we can,
 'Tis wisdom's walk, the school for man.
 Your men of sense take half an age
 To moralize from Plato's page;
 But TRUTH, that guides my pen, can tell,
 A sheriff's writ will do as well.
 The pitying eye, that upwards cast,
 Laments our daily, dull repast,
 That deems our time is spent in care,
 Should look at home, and find it there.
 Of debts and duns no more afraid,
 I now enjoy a happier shade,
 And more secure retreats from pain,
 Than fancy paints or poets feign.
 The painted cards and flying dice
 No longer plague with dull advice;
 I deal my cards, I shake my hand,
 And fear no loss of *house* or land.
 When friends forsake, and riches fail,
 The last resource is still a jail:
 Here busy fools from toil repair,
 And find an end of all their care.

While.

While others pay for learning sense,
 We here are taught at no expence ;
 With doubts and fears the world is curs'd,
 But we are blest, who know the worst.

When at my window dark and high
 I stand to see the crowd go by,
 My fate with theirs I scorn to share
 For all betray the marks of care.

Of all the woes they feel or fear
 How few have gain'd admittance here !
 No scolding wives disturb our rest,
 No storms at sea our sleep molest.

No surly duns infest our gate,
 No schemes to live, no cares of state ;
 No knotty points disturb our brain,
 No beggar's tale, no plans of gain.

If parsons come to preach or pray
 So kind they are they ask no pay ;
 No landlords here with saucy eye
 Distrain our goods—and make us cry.

If states decline, or empires fail,
 What odds to us, who live in jail ?
 Since freedom can be our's no more
 'Twere mad to ask, *Who bolts the door ?*

When sickness comes so blest are we
 The doctor scarce expects a fee—— :
 What station can with our's compare,
 Who with our keys thus lock out care !



THE
L O S T S A I L O R.

TRUE to his trade—the slave of fortune still—
In a sweet isle, where never winter reigns,
I found him at the foot of a tall hill,
Mending old sails, and chewing sugar canes :
Pale ivy round him grew, and mingled vines,
Plantains, bananas ripe, and yellow pines,

And flowering night-shade with its dismal green,
Ash-colour'd iris painted by the sun,
And fair-hair'd hyacinth was near him seen,
And China pinks by marygolds o'er-run :—

“ But what (said Ralph) have I, that sail the seas,

“ Ah, what have I to do with things like these !

“ I did not wish to leave those shades, not I,

“ Where Amoranda turns her spinning wheel ;

“ Charm'd with the shallow stream, that murmur'd by,

“ I felt as blest as any swain could feel,

“ Who, seeking nothing that the world admires,

“ To one poor valley fix'd his whole desires.

“ With masts so trim, and sails as white as snow,

“ The painted barque deceiv'd me from the land :

“ Pleas'd, on her sea-beat decks I wish'd to go,

“ Mingling my labours with her hardy band ;

“ The captain bade me for the voyage prepare,

“ And said—*By Jafus, 'tis a grand affair !*

“ To combat with the winds who first essay'd,

“ Had these gay groves his lightsome heart beguil'd,

“ His heart attracted by the charming shade

“ Had chang'd the deep sea for the woody wild ;

“ And flighted all the gain that Neptune yields

“ For *Damon's* cottage, or *Palemon's* fields.

“ His

" His barque, the bearer of a feeble crew,
 " How could he trust when none had been to, prove her;
 " Courage might sink when lands and shores withdrew,
 " And sickly whelps might spoil the best manœuvre;
 " But *Fortitude*, tho' woes and death await,
 " Still views bright skies, and leaves the dark to fate.

" From monkey climes where limes and lemons grow,
 " And the sweet orange swells her fruit so fair,
 " To wintry worlds with heavy heart I go
 " To face the cold glance of the northern bear,
 " Where lonely waves, far distant from the sun,
 " And gulphs, of mighty strength, their circuits run.

" But how disheartening is the wanderer's fate!
 " When conquer'd by the loud tempestuous main,
 " On him, no mourners in procession wait,
 " Nor do the sisters of the harp complain,
 " Nor can I think on coral beds they sleep
 " Who sink in storms, and mingle with the deep.

" 'Tis folly all—for who can truly tell
 " What streams disturb the bosom of that main,
 " What ugly fish in those dark climates dwell
 " That feast on men—then stay, my gentle swain!
 " Bred in yond' happy shades, be happy there,
 " And let these quiet groves claim all thy care."

So spoke poor Ralph, and with a smooth sea gale
 Fled from the magic of the enchanting shore,
 But whether winds or waters did prevail
 I saw the black ship ne'er returning more,
 Though long I walk'd the margin of the main,
 And long have look'd, and still must look invain!

ON THE
HON. EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S
UNIVERSAL THEOLOGY.

IN this choice work the curious eye may find
The noblest system to reform mankind,
Old truths confirm'd that sceptics have deny'd,
By most perverted, and which some deride.
HERE truths divine in heavenly visions grow
From the vast *influx* on our world below.
Here, like the blaze of our material sun,
Enlighten'd *Reason* proves that GOD is ONE;—
As that, concentr'd in itself, a sphere,
Illumes all nature with its radiance here,
Bids tow'rd itself all trees and plants aspire,
Awakes the winds, impells the seeds of fire,
And, still subservient to the almighty plan,
Warms into life the changeful race of man;
So, like that sun, in heaven's bright realms we trace,
One power of LOVE that fills unbounded space,
Existing always by no borrow'd aid,
Before all worlds; eternal, and not made;—
To that indebted, stars and comets burn,
Owe their first movements, and to that return:
Prime source of wisdom, all contriving mind,
First spring of reason, that this globe design'd;
Parent of ORDER, whose unwearied hand
Upholds the fabric that his wisdom plann'd,
And, its due course assign'd to every sphere,
Revolves the seasons and sustains the year;—
Pure light of TRUTH, where'er thy rays combine
Thou art the substance of the power divine;

Nought

Nought else on earth that full resemblance bears,
 No sun that lights us through our circling years,
 No stars, that through yon' heavenly mansions stray,
 No moon that glads us with her evening ray,
 No seas, that o'er their gloomy mansions flow,
 No forms beyond us, and no shapes below.

THEN slight, ah slight not this instructive page
 For the low follies of a thoughtless age,
 Here, to the truth by reason's aid aspire,
 Here the gay visions of the blest admire;
 Behold that heaven in these neglected lines,
 In whose vast space perpetual day-light shines,
 Where streams of joy through plains of pleasure run,
 And night is banish'd from so bright a sun.

PLUNG'D in that gulph, whose dark unfathom'd wave
 All tongues and nations to destruction gave,—
 Here, man no more disgrac'd by death appears,
 Lost in dull slumbers through a waste of years—
 No empty dream, or still more empty shade;
 Remains the substance, but the form decay'd,
 Sees what he saw, knows what before was known,
 The same ideas, but more perfect grown.

WHERE parted souls with kindred spirits meet,
 Rapt to the bloom of beauty all complete;
 In that celestial, vast, unbounded sphere,
 Nought there exists but has its image here!
 All there is MIND!—that intellectual flame,
 From whose vast depth Platonic visions came,
 In which creation ended and began,
 Flows to this abject world, and beams on man.

M A Y T O A P R I L .

1.

WITHOUT your showers
 I breed no flowers,
 Each field a barren waste appears ;
 If you don't weep
 My blossoms sleep,
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

2.

As your decay
 Made room for May,
 So I must part with all that's mine ;
 My balmy breeze,
 My blooming trees,
 To torrid suns their sweets resign.

3.

For April dead
 My shades I spread,
 To her I owe my dress so gay ;
 Of daughters three
 It falls on me
 To close our triumphs on one day.

4.

Thus to repose
 All Nature goes ;
 Month after month must find its doom :
 Time on the wing
 May ends the Spring,
 And Summer frolics o'er her tomb.

FEW

FEW HONEST COBLERS ;

A P O E M.

In Imitation of Dr. WATTS's *Indian Philosopher*.

WHY should our shoes so soon grow old ;
 So soon the hide with which they're soal'd
 Be worn and out of date— ?
 Crispin, 'tis strange the thread that sews
 Millions of coats, should leave our shoes
 In such a ragged state !

Invain I sought the secret cause,
 Search'd in the leather for its flaws,
 The tanner curs'd invain ;
 Stept into shops where shoes were made,
 Saw artists hourly ply their trade ;
 But none would this explain.

Then tow'rd the west, and cross the street
 Where folks at tall *St. Michael's* meet,
 I hurried, vext in mind ;
 'Till near the banks of *Ashley's* flood,
 On soil of marsh I sighing stood,
 For tanner's use design'd.

Not far from thence a cobbler's son
 Stood by his hides, and thus begun,
 With aspect dull and sad :
 Twice he came o'er the lazy stream,
 The faults of shoes were all his theme,
 For many a fault they had !

He said, " the spacious ample hide
 " That does for all our hoofs provide
 " No thinking man would blame,

" Since

" Since, shap'd into so many soals,
 " Some would have flaws and some have holes
 " To blast the cobbler's fame.

" The artist wise that shap'd the shoe
 " One hide from every creature drew,
 " And scrap'd that hide with care ;
 " This is an honest skin," he said,
 " Then down he sat to try his trade,
 " And make a handsome pair.

" But scarce these hides had left the vatt
 " When, lodg'd aloft, a hungry rat
 " Attack'd them teeth and claws,
 " Ah cruel chance and ragged fate !
 " He gnaw'd them early, gnaw'd them late :
 " Starvation has no laws.

" Happy the man that finds a shoe
 " That's to his expectations true,
 " One real good below :
 " But O the crowds of wretched wights
 " That travel barefoot these dull nights
 " And wound the bleeding toe !"

THUS sung the cobbler's hopeful son ;
 I found at length his song was done :
 He said, he was no Jew :
 Sure, then, cry'd I, ere I'll agree
 For these damn'd shoes you mean for me,
 I will go barefoot too.

Some happier Crispin ; tell me where,
 What other shop affords a pair,
 Where better shoes are found ;
 Swift as Don Quixote's steed of old,
 I'd run to get my boots new soal'd,
 And wear them—tight and sound.

CHARLESTON, (S. C.) 1786.



THE
SAILOR'S RELIEF.

ALEXANDER DISMAL, Inn-holder, to the Printer
of the *Weekly Gazette*.

RIGHT WORTHY !

*Since all are for the public good distressed,
And each proposes what he thinks is best—
Why may not I propose, among the rest?—*

I AM one of that numerous tribe, who, under the smiles of heaven, endeavour to make an honest livelihood by keeping a house of decent entertainment for such as chuse to favour me with their custom:—but I beg leave to observe (I hope without offence) that there is no class of people by which our fraternity, adjacent to the river, so much suffer, at times, as by sea-faring men; though none expend their money with a more liberal hand and heart, as long as they have a single sixpence in their funds to draw upon.—Sunday last, the twenty-third day of January, 1784, was a time of woeful humiliation to us poor publicans. The river opened on a sudden, the sailors went off in triumph, and, for the most part, considerably indebted to those, who had for several weeks preceding found them in victuals and lodging. As I am a sincere and hearty friend to all sea-faring men, having myself been formerly master of a small coasting packet; and notwithstanding I have frequently been a considerable sufferer by the roguery of some individuals, I would nevertheless

L

theless beg leave to remark, that in a country like this, so remarkable for its public and private charity toward our unfortunate fellow men, it would well become us to provide some resources, either by a general tax, or certain tolls to be paid by every vessel passing and re-passing Gloucester Point, to assist, comfort, cherish and support such sea-faring men, in needy circumstances, as happen to be detained here during the winter season by the temporary interruption of our navigation; particularly those who are unable, through mere mischance, mishap, old age, or other incapacity, immediately to help themselves.

IN pursuance of this plan I would humbly propose that a three decked ship, of about four hundred tons burthen, should be forthwith built and finished off in a plain manner at the public expence, with commodious and comfortable apartments throughout for poor and distressed seamen, regard being always had, in the distribution of the various apartments, to the known rank and station of the party relieved. I do not mean, however, that this vessel should be launched into the water. Every purpose of accommodation would be much better answered by letting her remain upon dry land, and many disagreeable accidents thereby prevented. It would nevertheless be necessary that her station should be as near as possible to the river, as no true Jack-tar can endure to be long out of sight of navigable water. The most applicable name I can at present think of for this humane foundation, is, **THE SAILOR'S RELIEF.**

IT is obvious, at first glance, that such a ship as this would not cost so much to the public as one designed for real sea service. She would not require more than one half of the crooked timber commonly made use of in vessels of the proposed burthen, nor need her planks be more than three fourths of an inch thick, or at most one inch. Sailors are never truly and fully contented except when on shipboard, consequently they would

would be no where better pleased than in such a situation as this, where they would enjoy all the merriment and good humour of a sea-faring life, without having those bitter gales and mountainous waves to encounter, which, for a great part of the year, are so fatal and terrible to the marine fraternity on these coasts.—I would further propose, that the ship should be kept constantly victualled by contract, or otherwise, with common sea provisions, faithfully laid in, and a cook to be provided by the public, who had not been previously less than seven years at sea in that capacity.—Rigged she should be completely, to the end that the older sailors might be constantly practising their various manœuvres according to the state of the winds and weather, and the younger ones taught to be ready and dextrous in the art of working a ship when in actual service. Over and above the standing rigging, she should be furnished with a complete sett of running gear, including every article from the topgallant sheets to the jeer falls and clue-garnets: Not a brace, bowline, top-rope, sheet, halyard, bunt line, clew line or reef tackle should be wanting; and the masts, yards, sails, stays, shrouds and tops should be as punctually supplied, and as exactly arranged in their proper places, as if they were really to travel the high seas.—Some distressed or disabled old sea-commander, of good character and sober conversation, might preside here, in the two capacities of master and chaplain, with the proper officers under him, during the hard season, for keeping the crew in order; but whenever the river is clear of ice, I would have all hands discharged (excepting such as should be found absolutely helpless, and a few others) and the skuttles barred down till the navigation should be again obstructed, and these useful men once more seen wandering about the streets to look out a shelter from the unpitying storm.

I LEAVE it to others to point out a proper spot of ground whereon to erect this pile of benevolence;
only

only taking care that the horizon should be as little obstructed as possible, that they might every day have an opportunity of determining the latitude and longitude of the ship with the precision in such cases necessary. As to the manual labour on board, I am of opinion it would not be excessive, especially as the helm, the anchor, and the pump would require little or no attendance,—yet an allowance of weak grog would be absolutely necessary to keep up the spirits of the crew, and it should be a standing rule among them to take in all sail at sun-set, for fear of being incommoded with squalls in the night.

A CERTAIN sailor went off clandestinely a few days ago, no less than fourteen pounds three shillings and fourpence in my debt, leaving an old sea chest in my possession for security, which, upon the word of a Christian man, contained nothing more than two pair of old frocks and trowsers, a small brown wig (three fourths gnawed away by the rats) a sea cap, which by its appearance may, for aught I know, have circumnavigated the globe half a dozen times, and a book called the Seaman's Assistant, which I will adventure to say would not fetch *ninepence*, even if it were to be set up at *Bell's* auction room to be disposed of to the highest bidder, and recommended by all the persuasive oratory of that truly original humourist.—There is also, among his other trumpery, a sort of strange diary or journal of his proceedings, which seems to have been penned while he lodged in my house. Three or four paragraphs of this elegant performance I shall transcribe for the amusement of yourself and your readers, and therewith conclude this paper. The bad spelling your compositor will be pleased to correct, for I really have not skill enough in language to do it myself.

DECER. 20, 1784. This day I came in from sea in the brig *Ragged Fortune*—settled with the captain—the balance in my favour being four dollars and two thirds.

rhirds.—N. B. The captain, I suspect, cheated me damnably, but upon my taking a cud of tobacco into my mouth, and telling him as much, he gave me a glass of your right stiff grog, true old *stingo*, which squared accounts, and set all to rights again. I then signed a receipt in full.

DEC. 22. Had high fun last night at *Moll Clinker's*, but upon my feeling in my pockets for money to pay the *reckoning*, when I was leaving the house, found not a farthing to bless myself with.—*Mem.* No getting through life without now and then falling in with breakers, and thumping on the shoal grounds—left my new silver buckles in pawn.

JANUARY 3, 1785. Find myself woefully in debt already—dream every night of old *Carlisle*, and other pickaroon constables.—*Mem.* to keep a good look out from my tops, and if possible steer clear of those cutter built sons of whores till the river opens.—Jan. 5. At 12 last night, fell in with a watchman, the new building then bearing due west, and Christ church steeple nearly south east. As bad luck would have it he carried no lanthorns, so that he suddenly boarded me in the dark, and at the first shock carried away all the breast hooks of my new blue jacket, the starboard lifts of my half worn castor hat, and nearly two thirds of the after leech of my old great coat. *Note*, he battered my hull severely, but I suspect his main top was somewhat the worse of the judicious and masterly discharges I made upon it with my short oaken cudgel.—After engaging, as near as I could judge, about half a glass, he thought fit to sheer off, with his cutter in a shattered condition, and his dead lights beaten in; and so left me to pursue my course without further molestation.

JANUARY 10. This morning, about eight o'clock, being then in the latitude of *Swede's church*, (the weather cold, with strong gales from the northwest) saw a very ugly fellow, with his jib-boom unrigg'd, steering

steering after me, directly in my wake.—As I judged him to be in chase, I instantly put about and stood to the northward. He pursued me at a great rate; and for a while neared me every minute *hand over hand*; but my manœuvres were so uncommonly excellent and well timed, that I fairly lost sight of him by half past twelve, P. M. the Methodist meeting house then bearing S. S. E. distant one hundred and fifty yards by dead reckoning.—Nothing remarkable this afternoon, except that the wind changed to southwest.

JANUARY 15. My landlord begins to look sour at me, and talks of nothing else but scarcity of money and the hardness of the times.—Possibly he means to carry me into dock—I want new sheathing, it's true; but I'll be d—d if they shall lay me ashore at spring tides, however—one has no certainty when they'll float again.—I once lay three long weeks fast aground on my beam ends in Baltimore jail, and, by the diamonds on our *bosen's* nose, did not get off at last till I had thrown overboard the very watch from my pocket, and—ah poor Sue!—thine own ring from my finger, to lighten me!

JANUARY 19. Still beating to windward upon a very short allowance—my grog all out, my rigging daily becoming worse and worse, and something every hour giving way.—Yesterday morning at three quarters past four, the wind blowing fresh at east-south-east, half east, with rain and fleet, I carried away the lee strap of my larboard boot hose, back stays and all, in making the best of my way to avoid one of the most active, privateer-built devils of constables that ever cruised in these seas. He rather outwalked me, going large, but by keeping well to windward, that is, by skulking through the narrow allies and by-streets, I had evidently the advantage till sunrise, when I very fortunately got clear of him by favour of a thick fog and heavy rain.

JANUARY

JANUARY 21. At 25 minutes past eight, had the misfortune to run foul of a large black double decked transport belonging to the *holy see*, with a grey goose in tow. In less than two minutes I cut away his main spritsail yard, bob-stay, topping lifts, quarter cloths, foretop-sail bowlines, and the weather lanyards of his main shrouds. In the conflict, which was very dreadful, they threw overboard a volume of *Ernulphus's* curses, and other contraband Romish commodities, together with a large bundle of certificates, which I picked up and made off with, intending to restore them (at least the certificates) to the right owners, the poor devils of soldiers, upon their paying me *two and six-pence* in the pound.

It would be presuming too much upon the patience of your readers, Mr. Printer, to transcribe any more of this strange animal's remarks. He has writ me a letter from the Delaware capes, however, in which he promises to pay me honourably *when he returns*, even if he should be forced to go to the very centre of the north pole, or to a certain outlandish people he calls the *Hantipods*, to earn the money.



ROBERT SLENDER'S
IDEA OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

— *We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep!*

SHAKESPEARE.

NOTHING has, at all times, exercised the wit and ingenuity of speculative writers more than that seemingly simple question, *what is the soul of man?*—
The

The metaphysicians define it to be *the power or faculty of thinking within us*; which is just saying nothing at all, as it still leaves us to decide what that power is, or in what its essence or nature consists. The anatomists suppose it wholly to exist in the nerves, and pretend that upon the proper tone or tension of the nervous system depend all the flights of wit or fancy, profound genius, common sense, or deplorable stupidity. Plain *Johan Shovelboes*, the Conestogoe waggoner, imagines the soul to be a thin airy substance, somewhat of the nature of a fine mist, enclosed somewhere about the centre of his pericranium, and from thence, like a spider in her web, watching every thing that passes within and about him. This man's hypothesis, possibly, comes nearest to the truth, for how can any one in his senses assert or believe, with the Platonists, that an immaterial being (which by the bye, is what, at present we can have no conception of) can be shut up in a material skull?—For my own part, I take the soul to be as really substance as the body, and do conceive that it is matter only modified, like water and earth, a different way: or, in other words, man is a machine, moving, acting, and thinking by the help of certain springs originally contrived for those purposes, and still sustained in the necessary perfection by the wisdom of the deity.

THE matter, then, or substance of the soul may be compared to a fluid or distillation of liquors, containing within themselves a principle of life and animation, and imparting their genial influence to others of a colder nature, when mingled therewith. And this is all that can possibly be meant by the union between the soul and the body.

LET us, by way of explanation, suppose a dozen of pint tumblers arranged on a table, and nearly filled with that cold and spiritless element we call water. Let us also suppose there to be placed upon another part of the same table, a dozen bottles of different liquors,
geneva,

geneva, wine, rum, brandy, cider, small beer, &c. &c.—The water, while it continues in its natural state, we will suppose to represent an inanimate human body, or a foetus not yet informed with life. In comes the waiter, and pours a glass or two of your best *old Madeira* into one of these pint tumblers that had been partly filled with water.—Immediately it is diffused throughout, and this water becomes as it were, animated with life and spirit: its motions are more lively than before, its effects more perceptible, and cold has no longer the same power of congelation over it as formerly. This glass, if you please, shall represent one of your fellows of fine wit: a brisk, airy blade, whose natural constitution inclines him to warm all around him, with his benevolence and generosity of soul.

Your worship takes up another of these bottles, suppose of Jamaica spirits, and impregnates a second glass of cold water. This mixture represents one of your hot headed touchy fellows, who is in a violent passion of rage three fourths of his time, and ready to cut the throats of half the world for every supposed slight or affront that whim or caprice suggests has been put upon him; one who imagines that every arrow in the creation is pointed at his mighty self, and all mankind in conspiracy against his worthless carcase.—We will suppose the third bottle contains *Metheglin*.—This, you will all allow, is a dead heavy liquor. Such vapid trash will discolour the water, 'tis true, but does very little more: it imparts something like life to the aqueous body, but, after all, the mixture is dull and spiritless, and typifies one of your stupid fellows, who has neither life, sentiment or activity; one, whose whole existence, as the great writer in our motto elegantly expresses it, *is rounded with a sleep!*—and which, when that little portion of animation is evaporated that once barely discoloured this phlegmatic fluid, remains still that dull and lifeless mass, which boasts not a spark of inspiring flame, and whose very

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perceptions

perceptions are not sufficiently animated to render it even sensible of the sweets of repose.

Put some vinegar into that water, fellow—ah! what sad trash it is—this tumbler of water has a sour soul indeed—an ill natured, squabbling soul, the very quintessence of acidity itself!—For what purpose didst thou, O Jupiter, permit this strange unpalatable ingredient in the lord of thy inferior creation—this glass neither pleasures the taste, gratifies the smell, or delights the eye.——We make another attempt, and put one third of small beer to two thirds of water—This produces the soft and milky soul, equally fitted to be the dupe of the nurse and the priest, and which will yield its assent to any thing, provided its great grandmother previously believed in the same doctrines. Pour a little high proof brandy into this mixture, and enthusiasm is instantly kindled into being, upon the dregs of dullness, insipidity, and nonsense.

But what has this good natured bottle of American *Whisky* done that we should conclude our discourse without trying its efficacy on the watry fluid?—No sooner do we taste of this divine mixture, O Plato, than we are—*not touch'd but rapt, not waken'd but inspir'd!*—we are carried beyond ourselves into those joyous regions where the first source of generosity, bravery, benevolence and good-nature is displayed to our enraptured view. Whiskey has accomplished revolutions in empires, and carried us successfully through myriads of toils and difficulties, that water alone would have taught us to consider as wholly unsurmountable!

But is the soul nothing more, you will jocosely say, than a little wine or vinegar—and does every natural virtue, and difference of ability and inclination, arise from nothing more than a varied temperament of the blood, and a different tone of the nerves?—Many are inclined to think so, and I hope you will not esteem me the less for giving my opinion candidly on this subject.



SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

By MR. SLENDER.

I. AN ORATION UPON RUM.

(In the stile of Dr. Hervey.)

RUM! thou art the quintessence of excellence, the assistant of Nature, the enlivener of Fancy, and the mother and author of great and glorious actions. When overcome with labour, or wearied with care, or vexed with ingratitude, or dejected by misfortunes, I return home sad and solitary; the mists of sorrow are upon my countenance, and the resemblance of the sleep of death hangeth upon my brow.—I call for the liquid of the limpid fountain: I drink it, but it yields me no relief!—My heart is still heavy, my ideas are flat and waterish, and I am but at a small remove from the beast with four legs. Some happy chance, some guardian angel, the friend of man, directs me to the sparkling

sparkling flask !—I seize it with rapture, and drink of it with ecstasy !—Immediately I call out, Why, O Nature, wert thou so niggardly ! why were not all thy springs, thy rivulets, thy rivers, thy lakes, and even thy oceans replenished with this divine liquid, instead of the insipid element of which they now consist !——

I DRINK again : I feel the strength of ten men : nothing is too difficult for me to attempt, nothing too hazardous to execute. The journey of a hundred miles is contracted to a span of my hand, and the men of mighty bones are diminished to the contemptible size and stature of grasshoppers. Rum ! thou art also the support of heroism. The mind of supreme ingenuity first placed thee in the plants that grow, and concealed thee from the undiscerning in the plump grains of the harvest. It was left to the men of latter ages to discover thee there, and accommodate thee to their own use and purposes. While the ox or the horse travels on his tedious journey, it is, indeed, with a heavy heart ! He is nourished but not inspired ; is fed, but not inebriated—how painful are the hours, how ungrateful is the road, how dull are his prospects !—But to man, who carries with him the jovial flask, it is nothing. Every object puts on the colour of gaiety, and, by the assistance of this magic, every difficulty vanishes before him. Without this, our whole life would have been little better than a sort of cat-sleep, a dream between slumbering and waking, a moment of animation not worth enjoying.

AND yet, true happiness is only discoverable in the first moments of intoxication—I drink again, and am immediately degraded from the rank of a god to a condition far inferior to that of a beast. Such is the unaccountable nature of man. The moment he tastes of happiness it palls upon his appetite, and tells him, *I am still to be sought for.*

H. THE MARKET MAN.

IT has often been a subject of merriment to me to notice the very different countenance worn by the same person only in the two opposite and seemingly trivial circumstances of *going to* and *returning from* the beef-market. A man going to market, for the most part, has a dull and heavy look. His head hangs dejectedly, and although he walks with a tolerable brisk and steady pace, you may easily perceive that he considers himself not at all entitled to the notice or observation of those he meets. But no sooner has he arrived at the stall and begun to discuss matters with the butcher, than by degrees the gloom wears off, and his morning melancholy is dissipated.—He purchases, at length, an excellent leg of mutton or a loin of veal, and marches homeward with it in triumph. If you observe him narrowly, while on his way to his habitation, you will see him every now and then incline his head downward, and cast a loving eye upon what he has purchased; or peeps into the faces of those he meets, with a look of wishful impatience, as if he was desirous they should congratulate him on his acquisition. Then he looks up to the second-story windows, and takes care to hold his mutton in such a manner that it can be fairly and distinctly seen by the spectators from thence: in short, he takes every method in his power to convince you that he at this moment feels himself of more consequence than he was fifteen minutes ago, before he saw the butcher.—Now, I see no forcible reason why large volumes should be written to explain this matter upon philosophical principles. I am of opinion it may be sufficiently accounted for in a few plain words. Vanity, we all know, is natural to the human race. When the man went to market he had money

money in his pocket, without all doubt ; but how was the world to know that ?—This was the occasion of his sadness. When he returned, he had the satisfaction of tacitly telling the public that he had not gone abroad without well lining his pockets with the *one thing needful* ; and what is more, that he and his family intend this very day to eat an excellent dinner.

III. THE MAN IN BUSINESS.

A MAN in business is at once known by his air and gait ; and in my numerous and extensive walks through the streets of this large and populous city, I do not know that I was ever deceived in my judgment on the matter. There is a certain smartness of demeanor attendant upon this description of men that is totally unknown to those in a contrary situation, but is also transferred to them in a moment when a good job of employ falls into their clutches. A man in business always walks fast, not caring whose heels or toes he treads upon : his shoes are constantly kept well blacked, his buckles cleaned, his coat and hat brushed, his beard close shaven, and his hair decently combed, queued and powdered. His eye has an insolent glance, and is commonly fixed upon something at a distance before him, now and then upon the ground, but never upwards. If he stops to talk with you, he looks first at your shoes, then at your stockings, and so gradually advances up to your hat : if your habit and person answers to his ideas of a man in business, he smiles upon you as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh ; if not, he bids you an everlasting adieu, and walks off with as little ceremony as possible.—He rarely looks into the faces of those he meets, minds nothing that passes on the opposite side of the way, and, in fine,

is little better than a perambulating machine, till he comes to the scene of action, his counting house, or his law shop.

IV. THE MAN OUT OF BUSINESS.

LET us now consider the reverse of the medal, my good Mr. Momus, and we shall find the contrary criterion to be equally certain.—And here I cannot be otherwise than melancholy, because at this individual moment I perceive *sympathy* forcibly and sensibly exerting herself in my bosom—: but I will finish what I have begun, before I am too much disconcerted by recollection.

A *MAN out of business* moves but slowly and heavily along, and that, too, with his hands in his coat pockets!—He pays a most patient and particular attention to the physiognomies of all those he meets, as if willing to discover, without giving offence, whether or not they are in the same disconsolate situation with himself. Every step he takes shows humility: his heart bleeds within him if he sees but a dog ill used—*Can it be then, my dear Mr. Momus, that humanity in a man is oftentimes nothing more than the casual offspring of want and necessity?*

He is fond of stopping at retail shops, and seems particularly happy when he has an opportunity of exchanging a few words with the man stationed behind the counter. His mouth is generally open, and most particularly so when he casts his eyes toward the upper windows of the houses, or when he takes a walk among the shambles. He never passes an inn-holder's sign without carefully reading what is thereon written for his instruction, and as carefully examines the device or painting that is likewise exposed for his edification.

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If he takes up a Gazette he pays no attention to the news-paragraphs or essays till he has read over the advertisements from beginning to end. His shoes are commonly dusty, his hat cocked with pins, and his hair or wig cruelly neglected. If he steps into the house of an acquaintance his visits are always too long, and his conversation, while there, most commonly turns upon the scarcity of money or the peculiar and unparalleled poverty and rascality of the present age.

THESE are the main, distinguishing marks of the two characters, and I am much deceived if they will not generally be found to have been faithfully delineated.

V. THE DEBTOR.

NEXT to a constable or jailor, who may be reckoned the more immediate instruments of vengeance, I firmly believe there is not a more redoubtable object within the whole circumference of social life, things visible or invisible, present or to come, than a creditor in the eye of a debtor. For my own part, I am positive I possess no despicable share of courage and resolution, yet I solemnly aver and declare, that I never in my life met with a person to whom I was indebted any thing considerable, more especially when his demands were urgent and I not in a condition to answer them, and I did not instantly perceive a deadly tremor pervading all my limbs, a cold sweat forcing its way through the pores of my skin, a dreary discomposure of mind, and a total inability to act, think, or speak with the vigour and assurance, if not the downright impudence, I can command upon other occasions. Let my creditor be, in reality, ever so worthy a man, handsome, polite, well drest'd, or
what

what you please, it is all nothing!—My imagination pictures him to be a devil; a monster in human shape, with features horribly distorted; an everlasting frown on his countenance, and a jail with iron windows engraven on his forehead!

IN conformity with this idea, I take every method in my power to shun him. I travel only in the night, or go round about, many a long mile, through winding alleys and unfrequented streets, to have the better chance of avoiding him. If I see him in a vast crowd of people, I think him the ugliest man among them all. I never pass by his habitation except in the dead time of the night, or when fogs as thick as mustard, my dear Mr. Momus, may in some sort conceal me from his view. My gloomy ideas represent it as a den of destruction, where friendship or social converse can have no admission. His wife, his children, his house-keeper, his negroes, and his very house dog are to me objects of serious terror—and it is only at church, on Sundays, that I can look one or more of them in the face with any tolerable degree of composure.

VI. RULES AND DIRECTIONS HOW TO AVOID CREDITORS, SHERIFFS, CON- STABLES, &c.

✍ *Mr. SLENDER requests the Reader to take notice, that these RULES, (hereafter inserted) which, from their number and excellent use, were afterwards denominated the GOLDEN DOZEN, were originally drawn up by his Honor the PRESIDENT of the DEBTOR'S CLUB.*

I FORMERLY belonged to, and acted in the honourable station of Treasurer to a certain CLUB, of which, I recollect, no man was allowed to become a
N member

member who could not make it appear that he laboured under actual persecution and harrassment from his creditors and their emissaries, and had at least four writs of debt out against him at once. Neither could any member be elected president against whom had been issued less than twelve, his assistant ten, the secretary eight, his deputy six, and the treasurer five.

HAVING taken notice, for some time, that our numbers began considerably to decrease, and rather with more celerity than was to be wished for the well-being, and indeed the very existence of our little society, we found, upon investigating the matter, that the bailiffs had of late been more active than usual, of consequence more successful, and had unfortunately made prize of many of our fellow members; some of them having been taken by decoy, others by superiority of swiftness in the pursuer, and, what completed our chagrin, several of them, after having evaded all dangers in the high streets, were seized almost at the very entrance of our club-room, and conveyed away without mercy to jail.

UPON taking the matter into serious consideration, and devising what methods should be adopted to counteract these vexatious, impending evils, we at length agreed to appoint a committee of our club (the President to be chairman) in order to draw up a sett of rules for the information, instruction, edification, comfort, and direction of the members in general, and, in particular, of such as had been lately elected, and consequently might well be supposed not to have much experience of the truly infernal schemes of creditors, the diabolical and pitiful cunning of bailiffs, and the base wiles and deceptions of our enemies in general.

THESE RULES, (known by the name of the *Golden Dozen*) after proper deliberation, were at length confirmed, assented to, and established by the president, and other commissioned officers of the club. Every member was obliged by a penal law, made on purpose,
to

to have a copy to be by him carefully read over three times a week ; and it was no small satisfaction to observe, that after the introduction of this valuable code amongst us (and which manifests the very sublimity of art and ingenuity) our numbers were once more found to be upon the increase from day to day, and that but very few captures were afterwards made from the debtor's club. For the use and benefit of those whom it may now concern, I have been at the pains to take a copy of those rules, as signed and attested by the worthy President and secretary ; together with the preamble or introductory sentiments ; and that, solely and simply out of a benevolent principle ; as I could wish all the distressed of this description, in the whole world, to profit by these our well meant labours.—This instrument is as follows :—

“ THERE is certainly no moral evil in the mere circumstance of being in debt : if there be any thing at all criminal in the matter, it must be referred to a determined resolution in the delinquent never to pay what he oweth. Knowing, however, many honest fellows who have the misfortune to be in arrears to unmerciful creditors, and who would discharge their debts if it lay in their power, but nevertheless choose to take their own time for so doing, rather than be confined at the discretion of these infernal harpies ; WE, the president, directors, and ruling members of the ancient and honourable DEBTORS CLUB, shall, for the benefit of our brethren in general, set down a few RULES, chiefly the fruit and result of our own perilous experience in times by-past ; by the careful and exact observance of *which*, we will undertake to say, they may traverse the streets of this or any other considerable metropolis with some degree of safety and unconcern, at any hour or time of the day or night.

RULE

R U L E I.

IN the first place, it is absolutely necessary that every member should have the geography of Philadelphia perfectly well digested in his head; for which purpose an exact and minute map of the town is ordered to be drawn and engraven at the expence of the society, and hung up in the club room for the use of the members in general. A knowledge of the main passages is but a small part of the necessary stock. The alleys and bye-streets, dear friends, with a precise and lively idea of the bearings and distances of all the principal corners and short turns from each other, is indispensibly required. To which may be added, an actual acquaintance with the various taverns and tippling houses, with some notion of the tempers and dispositions of the innholders, their wives and other domestics. A small system on this last mentioned subject, compiled from actual observation, by some one of the more ingenious and learned members, would, no doubt, be particularly acceptable to the club.

II.

WHEN you find yourself far advanced in debt, abdicate your wonted dwelling place without loss of time, and with as much secrecy as possible. Let your next habitation be fixed in some obscure court or alley in the outskirts of the city. If it is walled up at one end, and where, of consequence, people cannot much pass and repass, so much the better.

III.

HAVE as little acquaintance or connexion as may be with your next neighbours; and, above all, be particularly careful never to stand in, or lean over your front door.

IV.

COULD it be any way avoided, it would be better never to walk the streets at all, except in dark nights and very foggy weather. He was a great enemy to our society that first proposed setting up lamps in the streets,

streets. I even hold moon light nights to be hazardous, especially after that officious planet has entered her second quarter. N. B. Let your wife or son always go to market.

V.

NEVER leave your habitation till you are convinced the coast is clear. An acquaintance of ours, who had for a long time evaded all the dexterity of the bailiffs in the main streets, was nabbed one morning at his own door, in just stepping out to examine a decayed part of the pavement. A debtor leaving his house is precisely in the situation of a ship taking her departure from a dangerous coast. It is necessary that the channel be well ascertained, and a good look-out kept to avoid the breakers. When she is arrived on the high seas, there is not half the danger as while she is yet in the offing.

VI.

HAVING safely, and without interruption, advanced into the main streets and public squares of the city, immediately summon to your recollection *who* are your creditors; which are tall men and which short; who wear cocked hats or flapped; what are their particular features, habits, gait in walking, &c. &c. By these means you will always be on your guard, and may distinguish danger at some distance.

VII.

WHEN you perceive a creditor at a distance in front, on the same side of the way with yourself, and advancing directly towards you, I would have you call diligently to mind his character and occupation. If he happens to be a philosopher, a mathematician, or a dealer in politics, you may safely venture to meet him, and even look him full in the face, as it will be five hundred to one if he recollects you, being perhaps intent upon a scheme of longitude; meditating on petrified crabs claws; or contriving some beneficial project

ject for the future emolument of the public of the United States.

VIII.

IN the blank leaves of your almanac insert a description of the several city catch-poles; not neglecting to set down also the names of your principal creditors, with some short characteristic account of each; as, what party he belongs to, whether he is a Constitutionalist or a Republican, a religious man or a free-thinker, &c. By these means, if chance or fortune should so order that you must inevitably encounter your enemy face to face, you can adapt your discourse to his prejudices. If he is a *Constitutionalist*, you can trump up some strange news about the downfall of the *bank* and the loss of its charter; if a *Republican*, tell him a few innocent lies about the probability of a speedy establishment of a *theatre* in this city. But, if he is a religious man, and has no connexion with politics, force upon him some wonderful story relative to the *conversion* of many hundreds of people in one of the southern States, and the *conviction* of several thousands more.—Should your enemy be a Quaker, give him a particular account of a certain captain of a vessel that was struck dead on a sudden in one of the islands by a flash of lightning, for bringing a cargo of negroes from Africa. If the creditor be an infidel, invent a lie boldly, and give him to understand that the Deists have built a new church in Virginia, and have hired a certain Christian priest to harrangue them twice a week, taking his text, for the most part, out of *David Hume's* essays. Should he happen to be a sexton of a church, or a physician, tell him immediately of a yellow fever that is breaking out in the lower part of the town, and spreading on all sides with the greatest rapidity.—By such methods as these, you will hardly ever fail to put the debt entirely out of your creditor's head, and you will be allowed to pass on in peace.

IX.

IX.

IF you happen to be a very little man, and slim withal, and should behold certain danger approaching, without being able to devise any other possible or probable means of escape, endeavour to bring some large object (such, for instance, as a Dutch farmer with a bundle of flax on his shoulder) directly in a line betwixt yourself and your enemy, so that when you are in *opposition*, the Dutchman may be in *conjunction*. If you can, by dint of swift walking, come up close in the rear of the interposing object, your situation will undoubtedly be so much safer, as it will be a hundred to one if the bailiff or creditor does not pass by without your once attracting his attention. It is true, the being so close aboard the farmer's hinder parts may possibly subject you to some accidental inconveniencies, but these can by no means be put in competition with seven or eight months close imprisonment in the New Jail.

X.

SHOULD your wife or mistress prevail upon you to take a walk with her on some dark evening to visit a friend, be careful not to have a lighted lanthorn along with you; it is commonly as fatal to people in our circumstances as the *Will o' Wisp* to country fellows, leading them into mire and misery. A former fellow member, one *Dick Prettyman*, now with the sheriff, had no fewer than sixteen writs of debt out against him at one time. He had nevertheless long evaded every exertion and artifice of the constables to take him in the day time; but, at length, as if evils enough had not been already thrown in his way by the established lamps of the city, he must needs undertake to gallant a young woman home one dark evening, with a glaring flambeau in front of them. It is almost needless to say, that by a fatal inattention to the instruction now conveyed in this tenth rule, and which ought at all times to have suggested itself to a man of good sense, he

he was seized and escorted to jail by the light of his own lanthorn.

XI.

MANY debtors are inclined to think themselves in perfect safety on *Sundays*, and therefore walk abroad without reserve or circumspection, not considering that this Sunday privilege (how benevolent soever it may appear in theory) is verily nothing better than the offspring of a low and despicable policy. The unexperienced debtor walks abroad on this day without suspicion, returns home with as little caution, is dogged to his house either by one of his creditors, an emissary, or the constable; and when once his retreat is known, farewell to all future quiet and peace of mind.—Unless you are remarkably fortunate or dexterous, it cannot be long, in the nature of things, till you are seized at your own threshold, merely through this single piece of imprudence. To obviate a mischief of such magnitude, we would recommend, then, by all means, that after you have once sallied out upon Sabbath-days, you entertain not the most distant idea of returning to your own den till the night be far advanced, unless you can see a fair chance of arriving snug in port under cover of a violent snow storm, a very close fog, or a heavy shower of rain attended with severe thunder and lightning.

XII.

IT sometimes happens that a member is unfortunately snapped up by accidents that no human care or prudence could possibly foresee or avoid; such, for instance, as in the sudden turning of a corner, when you meet your foe unexpectedly, and he instantly seizes you by the collar or the nape of the neck. People of little or no genius would imagine, that when matters are come to this desperate issue the only part left would be to resign yourself quietly to your fate, confess that *whatever is, is right*, and lay your accounts with being locked up in jail, and letting things take their common

common and natural course.—It must be candidly allowed that the situation now supposed, is calamitous and hopeless enough; however, as the saying is, there are remedies for every thing but death; and a remedy, therefore, even in this seemingly desperate case, we will venture to recommend; and which has actually been known to succeed in more than threescore instances.

ALWAYS remember to carry a decent looking letter constantly in your pocket, directed to yourself, and written in a reputable hand and stile, having the *seal* broke, *which* must be of the best black patent wax you can procure. This letter is to contain certain information of a large estate of forty thousand pounds, sterling, that has been bequeathed you by a rich uncle in the West Indies, whose only son and child, having turned out a rake and spendthrift, had been cut off from enjoying his father's estate with *five shillings and a fiddle*; and that you, as the next in blood, had fallen heir thereto. The letter may also signify that ten thousand pounds of the estate (all in gold and silver) is by this time on its way hither in the ship *Gogmagog*, which said ship may be expected in with the first southerly winds.

AFTER you have walked a while jail-wards, under convoy of your creditor, the sheriff, or his deputy, you must tell him, with a composed and deliberate air, "that a great piece of good fortune has lately befallen you."—His countenance, upon this, will immediately brighten up; and he will naturally enquire, How this has come to pass?—You answer him, very civilly, by taking out your letter and putting it into his hands.—He has scarcely finished reading it, before he slackens his hold, leaves you at your liberty, makes a bow, wishes you great joy upon your uncle's death, and soon after dismisses you with a very complaisant request, that if it be not wholly inconvenient you will please to discharge that little balance

as soon as the said ship arrives"—which you faithfully promise to do, and so shaking hands, part good friends."

SUCH were the regulations to which we faithfully conformed ourselves for many years with great and signal success; and which were also soon after assumed by several other Clubs, upon a similar foundation, in other cities. The original copy was signed by the following officers.

PERIANDER PENNYLESS, President,
DARBY COPPERSWORTH, Assistant.

KIRWAN M'KILLMER, Secretary,

BENJAMIN SWETT, Dep. Sec.

ROBERT SLENDER, Treasurer.

VII. THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

THIS is an animal that would be truly worthy of pity, if there were any reason to believe that he himself was at all sensible of the misery of his condition. *Insensibility*, or a want of the finer feelings, is generally allowed to be a true characteristic of the lower orders of the human species. It was, nevertheless, undoubtedly meant for a blessing by the power that form'd the mind, and resembles the divine spirit of the poppy, that friendly plant, which, by exerting its charming sleepy influence over the mortal frame, benumbs the senses, and gives ease to the soul when Nature is inflicting her most excruciating torments.

THE PRIVATE TUTOR is absolutely a *slave* in every respect, except that he has not, like other slaves, the privilege and pleasure of keeping company with, and enjoying the conversation of his equals, without in-

curring

curing disgrace thereby. Bred up in the habits and pursuits of a liberal mind, he has, we will suppose, taken his degrees at a college, can boast of a general acquaintance with books; and has imbibed high ideas of liberty and independence. What then can alleviate his vexation and anguish, when he finds himself compelled by want of fortune to sink into this pitiful situation?—Nothing but that friendly, yet fatal insensibility (whether natural or acquired) which I mentioned above.

To prevent as much as possible any young man of spirit and abilities from degrading himself into this wretched state of meanness and servility, I will endeavour to give an idea of the usage a private tutor may generally expect from the *Bashaws* that most commonly employ them.

THE first step you take when you find yourself driven to embrace this miserable occupation, is, to look carefully over the newspapers of the day. By and by you see an advertisement to the following purport:

WANTED: A person capable of teaching not only the languages, but Philosophy, Geography, Pneumatology, Metaphysics, Chemistry, Meteorology, Bell-Letters, and other polite arts and sciences. He will be employed as private tutor in a family of consequence, and, if approved, may expect a handsome salary.

You immediately determine within yourself to take advantage of Fortune while she is in a favourable mood, and strike boldly for the place. Upon application to the printer, you are informed that the advertiser is a country gentleman of immense fortune, by the name of *Adrian Van der Bunscooten, Esquire*, who resides, with his family, at his seat about a dozen miles from the city.

HAVING dressed yourself in the best manner you are able, you set out on foot, without loss of time, and towards noon arrive very weary at the desired port.

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THE first person you see is a servant, who wishes to know your business in that place?—After having enquired whether the master of the house be at home or not, and being answered in the affirmative, you send word up by the servant, that “a man has come to accept the place of private tutor in the family, as offered in the public papers.”

THE gentleman of the house, upon hearing this, instantly comes down to take a view of you: ten to one but he looks at you through a magnifying glass. If he has penetration enough to discover (or thinks he discovers) that you are at once possessed of education and servility of soul, and the place is not engaged, he intimates that you may possibly suit his purpose.—You then naturally enquire what the yearly income is to be?—He tells you it is no less than *thirty pounds*, lawful currency of the State; to be paid either quarterly, or at the end of the year, as may best suit!

RATHER than wander again in the disconsolate mood of a *Man out of business*, you accept the terms, without daring to intimate that the salary is by no means adequate to the trouble you expect to be at: Nay, you even venture to tell him, that you would prefer receiving it in a lump at the end of the year!

You are then informed that your pupils are to be three young gentlemen and two young ladies—that it is expected the young gentlemen will be at *all times* under your eye, and that whenever they think proper to go a shooting, swimming, or elsewhere, you must attend them for fear of accidents.

HAVING nodded with your head by way of assent to this proposition, the great man informs you, with an eye of ineffable good nature and condescension, that you will have the honour to breakfast, dine, and sup with himself and family, except when the governor, the controuler of the finance, or some other great gentleman or lady from the city, pays a visit to the
house,

house, in which case it will be expected that you descend to your proper element, the kitchen.

A GREAT man's kitchen naturally gives you an idea of plenty; you therefore shrug up your shoulders, by way of telling him that you agree to his terms.

YOU are next informed by the lady of the house, Madam Catarina Van der Bunscooten, that her beloved offspring, and her dear lambs, *may be led, but not drove*—that the art and mystery of teaching is to play them into knowledge with marbles, nine-pins, shuttle cocks, and whirligigs—that many children, from her own knowledge, have been taught to read merely by playing cards and dice, and that constraint of any kind has nothing to do with education.

STRUCK with the admirable beauty and fine apparel of this great lady, you bow your head, in token of being thoroughly convinced of the truth of what she has asserted.

AFTER being settled in the family, you soon perceive that the servants pay less attention to you than your knowledge of Greek would seem to demand. If wine is handed to the guests, you are the very last that is noticed, if not sometimes wholly neglected.—Your shoes are either not blacked in the morning at all, or it is left for yourself to do. Yet, if you are once known to perform this menial office with your own hands, farewell to all ideas of consequence with, or respect from, the sable brotherhood of the kitchen.

THE coachman, however, still condescends to acknowledge himself to be upon a level with you; but if you will not converse freely, drink punch, and smoke a pipe with him in his hovel; or teach the footman to read, write, cypher, and play tricks in winter evenings, you are a lost man—and will be treated with little else than abuse and contempt by all the inferior part of the household.

THE young ladies are averse to learning geography; as they tell the gentleman, their father, that your
method

method of teaching is rather obscure and unintelligible. — Adrian van der Bunscooten gives you a friendly hint of this, in the presence of the young junto ; and intimates also that “ neither the girls nor the boys are defective in point of genius—the fault of not learning cannot therefore be imputed to them.”

You now put up your earnest prayers to him that is the author of all plainness, common sense, clear reasoning, and perspicuity of thought and language, “ that he would be graciously inclined to enable you so to express your ideas of things, that they may be conveyed without obscurity, let, or hindrance into the minds of your dear young pupils.”

A LUCKY thought then strikes you : your scholars have not been studious or attentive enough to gain a rational idea of the globe of the earth from a plane surface on paper ; you therefore procure a large round pippin or an orange, and mark thereon the equator, the tropics, the polar circles, with the parallels of latitude and longitude. You, further, represent the different cities of the world and their situations, by *pins* stuck into the apple or the orange. — While you are explaining matters in this manner, your pupils are constantly endeavouring to stifle a loud laugh. — The farce ends with one of the young ladies stealing away the apple when the lecture is finished, and soon after eating it up for her own edification and amusement.

THE first year of your servitude at length comes to a conclusion : the great man sends for the physician, the county lawyer, and the clergyman ; they are desired to examine the young students, male and female, and give an account of the proficiency that has been made by them in their education. — They are unanimously of opinion (upon examination) that the young ladies and gentlemen have learned “ little, or nothing worth mentioning.”

It cannot be my fault, says the great man of the house ; my own father, *Dederick van der Bunscooten* was

was never looked upon as defective in genius: My wife is allowed, on all hands, to be descended from the great lawyer *Shadrach O'Possum*, the oracle of his age and nation; how can it be then, that *these here young youths* have not made more proficiency?—my thirty pounds salary cannot be thrown away in this manner!

BUT, are you sure, says the private tutor, that you yourself are not a swine, sir?

HERE the conversation ends: You lose your whole salary, curse the trade of a PRIVATE TUTOR, and spend the remainder of your life in basket-making.

VIII. THE CITY POET.

TAKING a walk sometime since in the fields (I recollect it was late in November) with an old citizen of my acquaintance, who is well known for being in the commission of the peace, we observed a strange figure at a distance, which appeared to be crossing the plain in a direction at right angles to the line in which we were then walking. As we rather neared the object for some time, I soon discovered it, by the means of a small pocket glass, to be no other than my friend *Mehalcas*, the poet, who is remarkable for being extremely moral and religious in his writings, but at the same time most insufferably dull and tedious.—He had no sooner got sight of us, than he instantly changed his course, and stood directly towards us.

Now, said I to the magistrate that was with me, unless we are fortunate enough to escape him by a speedy retreat, or some lucky circumstance turns up in our favour, of which, however, I see no prospect, we shall be condemned to pass the remainder of this afternoon in very constant but very dull confabulation.—Heaven

ven forbid, replied the 'squire, that I should be tortured with accounts of Apollo, and the Muses, and Jupiter, and Olympus, and the rest of them. I never could endure such stuff. I would sooner try a dozen petty criminals than have any thing to do with a single page of the heathen mythology."—There is no danger of the heathen gods, answered I; Menalcas execrates their memory as much as you yourself can possibly do; the only misfortune is, that the modern theology, in his hands, frequently becomes ten times more ridiculous and contemptible than that which you complain of in the books of Homer.

NOTWITHSTANDING our utmost endeavours and exertions in retreating, Menalcas was visibly gaining upon us every minute; and by the time we had got abreast of the *Centre House*, he joined us with ease, although he wore a large pair of jack boots, which he informed us had considerably impeded his progress.—“My worthy friends, said he, shaking us both heartily by the hands, I cannot express the satisfaction I feel in meeting with you in these *sequestered parts*. A constant residence in the city strangely disqualifies one for the company of the muses. There, all is art and wax-work; here, we have simple nature just as she came from heaven, pure and unadulterated. In these charming solitudes we forget the cares of the world, critics, criticism, and censure! Here the inhabitants are innocent and happy, and, in my opinion, bear some considerable resemblance, in their manners, to the ancient people of the golden age.”

STRANGE, thought I, that the man can be so entirely ignorant of the world as to imagine, that the distance of little more than half a mile from the city can produce such a change in himself as well as in the morals of the people: he must, no doubt be poetically mad!——“But *whither away* are you travelling, my lads, said he; for my own part I was going further *afield*, till I had got into the very center of rural felicity, where the

the innocent country maidens are washing the lambkins in the limpid stream, and where the harmless shepherds are regaling themselves with the fragrant smell of the new made hay!"

"I PRESUME, sir, you must certainly have been asleep during the summer season (said the 'squire somewhat angrily) to talk now of washing sheep and mowing hay, when we are well nigh upon the eve of the winter solstice—why, sir, your feelings might convince you that the weather is too cold even to wash a dog!"

SIR, I beg pardon, replied the poet;—you must know I am somewhat of a warm constitution, and do not pay quite so much attention to almanacs as some other people do, I could mention.

ALMANACS! retorted the 'squire, I would have you to know, sir, you would have been much better employed in reading, or even making almanacs, than in scribbling a parcel of something, which is neither law nor gospel, and which I am convinced you yourself do not believe or understand.

FINDING my friend and the author to be growing warm upon a very delicate point, I thought it high time to compromise matters between them, in which I was so happy as, in some measure, to succeed. We then determined to walk back towards the city, in compliance with an invitation from Menalcas to pass an hour or two at his lodgings on our way home, and hear him read part of an Epic poem of his own composition, in manuscript, and which he represented as one of the first, if not the very first production of the present age.——After a variety of poetical conversation (for Menalcas would touch upon no other string) we at last arrived opposite to a narrow alley in an obscure part of the Southern liberties, into which having conveyed ourselves, the poet leading the way, we entered a high but narrow wooden building, which seemed to be a receptacle for several families appertaining to the inferior class. We soon discovered the poet's

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apartment

apartment to be the very loftiest in the whole building, but this was nothing more than I expected.

It is cunningly remarked in most systems of Natural Philosophy, that *similar causes every where produce similar effects*. Thus, a stone being thrown upwards in Europe falls again to the ground, after it has attained to its utmost point of elevation. It does the same in America, and in the East Indies, and in New Holland, and every where else; which proves that the principle of attraction is universal upon this earth.—But authors, (particularly poets) of all sublunary bodies, are the only ones we are acquainted with, that act directly contrary to the well known principle above mentioned. In one word, they as naturally tend towards a garret, as a stone, a drop of water, or a volume of dull poems does towards the centre of the earth: this, then, must be upon a centrifugal principle, the effect being the same every where, be the cause what it may. A poet in Europe has his garret, another in America, Asia, or Africa, has the same; so that the philosophical axiom stands good.

At this instant the poet burst out into a sudden and rapturous exclamation—"Behold, gentlemen, (said he) the place where I am exercised with the divine dreams of Parnassus!—Here the Muses deign to visit their humble votary, and dictate to me at the midnight hour what shall enchant the people of the coming age! What earthly exercise of the mind is equal to this!"—

THE exercise of darning stockings (said the 'squire) would be rather more to the purpose.

THE only furniture we saw in Menalcas's garret was a bench, a bed with a pair of old Dutch blankets, all spread upon the floor, an earthen jar in one corner of the apartment, and an ancient oaken table full of papers and manuscripts.

As there were no chairs, we all three very civilly helped ourselves to the bench, without ceremony, being considerably fatigued by our walk. I now ventured

ed to ask Menalcas for a draught of water, in hopes something of a more generous and inspiring nature would be offered.—“ That is right, my honest fellows, (said he) I had almost forgot—I esteem myself happy, gentlemen, that I have it in my power to present you both with a cup of as excellent water as ever flowed out of the spring of Castalia. It was fetched two miles by my servant, as he knows I am not fond of pump-water at this season of the year. None of your home brewed trash for me neither—none of your punch, your strong beers, or your small wines; they are ruinous to the constitution, gentlemen; and, more than that, I know a neighbour of mine, an attorney, who has drank no other liquor than water these forty years past, and is still a hale, vigorous man.”

UPON saying this, he presented us, each, with a pewter cup full of stale water from the jar in the corner of the room. For my own part, said the squire, upon tasting it, I distinguish nothing in this water that should entitle it to be brought from such a distance. I think I could furnish you with some at least equally good out of a pump-well not forty yards distant!

BUT now to our poem, gentlemen, (said Menalcas) I promised you a poem, and as yet have treated you only with a glass of excellent water!

WHILE he was searching up and down for his poem, I cast my eye upon the table and saw dozens of sonnets, madrigals, acrostics, epithalamiums, rebuses, riddles, and elegies upon the deaths of young ladies. Amongst the latter, one particularly attracted my notice, which happened to lie open, inscribed, *Upon the death of Miss Mariana Silverboes*: it began, as follows:

“ O Muse! in woeful verse begin to tell
How our dear lady, Mistress Marian, fell;
There was in her, before death took her hence,
A moral certainty of innocence;

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A saint was she, if ever saint there was,
Yet death on her has fix'd his iron claws." &c.

MENALCAS, said I, (pointing to the poem) you have flattered this lady too much. It is true, if *sainthood* consists in fine gauze, red ribbons, flower'd muslins, a precise knowledge of the contents of a milliner's shop, and, added to these, a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds; the lady, whose death you have celebrated was undoubtedly a very considerable saint. I am afraid, however (continued I) the eight thousand pounds alone inspired your muse, as the beginning of your poem (putting it into his hands) smells strongly of the *earth*. If you had been wholly disinterested and impartial you would also have written something on the death of the truly amiable and once charming *Aspasia*, who lately died unnoticed and unsung. Such a subject would have inspired other strains!—She carried every virtue in her breast, as well as every charm in her countenance and was, indeed, *sweet as the blossom of the vernal morn*; but she wanted the eight thousand pounds, which I am sorry to say, made the principal merit of the other.

"You are always teasing and plaguing one with your reflections, Mr. Slender, returned the poet.—That elegy, think what you will of it, has met with considerable applause *from the lady's relations*. I beg you would replace it; and not criticise thereon with too much severity. But now lend your attention to the epic poem I promised you and your friend.

"THE subject, you must know, is taken from the scripture; from whence Milton also derived the idea of his *Paradise Lost*, and if he had not previously hit upon the story of our old grandfire and his unfortunate attachments, I am well convinced this would have been *his* choice also.

"I ENTITLE my work *The FALL of ADONIBEZEK, a poem, in twelve books*. The lamentable and heart breaking history of this monarch you will find

find in the first chapter of the book of Judges. Perhaps no other epic poem, that ever was attempted, has been erected upon so narrow a foundation as this. The exordium of the poem, which I shall now read to you, is wonderfully sublime, and cannot fail of striking the most ignorant reader with extraordinary emotions:

“ I SING that mighty chief, who vex’d by foes,
At length was robb’d of *both his thumbs and toes*;
But lest, perchance, we should incline to err,
’Tis best to tell his moral character;
Since he himself, as ancient records say,
Full seventy kings had serv’d the self-same way—”

The poem then went on with a long and circumstantial account of the provocations this monarch had given the Israelites, and proved beyond possibility of contradiction that this seeming piece of cruelty, by them inflicted, was nothing more than a just return of vengeance upon his own head for previously treating others in the same inhuman manner. However, the author of the poem concludes his first book with humanely supposing that the Jews did not force him *to walk* under guard after he was deprived of his toes, or, in his own words,

“ His toes cut off, perhaps they let him ride;
So to Jerusalem he came—and there he died!”—

THE second book began with a melancholy account of the siege of the city of Bezek, and the slaughter of ten thousand men:

“ Now, round the city dreadful things are done;
Some writers say, a woman boil’d her son,
Nay, crimes like this were oftentimes renew’d;—
It was a sin of the first magnitude.”

The remainder of this second book was taken up with particular accounts of the various skirmishes between the two parties, so very minutely related that one would have sworn the poet had by some lucky accident

been

been admitted to a sight of the newspaper paragraphs of those very times.

IN the third book we are informed, by way of episode, that the judgment before mentioned had fallen upon Adoni-bezek in consequence of his not having paid due attention to his established clergy, and their temporal rights. He then goes on to give an account of several prodigies which had plainly pointed out his approaching ruin long before:

“ Oft’ times, at night, the town-clock struck *thirteen*,
(A watchman said) when *twelve* it should have been;
While from the clock they saw descending down
A man accoutred in a parsons gown.”

UPON the ’squire’s objecting, in this place, that it was not certain that the clergy had either gowns or clocks belonging to their churches in those days, the poet replied, “ That was more than he knew; and at any rate (continued he) the critics can only make an *anachronism* of it, and *Virgil*, you know has several such, and his poem never the worse!” —

MENALCAS was now about to enter upon the fourth book, but as night was near at hand, and my friend, the ’squire, out of all patience, we with some difficulty obtained the poet’s permission to depart, after we had promised to call again in a few days to hear him read the remaining nine books of his poem. He informed us also, for our comfort, that if we did not call soon our satisfaction would be considerably delayed, as the manuscript was, after a few triyial corrections to be put into the printer’s hands for publication. After having promised thus far, we took our final leave of him, not without admiring at the folly of a man, who, destitute of the least spark of poetical genius or harmony in his soul, was nevertheless attempting performances that in their nature as well as in their execution could only render him ridiculous. If poetry, as being the language of exalted passion, has its

its peculiar charms and captivating beauties for some minds, we ought still to remember that prose is the language of sober reason, and therefore of infinitely more use in the affairs, and for the amusement of the generality of mankind, than the other. Instinct evermore infallibly directs the brute creation to accomplish by the shortest means what is within the compass of their powers and abilities; man alone, who pretends to reason, will go farther, and, overleaping the bounds that nature assigned him, is too often bewildered and lost in attempting matters infinitely beyond his capacity.

IX. THE BACHELOR'S HOUSE.

THIS is a den, which the instant I see it, as instantly brings to my remembrance every thing that is dreary and uncomfortable in the sublunary walks of man.—Indeed, in the city I cannot say I have yet arrived to such an absolute certainty in my determinations, but in riding or walking through the country I have never yet failed of being able to point out exactly, even at a considerable distance, a building that is inhabited by a *married man*, or, on the contrary, that which is occupied by the most selfish of all human beings, the *OLD BACHELOR*.

THE house of an old Bachelor has its front windows evermore shut; the smoke, too, ascends only out of one chimney, and that but in a small quantity.

IF any trees are planted round about his habitation, they are generally of the barren kinds, the yew or the joyless willow, the locust, or the gloomy cedar.

THE road that leads to his gate is overrun with grass;—a certain token that very few are fond of his compa-

ny :—the gate itself opens with much difficulty, the hinges being sadly rusted, from long disuse.

IF you visit his stables and coach house, you only see a solitary riding-chair, barely sufficient to contain one person ; a most positive and indubitable proof, that his benevolence has never extended beyond himself, and the comfortable accommodation of his own dear carcase.

A DISHEARTENING silence reigns in and about the whole fabric, only now and then interrupted by the crowing of a cock, the neighing of a horse, or the cackling of a solitary goose.

IF a servant happens to come out while you are making your observations, you might almost swear it to be the picture of spleen and melancholy. His whole appearance and deportment demonstrates that he is at once cook, washerwoman, and farmer : that he is, in fact, the servant of an old Bachelor !

LET us now, Mr. Momus, pay a short visit to the interior of the fabric ; if we are but fortunate enough to prevail upon the inhabitant to grant us admittance.

A SURLY dog at the portal menaces us with the discipline of his teeth, if we persevere in our determination to enter. We, nevertheless, escape this danger, and are shown into a back room, where the Bachelor sits by his fire-side in an arm-chair, with a long beard and ragged stockings, an Almanac in his hand, and a pair of spectacles on his nose.—It is the only chair in the room, so that we take the liberty to seat ourselves on one side of the bed by way of succedaneum.

HIS only visible companion is a cat, that sits in the corner of the chimney with his eyes shut, and his tail wreathed into something like a spiral circle :—the animal now opens his eyes, and looks up into our faces ; but his looks by no means possess that glance of social complaisance, of which, you may remember, we took notice last year as so remarkable in the eyes of a cat belonging to the household of the gay Widow *Lovelace*.

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ONE might venture to take an oath that his Almanac furnished the Bachelor with materials for discourse upon every subject; for he talks of little or nothing else but the weather, the change of the moon, or the meeting of the county courts; tells us a long story about the prince of Grecia; discloses the best method of raising hemp; and laments the mortifying circumstance of our having no visible eclipses during the current, or ensuing year.

AFTER we have sat a long time, if he is pleased with our conversation, he orders the before-mentioned melancholy negro servant to bring a decanter with some wine, having first chalked the fellow's lips to intimidate him from drinking at the tap. The servant is perfectly well acquainted with his master's meaning. The decanter is brought, with a quantity therein to the amount of two entire glasses; for you know it cannot be expected the man should give away all his substance to strangers and aliens.

WE presently afterwards dismiss ourselves, as our visit is only for the sake of observation. As soon as we are gone, the servant brings him a brown biscuit and a luncheon of smoked beef. He gnaws awhile upon these by way of taking his dinner, drinks a small glass of wine and water; and, if it be a rainy day, returns to his Almanac; otherwise, goes to his stable and confabulates with his horse.

IT would be terrible, however, to remain always at home. He sometimes pays a visit to his neighbours, but never tarries long in a house where there is a family of children. If one of the little jinto should make overtures of acquaintance, by laying its hand upon his knee, it is received with frowns and dismissed with a growl—he insinuates that he cannot endure to have his cloaths spoiled, and immediately gets up and departs the house.

IF, on his way home, he meets a beggar, he gives him nothing. If a friendless orphan asks him for

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fixpence, he complains that " numbers are straggling about that ought to be sent to the house of correction."

WITHOUT multiplying instances of this kind, we may safely conclude and determine, that an Old Bachelor is, in most instances, wholly destitute of that benevolence, generosity, sympathy, and expansion of soul, which we may constantly observe in married men.

X. THE SPLENETIC INDIAN.

TO the best of my recollection, it was about the middle of the month of August; we were sitting on a green bank by the brook side; the fox grapes were not yet come to maturity, but we were anticipating the pleasure we should soon experience in eating some fine clusters that at this instant we perceived hanging over our heads in the thick shade of a tall beech tree; when, upon a sudden clamour raised by some young fellows, who were advancing rapidly towards us, the learned Indian *Sachem Tomo-cheeki*, who at this time happened to be my friend and companion, seized me by the hand, and intimated a strong desire that I should accompany him to his wigwam, situated at many miles distance in the wilderness.

A REQUEST so unusual, and at such a sultry season of the year, (it being now the height of the dog days) and to all appearance occasioned by so trifling a circumstance as the approach of a few noisy bacchanalians, could not but give me some surprize. I nevertheless accepted his offer, and we then walked on together westward without saying a word, though not forgetting to kindle our pipes afresh at the first house we came to.

WE had no sooner entered the forest, than I began to be convinced that all things around us were precisely such as Nature had finished them. The trees were straight and lofty, and appeared as if they had never been obliged to Art in their progress to maturity. — The streams of water were winding and irregular, and not odiously drawn into a right line by the spade of the ditcher. The soil had never submitted to the ploughshare, and the air that circulated through this domain of Nature was replete with that balmy fragrance which was breathed into the lungs of the long lived race of men, that flourished in the first ages of the world.

At last we approached the wigwam, as I discovered by the barking of a yellow dog, who ran out to meet us. The building seemed to be composed of rough materials, and at most was not more than eight feet in height, with a hole in the centre of the roof to afford a free passage to the smoke from within. It was situated in a thicket of lofty trees, on the side of a stream of clear water, at a considerable distance from the haunts of civilized men. A young Indian girl was angling in the deepest part of the stream, from whence she every now and then drew a trout, or some other inhabitant of the waters. An old squaw sat at a very small distance, and, after cutting off the heads and extracting the entrails, hung the fish in the smoke to preserve them against the time of winter.

THE Indian and myself then entered the wigwam, and without ceremony seated ourselves upon blocks of wood covered with fox-skins. The furniture of his habitation consisted of scarcely any thing beside. The flooring was that which was originally common to all men and animals. I thought myself happy that I had been permitted to come into the world in an age when some vestiges of the primitive men and their manner of living were yet to be found. A few ages will totally obliterate the scene. — I now determined to teize the Indian, if possible.

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BUT, for a man of your education, (said I) *Sachem Tamo-cheeki*, to bury yourself in this savage retreat, is to me inexplicable. You, who have travelled on foot no less than one hundred and seventeen leagues, till you came to the walls of *Dartmouth College*, and all for the sake of gaining an insight into languages, arts and mysteries; and then to neglect all you have acquired, at last, is a mode of conduct for which I cannot easily account. What! was not the mansion house of a fat clergyman a more desirable acquisition than this miserable hut, these gloomy forests, and yonder savage stream—Was not the food and liquor belonging to the white men of the law far superior to these insipid fish, these dried roots, and these running waters—Was not a physician's cap, an elegant morning gown, and a grave suit of black cloaths, made by an European tailor, more tempting to your imagination than this wretched blanket, that is eternally slipping from your shoulders, unless it be fastened with skewers, which are by no means convenient?

PARDON me, (replied the Indian) if all those blessings and advantages you have mentioned seemed nothing, to my view, in comparison with these divine solitudes. Opinion alone is happiness. The GREAT MAN that has chosen his habitation beyond the stars will dispose of us as he pleases. I am under an obligation to pass that life happily here which he has given me, because in so doing I serve and adore him. I could not but be sorrowful were I to be removed forever from this stream. Let me alone, white man; others shall make laws and pass sleepless nights for the advantage of the world; *Sachem Tamo-cheeki* will leave all things to the invisible direction; and provided he can be contented in his wigwam, the end of his existence is accomplished.—But (continued he) of what great value can that education be which does not inculcate moral and social honesty as its first and greatest principle. The knowledge of all things above

bove and below is of inconsiderable worth, unconnected with the heart of rectitude and benevolence. Let us walk to the remains of an old Indian town—the bones of my ancestors repose in its vicinity.”

He had scarcely uttered these words when he seized his staff, and rushed out of the wigwam with a sort of passionate violence, as if deeply agitated at the recollection of the past, present, and future fate of his countrymen.—I followed him with equal celerity.

But (said he) it is in vain to grieve! In three centuries there will not be one individual of all our race existing upon the earth. I lately passed this stream, and it being swollen with rains at my return, I could not, without the greatest danger cross over it again to my wigwam. The winds raged, the rain fell, and the storms roared around me. I laid me down to sleep beneath a copse of hazles. Immediately the unbodied souls of my ancestors appeared before me. Grief was in their countenances. All fixed their eyes upon me, and cried, one after the other; *Brother, it is time thou hadst also arrived in our abodes: thy nation is extirpated, thy lands are gone, thy choicest warriors are slain; the very wigwam in which thou residest is mortgaged for three barrels of hard cider! Alas like a man, and if Nature is too tardy in bestowing the favour, it rests with yourself to force your way into the invisible mansions of the departed.*”

By this time we had arrived at the ruins of the old Indian town. The situation was highly romantic, and of that kind which naturally inclines one to be melancholy. At this instant a large heavy cloud obscured the sun, and added a grace to the gloominess of the scene. The vestiges of streets and squares were still to be traced; several favourite trees were yet standing that had outlived the inhabitants. The stream ran, and the springs flowed as lively as ever, that had afforded refreshment to so many generations of men that had now passed away, never to return. All this while

while the Indian had melancholy deeply depicted upon his countenance, but he did not shed many tears till we came to that quarter where his ancestors had been entombed.

"THIS spot of land," said he, recovering himself a little, "was once sacred to the dead, but is now no longer so! this whole town, with a large tract around it, not even excepting the bones of our progenitors, has been sold to a stranger. We were deceived out of it, and that by a man who understood Greek and Hebrew! Five kegs of whiskey did the business. He took us in the hour of dissipation when the whole universe appeared to us but a little thing; how much less, then, this comparatively small tract of country, which was notwithstanding our whole dependence for the purposes of hunting and fishing!—Here (continued he, sighing) was the habitation of *Tawtongo*, one of our most celebrated warriors. He, in his time, could boast of having gained no fewer than one hundred and twenty seven complete victories over his enemies, yet he was killed at last by an unarmed Englishman. Here, too, on the opposite side of the way, stood the house of *Pilawaw*, the admirable; she had been addressed by thirty three suitors of her own nation, but refused them all, and went off at last with an Irish pedlar, for the sake of three yards of silver ribband and a new blanket. Yonder stood the dwelling of *Scuttawabab*, my immediate ancestor, he died for joy of having found a keg of rum that had been lost by some western trader. May his joys be continued behind the western mountains! Recollection overcomes me—Let us return to the wigwam in the forest."

As soon as we had reached this sequestered abode, the Indian once more sat himself down, and leaned his head upon his hand, melancholy enough, to be sure. The old squaw desired to be informed why he was so sorrowful: *the remedy, said she, is in your power.*—He then started up, as if suddenly recollecting some-
what

what, and cried out, "Existence is but a dream, an agreeable dream, indeed, if we choose only to consider it as such. Bring me that jug of strong cider; it will be my friend when all others fail and forsake me; choicest gift of God to man, and which the white people alone possess the art and knowledge of producing!"

He courteously offered me a share of his beverage, but I found it so intolerably sour that I was forced to swear by all the gods of the Indians I would not have any connection with it.—He then pointed to the stream where the girl was angling, and said, with a pleasant countenance, that had brightened up for a moment, "Go, you are a sober man: the clear waters are good for you; for my own part, this juice of the apple shall be sufficient."—Two hours now elapsed without any one uttering a word.—The Indian had by this time drank two large gallons of cider, and recollecting in an instant that he had signed away his lands and wigwam some days before for a mere trifle, he became at once outrageous, his rage heightened to an alarming degree of extravagance by the strong fumes of the liquor he had swallowed.—*It is enough, said he, my house and land are departed: I will speak a word in favour of suicide!*

"'Tis all in vain! these flowers, these streams, these solitary shades, are nothing to me. I shall not offend the spirit of truth when I say they are odious in my eyes. Sixty times has the sun perform'd his journey of a year since I was first struck with the beauty of his yellow rays. Could I be a witness of sixty yet to come would there be any thing new, or which I had not seen before? It is high time we should intrude ourselves into the invisible abodes when all things satiate and grow stale upon us here below. I will this very night inclose myself in my wigwam and, setting it on fire, depart with the thin vapour that shall arise from the dried wood of the forest, when piled around me.

No,

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No,

No, no, (continued he, tasting the remains of his cider) there is nothing new: all is old, stale, and insipid."

AT this instant an Indian trader alighted at the door. He appeared to have come a considerable distance, and now proffered to barter a keg of French brandy for some beaver skins he saw hanging on a post.

FRENCH brandy! cried Tomo-cheeki; that must be something new.

It is surely such, replied the wandering trader, at least in this remote wilderness.

I WILL taste it, by heaven, said the Indian.

BUT will it not prove the fallhood of your position and assertion, interrupted I, that there is nothing new under the sun? *To him that exists through all ages nothing can be strange or novel: with the transitory race of man, the case is wholly different. Art and nature are combined in perpetually composing new forms and substances for his use and amusement on the ocean of life.*

"THE divinity himself must surely reside in that delicious liquor, exclaimed the Indian, tasting a second time; take all my skins and furs, and when the dawn of the morning appears, return home, stranger, and bring me a fresh supply of this celestial beverage. My existence had indeed began to be a burden: I was meditating to extricate myself by the shortest method. I have now learned wisdom, and am convinced that it is VARIETY alone that can make life desirable.

XI. THE INEXORABLE CAPTAIN.

A SHORT STORY.

(From Mr. SLENDER'S Journals.)

THE island of Barbadoes was formerly very fertile, and employed prodigious fleets in exporting its productions. The case, however, has been long otherwise.

wife. The lands are exhausted, the seasons are not so moist as formerly, and want and poverty are, of consequence, every hour and minute to be met with in this once so delightful a spot. I formerly visited it in a very distressed time, when war had wasted both continents, and the seas were covered with public and private ships of war. No provision vessels had arrived in a long time, and the public stores on the island were nearly consumed. At length there came in a small barque from a distant part of the continent, and no sooner was she brought to her moorings than we saw crowds of people besieging her on every side. Every complexion that Nature had shaded between the remotest extremes of white and black, was observable in this variegated host, and every countenance was strongly marked with anxiety and solicitous concern. Every one wished to become a purchaser. An engrosser came down, and offered to take the whole, if an English shilling per bushel was abated in the price. His proposal was not agreed to, and, to complete his chagrin, the company dismissed him with a universal hiss.

A POOR woman had, with much ado, procured a conveyance on board, and was telling the master of the barque a lamentable story indeed. Her husband had, the other day, lost both his legs and an arm in an engagement with a French privateer. She now had him to provide for, as well as seven helpless children. The privateer to which he belonged had taken no prizes of any considerable value, so that there was nothing to expect from that quarter; and she now brought the last two *pieces of eight* she had in the world, for which, in regard to her peculiar ill fortune, she hoped the master of the barque would not insist upon his full price; but that he would order two bushels to be measured out into her basket.

It is impossible for me to relieve all the *stricken deer*, replied he, but should I even grant your request, the quantity you mention would be but a small and trivial

R

supply

supply to you and yours; and when it is gone, what will you or they be the better of it?

It would prolong our existence a few days, answered the woman, very rationally; and He who permitted you to reach our port with this small supply, will, perhaps, by the time it is expended, send us a greater abundance.

I HOPE they will not drop in till I have disposed of my cargo, said the master of the barque; and I would advise you, my honest girl, to borrow some money from your friends, as it is my determination not to recede a single stiver from the price I have fixed.

I HAVE no friend, answered the woman, that will lend me the tenth part of a groat.

THE commander of the barque, upon hearing this, retired to his cabin, and did not appear again till the woman returned homewards as she came—with an empty basket!—

“HE must be a very hard-hearted man,” said one of the islanders present.

THAT may possibly be the case, replied I; but only observe the hypocrisy and insincerity of mankind: the woman had a sufficiency of ready money to purchase one third of a bushel at the specified price; but she would not rely upon the benevolent Being, vulgarly called *Providence*, for any thing under the present and precise supply of *two bushels*.

“SHE had a right to make the best bargain she could,” said the islander.

AND so has the master of the barque, answered I; for, you may rely upon it, the officer of the customs will not abate him a farthing of his fees.

“BUT where is that pity and compassion,” cried the islander, “and those other emotions of sympathy, which ought to sway the breast of every MAN on these trying occasions?”

HE would give but a sad account of his voyage to his owners, returned I, if he was not, even upon such occasions,

occasions, proof to all the scenery of misery, as well as deaf to the voice of pity.

THE vessel was by this time drawn toward the wharf, and a stage laid to the shore.

A THIN man of a pale complexion now attracted my notice ; who led a couple of mules with several empty bags on their backs ;—the poor animals were almost as thin and meagre as himself.

A TRANSIENT sparkle of joy kindled up in the eyes of all three at the sight of a large heap of corn that had been just measured out to a rich planter ; but as it moved off in the plantation cart, the momentary flash was at an end, and the heavy gloom of sadness succeeded in its place.

CRUEL illusion, said I—how bitterly are they oftentimes deceived who place their hearts and affections on things below, even when their desires are justifiable in themselves.

THE thin man then stepped up to the master of the barque, and began to tell him that he possessed two acres of land among the mountains, upon which he had found means to support a female companion and a considerable number of children for several years ; but that the dry weather had been of such long continuance the present season, that the seed of all his hopes had perished in the ground ; and that a small quantity of cotton, and a little coffee (neither of which were yet ripe) were their whole dependence.

AND what is all this to me, my good friend, said the commander of the little barque.

I WAS thinking, replied the other, that if your honour would let me have five or six measures out of your cargo, I would give you the coffee and cotton, as they now stand in the field, in pledge of payment ; and by the time your honour returns to this island a second time, I would have both articles in prime order, ready to deliver into your hands.

AND

AND who will be responsible to me, replied the tar, that you will not in the mean time have ran away, or removed to some other place, or will not, upon my return, swear point blank that you never saw or heard of me before in your life; at best, you will be concealed in your mountains, and I might as well seek for the bones of the *Cyclops* in Sicily, as expect any success in ferreting you from your den.

MY principles would not suffer me to act in that manner, said the thin man.

AND my principle is never to trust to the honour of mankind, retorted the other; so that if you cannot produce the *one thing needful*, you and your cattle had better be packing, without more ado.

THE man turned about with tears in his eyes, and looked pitifully at his mules, and his mules looked at him, and the looks of both were full of regret and disappointment.

THE master of the barque then stepped to the quarter deck and took a large dram of brandy.—But, if you would reflect a moment, continued he (returning and addressing the thin man) you would be at once sensible of the impropriety of your request. The hard hand of necessity has also driven me hither to make the most of a trifle, and that without loss or delay of time. You and I are two beings that have this day met by accident, and could reciprocally spend a month in relating the story of our mutual wants and difficulties. Believe me, we have not sailed from the gardens of paradise, nor cleared out from the bosom of affluence. I have, at this terrible season of the year, come a long way, no less than six hundred leagues, over a stormy ocean, in a feeble barque, which will, perhaps, never accomplish my return. Absent from those I love, and the scenes natural to man, I have risked the cruelty of enemies, the horrors of shipwreck; have patiently endured the beating shower, long, dreary nights, and cold, pinching winds!—and a thousand difficulties and
mischances

mischances may yet attend me on my way to my native land—and all for what?—You would have me return home with a parcel of fine promises, an hundred millions of which would not ballast my vessel, so as to enable her to carry sail on her return.

I do not perfectly comprehend the meaning of these arguments, said the thin man; but if my wife was here, I think she could answer them: She has a devil of a tongue, and an understanding as keen as a razor.

KEEP her at home, then, in God's name, answered the tar; for I have one of exactly the same stamp to hold arguments with on my own coasts.

THE man and his mules then returned sullenly to the mountains.

BUT, you will say, to what purpose is all this idle story?—I will candidly confess there is very little instruction to be gathered from it, more than this, *That necessity alone renders one half of the world insensible to the miseries and wants of the other.*

XII. DIRECTIONS FOR COURTSHIP.

Hec eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?

VIRG.

THE parson of our parish used to say, in his hours of convivial gaiety, that *nothing puzzles a man of true delicacy more, than how to make the first advances to the woman he loves, with a becoming propriety of sentiment, language, and behaviour.*

I MUST confess I am somewhat of his opinion in this matter, and having in my time observed many a promising alliance broken off by a mere idle inattention to what even a very moderate share of understanding ought always to dictate upon these occasions,

I shall,

I shall, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, set down a few easy rules, by the assistance of which people may at least prevent themselves from becoming personally ridiculous, if they cannot succeed to the utmost of their wishes in other respects.

I.

WHEN you take a serious liking to a young woman, never discover your passion to her by way of letter. — It will either give the lady an idea that you are a bashful booby, or that you have not any address in conversation; both which defects are sufficient to ruin you in the estimation of any woman of only tolerable good sense.

II.

DURING the time of courtship be careful never to discourse with the lady upon serious subjects, or matters that are not strictly and immediately pertinent to the purpose you are upon. If she asks you What news, you must not tell her a long story out of the Dutch or English gazettes about the decline of trade, the fall of stocks, or the death of Mynheer Van der Possum. — She looks for no such answers. You must rather relate a melancholy tale of two or three young gentlemen of fortune and handsome expectations that have lately drowned themselves in the Schuylkill, or thrown themselves headlong from their third story windows, and been dashed to pieces on the pavement for the sake of a certain inexorable fair one, whose name you cannot recollect; but the beauty and shafus of whose eyes these poor young gentlemen could not possibly withstand. Such intelligence as this will instantly put her into good humour; and upon the strength of that lie alone, you will be allowed liberties with her person that a recapitulation of all the morality in Tillotson, or the real news of five hundred gazettes, would not so effectually enable you to take.

III.

III.

I WOULD advise you never to make use of the dictatorial stile till you are perfectly sure of your *Dulcinea*; and that period depends in a great measure upon your own prudence. Till then, you must seem to give the preference to her judgment in all matters that happen to be discussed, and submit to be instructed by her in whatever she apprehends you do not understand. Your trade or occupation in life she takes for granted you are perfectly acquainted with; and remember never to say a word on that score in her hearing, unless your calling happens to have no spice of vulgarity about it. If, however, you are a governor of an island, or happen to be some considerable officer of state, you may frequently make professional allusions, as her vanity will be gratified thereby; and women, we all know, are naturally fond of power.

IV.

HAVE a care that you do not pester her with descriptions of the Alps, the Appennines, and the river Po. A lady is not supposed to know any thing of such matters:— Besides, you must be a very cold lover if those far-fetched things can command your attention a moment in the company of a fine woman. —Whatever she thinks proper to assert, it is your business to defend and prove to be true. If she says *black* is *white*, it is not for men in your probationary situation to contradict her. On the contrary, you must swear and protest that she is right; and, in demonstrating it, be very cautious of using pedantic arguments, making nice logical distinctions, or affecting hard and unintelligible terms.

V.

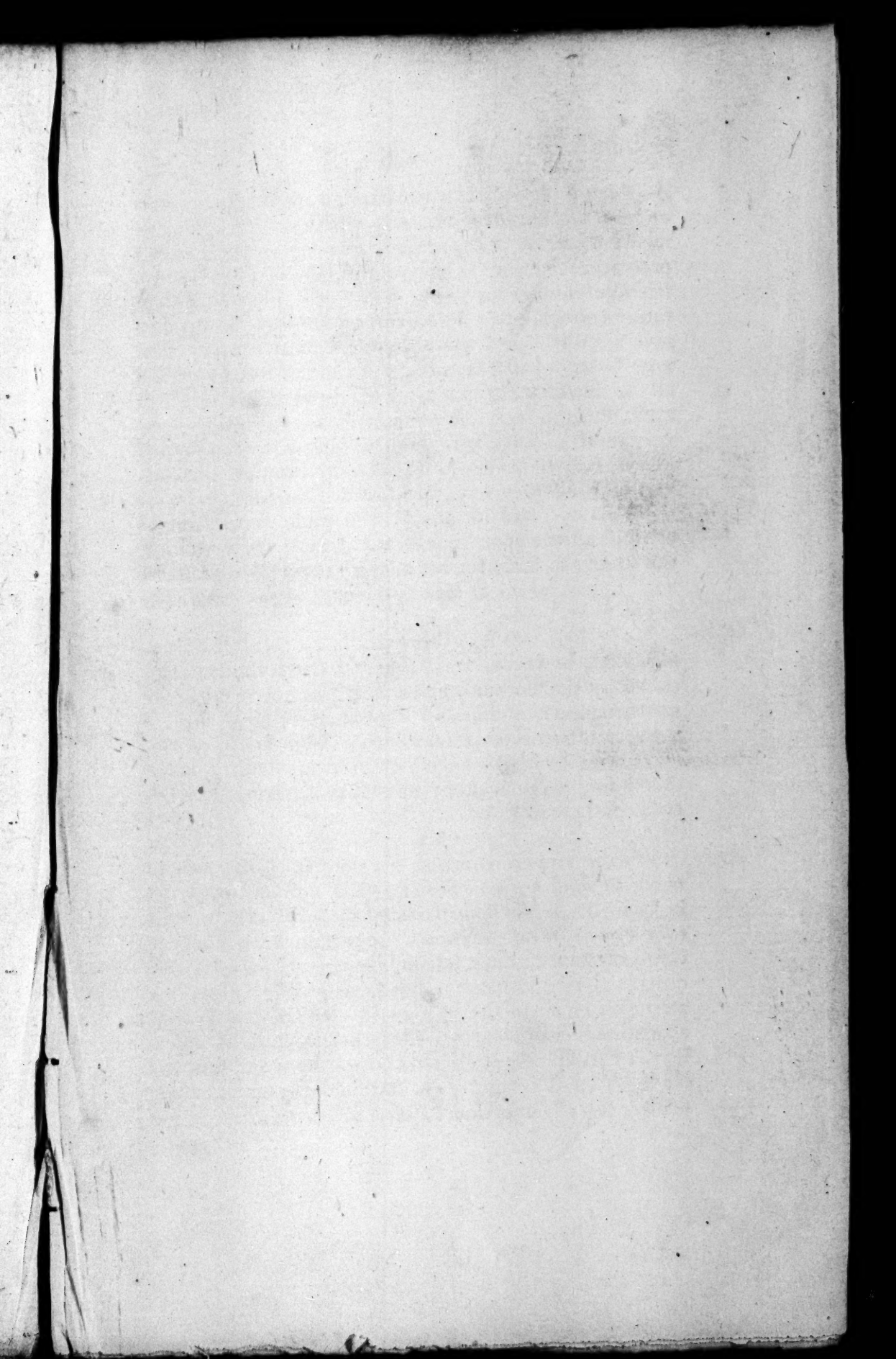
I HOLD it to be extremely dangerous to make jocular remarks upon any of the *inferior* parts of the lady's dress. The head-dress, indeed, custom and female courtesy permits us to treat with a little more freedom; but

but even this requires great care and a nice judgment, or you are sure to offend.—Above all things never mention the words *petticoat*, *garters* or *shoes* in her presence. I once, in my youthful days, introduced a friend of mine to a young lady, as a preliminary to future connexions. I remember he was violently in love with her, and would almost have given his right arm to have had peaceable possession. But he ruined all by his unlucky choice of a subject in his very first conversation.—“Madam, said he, (thinking to be very smart) I have some fault to find with your *shoes*.”—The lady blushed—[I endeavoured to turn the conversation another way, but found it impossible.]—“Madam, (said he again) you must permit me to criticise a little upon your *shoes*! the toes are too round, the straps too short for the oval of the buckle, and the heels appear to me at least two inches higher than they ought to be.”—

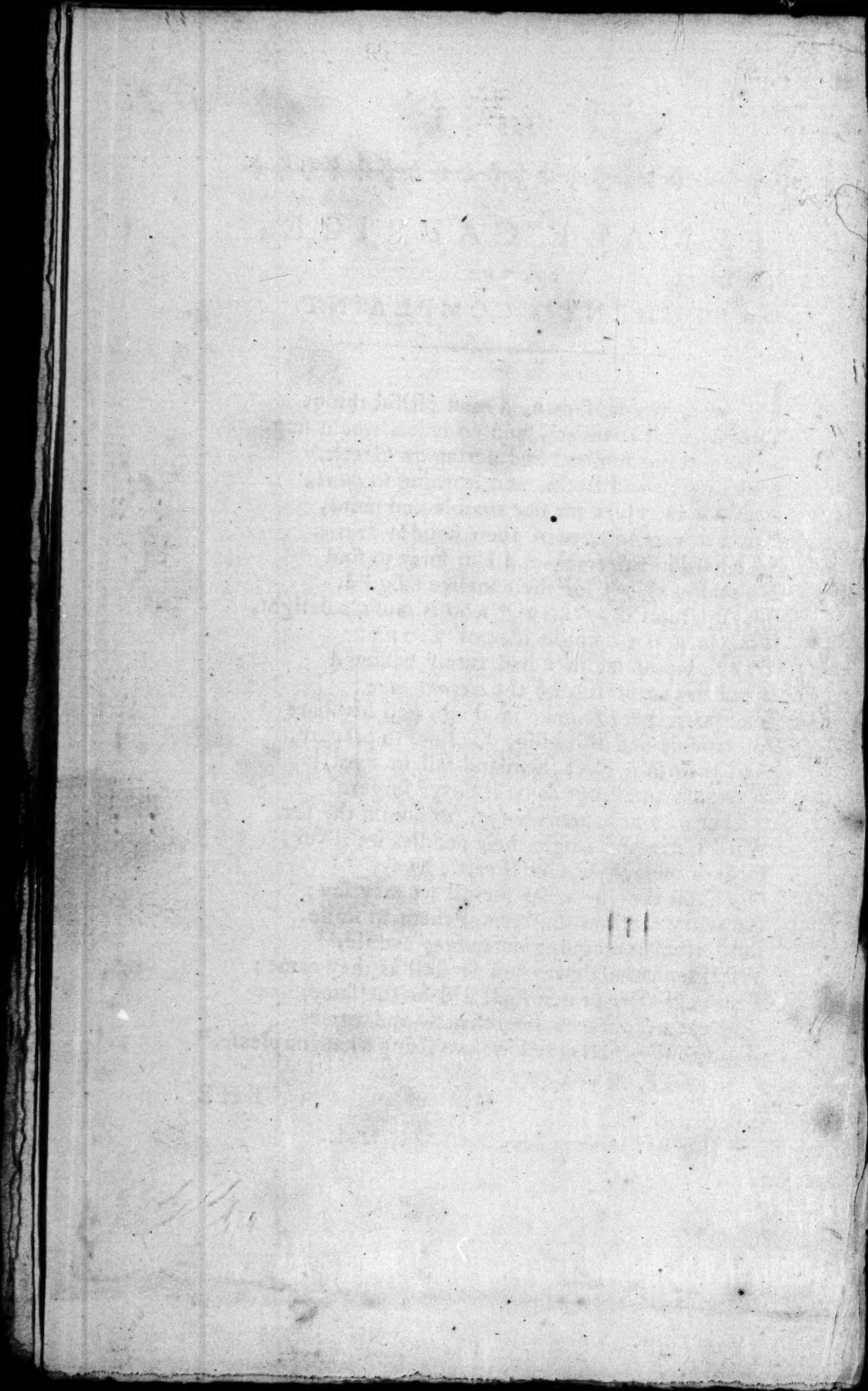
Now there was no great harm in all this; the consequence, however, was, that the lady immediately called up the footman, and ordered him to conduct the gentleman down stairs—I cannot think (said she) of being addressed by a man, who, from his discourse, appears evidently to have been bred up nothing more than a simple shoemaker; and what is worse, will forever continue so!

VI.

WHEN you are courting a young lady, be careful never to send her any presents that are very easily to be come at, or such as particularly appertain to your own shop or line of business. A certain French tobaccoist of some fortune fell in love with a girl of considerable merit and beauty, but having never turned his attention much to the gay world, he was not so well acquainted with what is called the etiquette of polite life as Frenchmen in general are.—By way of introducing himself to the lady he sent her his compliments, a letter full of love, and a basket of *cut tobacco*, to the chewing







Themselves and their projects has truly defin'd,
And drag'd them to blush at the bar of mankind.

As the author himself, and the world might expect,
They have treated his work with a surly neglect;
In reply to his reason they splutter and rail,
And, prompted by RAWDON, prohibit the sale.

BUT, alas! their chastisement is only begun—
Thirteen are the states—and the tale is of *one*;
When the *twelve* yet remaining their stories have told,
The king will run mad—and the book will be sold.

LITERARY IMPORTATION.

HOWEVER we wrangled with Britain awhile
We think of her now in a different stile,

And many fine things we receive from her isle;

Among all the rest,

Some demon possess'd

Our dealers in knowledge and sellers of sense

To have a good *bishop* imported from thence.

The words of *Sam Chandler* were thought to be vain,

When he argued so often, and prov'd it so plain,

That Satan must flourish till bishops should reign:

Tho' he went to the wall

With his project and all,

Another bold Sammy,* in bishop's array,

Has got something more than his pains for his pay.

It seems we had spirit to humble a throne,

Have genius for science inferior to none,

But never encourage a plant of our own:

T

If

* Dr. Samuel Seabury, bishop of Connecticut.

If a college be plann'd,
 'Tis all at a stand :
 'Till to Europe we send at a heavy expence,
 To bring us a pedant to teach us some sense.
 Can we never be thought to have learning or grace
 Unless it be brought from that damnable place
 Where tyranny reigns with her impudent face,
 And popes and pretenders,
 And fly faith-defenders
 Have ever been hostile to reason and wit,
 Enslaving a world that shall conquer them yet.
 'Tis a folly to fret at the picture I draw :
 And I say what was said by a *Doctor Magraw* ;*
 " If they give us their learning, they'll give us their
 How that will agree [law.]"
 With such people as we
 I leave to the learn'd to reflect on awhile,
 And say what they think in a handsomer stile.

CHARLESTON. (S. C.) 1786.

THE

ENGLISHMAN'S COMPLAINT.

ARRIVING from Britain with cargo so nice
 Once more have I touch'd at these regions of rice !
 Dear *Ashley*, with pleasure thy stream I review ;
 But how chang'd are these plains that we wish'd to subdue.
 Though through the wild woods he extended his reign,
 And death and the doctor were both in his train,
Cornwallis no longer disturbs your repose,
 His lordship is dead, or, at least in a doze.

By

* A noted practitioner in physic, formerly of N. York.

By *Sullivan's* island how quiet we pass;
 Fort *Johnson* no longer salutes us, alas!—
 The season has been you did nothing but mourn,
 But now you will laugh at a Briton's return!

Instead of gay foldiers that walk'd the parade,
 Here is nothing but draymen and people in trade;
 Instead of our navy that thunder'd around,
 Here is nothing but ships without guns to be found.

Instead of lord *Rawdon* and *Nesbit Balfour*,
 Whose names and whose notions you cannot endure,
 But whom in their glory you could not despise
 When puff'd by the soap-suds of *Rivington's* lies,

Instead of those tyrants, who homewards have flown,
 This country is rul'd by a race of its own,
 Whom once we could laugh at—but now we must say
 Seem rising to be in a handsomer way.

To us and our island eternally foes
 How tedious you are in forgetting your woes,
 Your plundered plantations you still will remember
 Altho' we have left you—*three years last December.*



THE
 NEWSMONGER.

*Nimium notus omnibus
 Moritur ignotus sibi.*

SENECA TRIVESTER.

AN insect lives among mankind
 For what wise ends by fate design'd,
 I never yet could clearly find:

In pain for all, and thank'd by none,
 And most perplex'd when most alone,
 No State regards him, or the throne.

Beneath

Beneath a dusty roof restrain'd,
 To one dark spot forever chain'd,
 His ink is to the bottom drain'd.
 The flowers that deck the summer field,
 The vernal bloom that frost conceal'd,
 To him no spark of pleasure yield.
 His days are one continual whim :
 The seasons change, but not for him,
 On foreign prints his eyes grow dim.
 He life supports on self esteem,
 He plans, contrives, and lives by scheme,
 And spoils good paper—many a ream.
 Distrest for those he never saw—
 Of kings and princes not in awe
 He scorns their mandates, and their law.
 Relief he finds for other's woes,
 The wants of all the world he knows,—
 His boots are only out at toes.
 Now Europe's feuds employ his brains,
 Now Asia's news his head contains—
 But still his labour for his pains.
 The river *Scheldt* he opens wide,
 And *Joseph's* ships in triumph ride—
 The Dutchmen are not on his side,
 On great affairs condemn'd to fret,
 The interest on our foreign debt
 He hopes good *Louis* may forget.
 He fears the Bank will hurt our trade,
 And fall it must, without his aid—
 And yet his barber goes unpaid.
 Our western posts (that Britons keep
 In spite of treaties) break his sleep;
 He plans their conquest at one sweep.
 He grumbles at the price of flour,
 Then mourns and mutters many an hour
 That Congress have so little power.

Altho'

Altho' he has no ships to lose
The Algerines he *dares* abuse,
And longs to hear some better news.

The French, he thinks will soon prepare
To undertake some grand affair :
" So 'tis but war we need not care."

Where *Mississippi* laves the plain,
He hopes the bold *Kentucky* swain
Will seize her forts and plague old Spain :

Such morning whims, such evening dreams !
Through long dull nights he plans odd schemes
To dispossess her of those streams.

He prophesies the time will come
When few shall drink West-India rum—
Our *spirits* will be *proof* at home.

The Tories on New Scotland's coast,
He deems may all their freedom boast
In half a century—at most.

Then shakes his head, and shifts the scene,
Talks much about the empress queen,
And wonders what the Germans mean.

He doubts, and frets, and seems afraid
The *States* will lose by China trade,
Since *dollars* for their tea are paid ;

Then hopes that by the month of June
Lunardi in his new balloon
Will make a journey to the moon.

Thus all the business of mankind,
And all the follies we might find
Are huddled in his crazy mind ;

'Till doom'd to think of new affairs,
At last with death he walks down stairs,
And leaves—the wide world to his heirs.



THE

ALMANAC MAKER.

*Qui tuto positus loco
Infra se videt omnia
Occurrit suo libens
Fato, nec queritur mori.*

SENEC.

WHILE others dwell on mean affairs,
Their kings, their councils, and their wars,
Philaster roves among the stars.

In melancholy silence he
Travels alone and cannot see
An equal for his company.

Not one of all the learned train
Like him can manage *Charles's wain*,
Or motion of the moon explain.

He tells us when the sun will rise,
Points out fair days, or clouded skies;—
No matter if he sometimes lies.

An annual almanac to frame
And publish with pretended name,
Is all his labour, all his aim.

He every month has something new,
Yet mostly deals in what is true
Obliging all, and cheating few,

Our sister moon, the stars, the sun,
In measur'd circles round him run;
He knows their motions—every one.

The solar system at his will—
To mortify such daring skill,
The comets—they are rebels still.

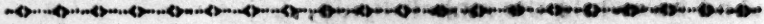
Advancing

Advancing in its daily race
 He calculates the planets place,
 Nor can the moon elude his chace.

In dark eclipse when she would hide
 And be awhile the modest bride,
 He pulls her veil of crape aside.

EACH passing age must have its taste :
 The sun is in the centre plac'd,
 And fuel must supply his waste ;
 But how to find it he despairs,
 Nor will he leave his idle cares
 Or Jove to mind his own affairs.
 He prophesies the sun's decay ;
 And while he would his fate delay,
 New sorrows on his spirits prey.
 So much upon his shoulders laid,
 He reads what Aristotle said ;
 Then calls the comets to his aid.
 The people of the lunar sphere
 As he can plainly make appear
 Are coming nearer year by year.
 Though others often gaze in vain
 Not one of all the starry train
 Could ever puzzle his strong brain.
 The ram, the twins, the shining goat,
 And Argo, in the skies afloat,
 To him are things of little note ;
 And that which now adorns the bear,
 (I heard him say) the sailors star,
 Will be in time the Lord knows where.
 Thus nature waiting at his call,
 His book, in vogue with great and small,
 Is sought, admir'd, and read by all.
 How happy thus on earth to stay,
 The planets keeping him in pay—
 And when 'tis time to part away,

Old *Saturn* will a bait prepare,
And hook him up from toil and care
To make new calculations *there*.



THE
WILD HONEY SUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent dull retreat,
Untouch'd thy honey'd blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet :
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white array'd,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by ;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom ;
They died—nor were those flowers less gay,
(The flowers that did in Eden bloom)
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first, thy little being came :
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same ;
The space between is but an hour,
The mere idea of a flower.



FEMALE CAPRICE;

OR, THE

STUDENT'S COMPLAINT.

IT was, you must own, a most pitiful thing,
 That we must *commence*, and no ladies would sing,
 So long at our studies, and poring on Greek,
 And Logic, and Latin, and learning to *speak*,
 And not in return for our trouble and pains,
 Not a quaver to have of their holiday strains
 Was hard in extreme—and I'm sorry to find
 No reason as yet for their malice assign'd.
 Though tutor'd by LAW,* who is music's delight,
 They have not a single idea of RIGHT,
 Or else I presume they had surely bestow'd
 Some elegant strains on the *elegant ode*;
 The poet, poor fellow, no doubt had his share
 Of trouble and thinking, his lines to prepare,
 And then to neglect them and fall in a pet,
 Was such an affront as he'll never forget.

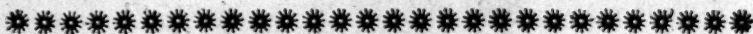
HEREAFTER *commencing*, to punish the sex,
 With Latin and Logic their noddles we'll vex,
 In dark metaphysics we'll rattle away,
 Nor shall they be wiser for all we may say;
 No witty orations shall tempt them to smile,
 But, after haranguing on *nothing* awhile,
 We'll send them away just as dull as they came;
 And year after year it shall still be the same,
 Till each cruel creature relents—and agrees
 To cry out—"Dear fellows, we'll sing what you please."

N. YORK, May. 1786.

U

THE

* The Rev. Andrew Law, Professor of Music.



THE
DRUNKEN SOLDIER.

A PARODY.

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat, &c.

IN a hovel forlorn, not a mile from his tent,
 Poor Trim sat distracted with care ;
 He look'd at his bottle, and saw it half spent,
 And gave himself up to despair.
 The walls of his hut were bespatter'd around
 With the grog he had vomited up ;
 And even the dirt, and the grass on the ground
 Were bedew'd with the dregs of his cup.
 The housewife beheld through a hole in the wall
 Him weeping, his whiskey half done,
 She curs'd him, his liquor, his bottle and all,
 Thus warning the man of the gun,
 " O Trim, do forbear ; not a grunt, not a swear
 " For your grog so deservedly lost ;
 " Your bones shall be broke ; I will put up my pray'r,
 " And the answer shall be to your cost.
 " The boys of the barracks, those soldiers so bold,
 " Of gaming have finish'd their task,
 " And such is the news, it is currently told,
 " They are coming to drink out your flask :
 " A council was held ere your eyes were awake,
 " And this was the captain's decree,
 " That, when it is emptied, the bottle shall break,
 " And the charge is entrusted with me."

To

To the broomstick straitway, like a fury, she flew :
But he with his bottle began,
And said, " Shut the door, let me touch it once more,
And then—they may drink, if they can."—
With a circle of black she encompass'd his eyes ;
At last into slumbers he sunk,
Then she laid him down snug, lest the sight of his jug
Should tempt him again to get drunk.



S T A N Z A S

WRITTEN

In a blank leaf of BURKE'S History of the West India Islands.

THESE Indian isles, so green and gay,
In summer seas by nature plac'd—
Art hardly told us where they lay
'Till tyranny their charms defac'd;
Ambition there her conquests made
And avarice rifled every shade!

The *Genius* wept his sons to see
By foreign arms untimely fall,
And some to distant climates flee
Where later ruin met them all;
He saw his sylvan offspring bleed
That fiercer natures might succeed.

The chief that first o'er barren waves [Columbus.
To these fair islands found his way,
Departing, left a race of slaves,
Cortez, thy mandate to obey;
And these again, if fame says true,
To lord it o'er the savage crew.

No

No more to Indian coasts confin'd,
 The Genius thus indulg'd his grief;
 While he to tears his heart resign'd
 With pain he saw the falling leaf;

“ And thus (he cry'd) our reign must end,

“ We, like the leaves, must now descend:

“ Ah, what a change! the ambient deep

“ No longer hears the lover's sigh;

“ But wretches meet to wail and weep

“ The loss of their dear liberty,

“ Unfeeling hearts possess these isles,

“ Man frowns, and only Nature smiles.”

Proud of these vast extended shores
 The haughty Spaniard calls his own,
 No other world may share those stores
 To other worlds so little known;

His *Cuba* lies a wilderness

Where slavery digs what slaves possess.

Jamaica's sweet romantic vales
 In vain with golden harvests teem,
 Her endless spring, her balmy gales
 Did more to me than magic seem:

Yet what the god profusely gave

Is here denied the toiling slave.

Fantastic joy and fond belief
 Through life support the galling chain,
 Hope's airy scenes dishearten grief
 And bring his native climes again:

His native groves his heaven display

The funeral is the happy day.

For man reduc'd to such disgrace
 In vain from Jove fair virtue fell:
 Distress compells him to be base,
 He has no motive to excel:

In death alone his prospects end,

The world's worst foe is his best friend.

How

How great their praise, let truth declare,
 Who, smit with honour's sacred flame,
 Bade freedom to these coasts repair,
 Assum'd the slaves neglected claim,
 And scorning interest's sordid plan
 Prov'd to mankind the rights of man.

Ascending here, may this warm sun,
 With freedom's beams divinely clear,
 Throughout the world his circuit run
 Till these dark scenes shall disappear,
 And a new race, not bought or sold
 Springs from the ashes of the old.

PENNSYLVANIA, 1786.



THE
 INSOLVENT'S RELEASE;
 AND
 MISERIES OF A COUNTRY JAIL.

1.
 "NOT from those dismal dreary coasts I come
 Where wizzard *Faustus* chews his brimstone rolls,
 Nor have I been to wrangle with the men
 Of that sad country, where, for want of rum,
 Dead putrid water from the stagnant fen
 Is drank unmingled by departed souls:
 Nor from that dog house do I bring you news,
 Where Macedonian Philip* mends old shoes,

But

* See Lucian's Dialogues.

But from that dreadful place arriv'd,
 Where men in debt at cribbage play,
 And I most cunningly contriv'd
 To fatten on two groats a day—
 Full on my back they turn the key,
 The 'squire himself is not so free,

2.

When to these rugged walls, a fathom thick,
 I came, directed by the Sheriff's stick,
 Alas, said I, what can they mean to do !
 I am not conscious of one roguish trick !
 I am no thief—I took no Christian's life,
 Nor have I meddled with the parson's wife,
 (Which would have been a dreadful thing you know)
 Then, by these gloomy walls, this iron gate
 Appointed by the wisdom of your state
 To shut in little rogues and keep out great ;
 Tell me, ye pretty lads that deal in law,
 Ye men of mighty wigs, ye judges, say—
 Say ! by the jailor's speckled face
 That never beam'd one blush of grace ;
 How long must I
 In prison lie
 For just nine shillings—that I cannot pay !

3.

Return, ye happy times, when all were free,
 No jails on land, no nets at sea ;
 When mountain beasts unfetter'd ran,
 And man refus'd to shut up man,
 As men of modern days have shut up me !—
 This is the dreary dark abode
 Of poverty and solitude ;
 Such was the gloomy cell where Bunyan lay
 While his dear Pilgrim help'd the time away—
 Such was the place where Wakefield's vicar drew
 Fine morals from the imprison'd crew,
 And found both time to preach and pray.

4. In

4.

In bed of straw and broken chair
 What consolation could be found !
 No gay companions ventur'd there
 To push the ruddy liquor round !
 From jug of stone
 I drank, alone,
 A beverage neither clear nor strong ;
 No table laid,
 No village maid
 Came there to cheer me with her song ;
 My days were dull, my nights were long !
 My evening dreams,
 My morning schemes
 Were how to break that cruel chain,
 And, Jenny, be with you again.



ST. PREUX TO ELOISA.

AS there is a pleasure in being mad*
 Which none but madmen know,
 So I a secret *pleasure* had
 In rambling to and fro—
 Which they that always stay at home,
 Like lazy plants untaught to roam ;
 Which they shall never know.

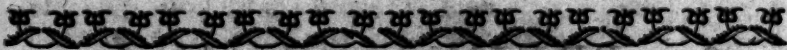
But

* IN J. J. Rousseau's letters, St. Preux is supposed to make a voyage round the world in Lord Anson's squadron, chiefly with a view to forget his attachment to, and passion for, Eloisa. He is here supposed to write the above lines to her soon after their tempestuous passage round Cape Horn, and at their first arrival in the tropical climates of the Indian seas.

But leaving France last New-Year's day
 I bade a long adieu!
 Had I not minded what these sailors say,
 I had been still with you,
 And, free from frosts and chilling snows,
 On your fond bosom found repose.

Now, while through barbarous climes we sail,
 Should Neptune force our ship on shore
 On some rude isle, by some rough gale,
 I to your arms return no more,
 But for some swarthy dame shall bring
 Cool waters from the Indian spring.

Yet love, with undiminish'd joy,
 Shall trace your form in Fancy's glass,
 While I more fond, and you less coy,
 O'er swelling seas together pass—
 No rocks or seas can love divide
 Where heart with heart is thus ally'd!



TO

MISFORTUNE.

DIRE Goddess of the haggard brow,
 MISFORTUNE, at that shrine I bow,
 Where forms uncouth betray thee still,
 A leaky ship; a doctor's bill,
 A poem damn'd, a beggar's prayer,
 An empty purse, a load of care,
 The critic's growl, the pedant's sneer,
 The urgent dun, the law severe,
 A smoky house, rejected love,
 And friends that void of friendship prove.

For

For to the pride of scheming man,
Whose power controuls the wisest plan,
To thy decree we still submit
Our views of gain, our works of wit.

Untaught by thee the feeble mind
A dull repose, indeed, might find;
But life unvest by such controul
Can breed no vigour in the soul.

The calm that smooths the summer seas
Is a soft scene of rest and ease,
But skies that fret, and storms that rave
Alone can teach us to be brave.

If half the woes for which we groan,
In reason's view, are all our own,
Why should we pains and shadows here,
Then sigh, to find them disappear.

On *Hattaras'* cliffs who hopes to see
The maiden fair, the orange tree,
Awhile on hope may fondly lean
Till sad experience blots the scene.

For ruin'd states or trade perplex
'Tis almost folly to be vex;

The world at last will have its way,
'Tis our's no longer than to-day.

On other shores a happier guest
The mind must fix her heaven of rest,

Where milder skies and softer climes
Shall please the men of other times.

FIDDLER'S FAREWELL.

“ **T**O fiddle at frolics I find is invain;
 No creature alive will attend to my strain,
 And I and my dog must be trudging again;
 The strings of the fiddle
 Are broke in the middle
 Excepting the *bas* which I never could bear,
 And to make a new purchase, I've nothing to spare.
 The village all knew it, and car'd not a pin:
 The night was so cold, and my coat was so thin
 I shook like a leaf when the ladies came in;
 They thought it a joke
 That the fiddle was broke,
 And never once offer'd my strings to repair,
 But begg'd of *Van Tweezle* to give them an air.
Van Tweezle began in so dismal a tone,
 All thought he had better have let it alone;
 When the folks were to *dance* they did nothing but *groan*,
 Old captain O'Blunder
 Was brim-full of wonder,
 And said, “ My dear boy, such a whining you keep,
 You have hit on a tune that will set us to sleep.”
 Yet, still he went on to our utter surprisq,
 And sung till the ladies had *tears in their eyes*,
 And *Bunyan* we thought, had return'd in disguise:
 We waited so long
 For the close of his song,
 That most of us thought he would never conclude,
 His muses were in such a musical mood.

Old

Old ditties he sung that are fairly worn out;
 The wars of the Jews, that were compass'd about,
 Whom *Titus*, the Roman, had put to the rout:
 We all were in pain
 To be puzzled again,
 For ten times before we had heard them, at least,
And far better told by the nurse and the priest.

THE
 D E P A R T U R E .

1785.

1. **F**ROM Hudson's cold, congealing streams
 As winter comes, I take my way
 Where other suns prompt other dreams,
 And shades, less willing to decay,
 Beget new raptures in the heart,
 Bid spleen's dejective crew depart,
 And wake the sprightly lay.

2. **G**ood-natur'd Neptune, now so mild,
 Like rage asleep, or madness chain'd,
 By dreams amus'd, or love beguil'd,
 Sleep on till we our port have gain'd.
 The gentle breeze, that curls the deep,
 Shall paint a finer dream on sleep!—
 Ye nymphs, that haunt his grottoes low,
 Where sea green trees on coral grow,
 No tumults make
 Lest he should wake,
 And thus the passing shade betray
 The sails that o'er his waters stray.

3. Sunk

Sunk is the sun from yonder hill,
 The noisy day is past;
 The breeze decays, and all is still,
 As all shall be at last;
 The murmuring on the distant shore,
 The dying wave is all I hear,
 The yellow fields now disappear,
 No painted butterflies are near,
 And laughing folly plagues no more.

The woods that deck yon' fading waste,
 That every wanton gale embrac'd,
 Ere summer yet made haste to fly;
 How smit with frost the pride of June!
 How lost to me! how very soon
 The fairy prospects die!
 Condemn'd to bend to winter's stroke,
 Low in the dust the embowering oak
 Has bid the fading leaf descend;
 Their short liv'd verdure at an end
 How desolate the forests seem,
 Beneath whose shade
 The enamour'd maid
 Was once so fond to dream.

What now is left of all that won
 The eye of mirth while summer stay'd—
 The birds that sported in the sun,
 The sport is past, the song is done;
 And nature's naked forms declare,
 The rifled groves, the vallies bare,
 Persuasively, tho' silent, tell
 That at the best they were but drest
 Sad mourners for the funeral bell.

Now while I spread the venturous sail
 To catch the breeze from yonder hill,

Say,

Say, what does all this folly mean?
 Why grieve to pass the wat'ry scene?
 Is fortitude to heaven confin'd—?
 No—planted also in the mind,
 She smooths the ocean when the will.

7.

But life is pain—what ills must try,
 What malice dark and calumny,
 Indifference, with her careless eye,
 And slander, with her tale begun;
 Bold ignorance, with forward air,
 And cowardice, that has no share
 In honours gain'd, or trophies won.

8.

To these succeed, (and these are few
 Of nature's dark, unseemly crew)
 Unsocial pride, and cold disgust,
 Servility, that licks the dust;
 Those harpies that disgrace the mind;
 Unknown to haunt the human breast
 When pleasure her first garden dress'd—
 But vanish'd is the shade so gay,
 And lost in gloom the summer day
 That charm'd the soul to rest.

9.

What season shall restore that scene
 When all was calm and all serene,
 And happiness no empty sound,
 The golden age, that pleas'd so well—
 The MIND that made it shall not tell
 To those on life's uncertain road;
 Where lost in folly's idle round,
 And seeking what shall ne'er be found,
 We press to one abode.

THE
DISTREST SHEPHERDESS;

MARIANA'S Complaint for the Death of DAMON.

Written, 1775.

“**W**HAT madness compell'd my dear shepherd to
To the siege of Quebec, and distract me with woe!
My heart is so full, it would kill me to tell
How he died on the banks of the River Sorel,
O river Sorel! thou didst hear him complain
When dying he languish'd, and call'd me invain!
When, pierc'd by the Briton he went to repel,
He sunk on the shores of the river Sorel.
O cruel misfortune, my hopes to destroy:
He has left me *alone*, with my *Colin*, his boy,
With sorrow I see him, with tears my eyes swell;
Shall we go, my sweet babe, to the river Sorel?
But why should I wander, and give him such pain;
My Damon will ne'er see his Colin again:
To wander so far where the wild Indians dwell!—
We should faint ere we came to the river Sorel.
But even to see the pale corpse of my dear
Would give me such rapture, such pleasure sincere!
I'll go, my dear boy, and my grief I will tell
To the willows that grow by the river Sorel.
How shall I distinguish my shepherd's dear grave
Amidst the long forest that darkens the wave—:
Perhaps they could give him no tomb when he fell;
Perhaps he is sunk in the river Sorel!

He

He was a dear fellow!—O, had he remain'd!
 For he was uneasy whene'er I complain'd;
 He call'd me his charmer, and call'd me his *belle*,
 What a folly to die on the banks of Sorel!

Then, let me remain in my lonely retreat;
 My shepherd departed I never shall meet—
 Here's *Billy O' Bluster*—I love him as well,
 And Damon may stay at the river Sorel.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

TRANSFERR'D to heaven, Lavinia has no share
 In the dull movements of this world of care;
 Her blaze of beauty, still in death admir'd,
 A moment kindled, and at once expir'd;
 Sweet as the favourite offspring of the May,
 Serenely mild and innocently gay,
 Adorn'd with all that nature could impart
 To please the fancy and to gain the heart,
 Heaven ne'er above more innocence possess'd,
 Nor earth the shade of a diviner guest;
 A mind all virtue, flames descended here
 From some gay seraph of some brighter sphere;
 Yet not her virtues opening into bloom,
 Nor all her sweetness sav'd her from the tomb,
 From prospects darken'd, and the purpose cross'd,
 Misfortune's winter, and a lover lost;
 Nor such resemblance to the forms above,
 The heart of kindness, and the soul of love!—
 Ye thoughtless fair! her early death bemoan,
 And while you mourn her fate, think on your own.

THE

THE
MODERN MIRACLE.

WHY on my heart this weight of care,
Why sigh to reach the elbow chair!
My eyes are dim—alas, too slow
I feel the purple current flow;
No more am I to mirth inclin'd;
What strange ideas haunt my mind—
What means this deadly parching beat?—
What pulses in my bosom beat!
I hate to hear the goldfinch sing,
The parrot is a noisy thing—
The spinner shall untwix'd remain;
For I—alas—am full of pain!

'Twas thus Florella, fainting, spoke—

Sir Gilbert then his lancet took,
 And, while they flew to fetch a band,
 She lean'd her head upon his hand.—
 "Dear Madam, let me bare your arm;
 "The lancet was not meant for harm;
 "I only wish to find a vein
 "And thence a gentle current drain
 "Which to your bosom shall restore
 "That pulse of health it knew before
 "Which to your lovely, languid eye
 "New shafts of ruin shall supply,
 "And to that sweet deluding face
 "Add every charm and every grace.

So, standing by the lady's side,
 Sir Gilbert then his lancet try'd,
 And pierc'd the blue and swelling vein—
 Away the purple current ran—

And,

*Alas, Gilbert ! how like death it seems !
 My life will vanish with these streams !
 So wastes the soul when Nature dies—
 Advance, and close my sleepy eyes !
 Elysian fields, Elysian bowers,
 Gay trees, and never fading flowers,
 Receive me to your silent state
 Where painted beads on ladies wait—
 Alas, alas !—or do I dream,
 Or is it Lethe's fabled stream—
 Does life on such a stream depend—
 You've brought me to my journey's end—
 Alas, my heart—alas, my head !—
 And do I die—or am I dead !—*

Now up and down the servants ran,
 Confusion reign'd from maid to man :
This held her head, and *that* the bowl—
 “ The Lord have mercy on her soul !
 “ Attend to move your lady fair
 “ (Said Gilbert) from her easy chair,
 “ And let her on the couch be laid—
 “ She may require some further aid—
 “ Now, by the paleness on your cheek,
 “ Florella, do—my dearest—speak—
 “ Her pulse is gone, her lips are dumb—
 “ Ye wonders of the world to come !——
 “ Poor, harmless, pretty, chattering thing,
 “ No harm, indeed, I meant to bring—
 “ No fault of mine has bid thee die—
 “ But if I could new life supply,
 “ Dear nymph, I would my art essay
 “ To bid that gentle spirit stay,
 “ Which now, too soon, for heaven prepares,
 “ And quits a world of crimes and cares !”——

FLORELLA to the couch convey'd,
 (As fame suppos'd, a real maid)
 The servants from the corpse withdrew,
 But Gilbert would more sorrow shew—

Y

He

He went—for what?—Florella, tell—
 Perhaps, to take his last farewell—
 Perhaps he did—for want of grace—
 What few will dream, in such a case;
 Like *Orpheus*, he, by passion led,
 Explor'd the kingdoms of the dead,
 Reliev'd the fainting maid so fair,—
 Out-doctor'd death—and got an heir!



A N

AUTHOR'S SOLILOQUY.

MY leaves bound up, compact and fair,
 In neat array at length prepare:
 To pass their hour on time's broad stage,
 To meet the surly critic's rage,
 The statesman's slight, the pedant's sneer——
 Alas! were these my only fear
 I should be quiet and resign'd——
 What most torments my boding mind
 Is that no critic will be found
 To read my works and give the wound!

Thus, when one fleeting year is pass'd
 With dead men's works my book is class'd;
 With some to praise, but more to blame,
 The soul returns from whence it came,
 And I must wear the marks of time
 Who hardly flourish'd in my prime.

THRICE happy DRYDEN, who could meet
 Some rival bard in every street:
 When all were bent on writing well,
 It was some credit to excel,

While

While those condemn'd to stand alone
 Can only by themselves be known :
 Thrice happy DRYDEN, who could find
 A *Milbourne*, for his sport design'd ;
 And POPE, who saw the harmless rage
 Of *Dennis*, bursting o'er his page,
 Might well despise the critic's aim,
 Who only help'd to swell his fame.

ON these bleak climes by Fortune thrown
 Where rigid reason reigns, alone,
 Where mimic fancy holds no sway
 Nor golden forms around her play,
 Nor Nature takes her magic hue—
 Alas, what has the Muse to do !
 An age employ'd in pointing steel
 Can no poetic raptures feel ;
 No fabled Love's enchanting power,
 Nor tale of Flora's painted bower,
 Nor woodland haunt, or murmuring grove,
 Can their prosaic bosoms move.

THE *Muse of Love* in no request ;
 I'll try my fortune with the rest :
 Which of the Nine shall I engage
 To suit the humour of the age :
 On one, alas, my choice must fall,
 The least engaging of them all !
 So late she does her wreathes prepare
 I hardly think them worth my care :
 Her visage stern, severe her stile,
 A clouded brow, a cruel smile,
 A mind on murder'd victims plac'd—
 She, only she can suit the taste.

HORACE,

HORACE, LIB. I. ODE 15.

TRANSLATED.

Nereus prophesies the destruction of Troy.

Passor quum traberet per freta navibus, etc.

AS 'cross the deep to Priam's shore
The Trojan prince bright Helen bore,
Old *Nereus* hush'd each noisy breeze
And calm'd the tumults of the seas.

Then, musing on the traitor's doom,
Thus he foretold the woes to come ;

“ Ah, why remove, mistaken swain,

“ The prize that Greece shall fetch again !

“ With omens sad you sail along ;

“ And Europe shall resent the wrong,

“ Conspire to seize your bride away,

“ And Priam's town in ashes lay.

“ Alas ! what toils and deaths combin'd !

“ What hosts of men and horses join'd !—

“ Bold Pallas now prepares her shield,

“ And arms her chariots for the field.

“ Can you with heavenly forms engage,

“ A goddess kindling into rage ;

“ Who ne'er have dar'd a mortal foe

“ And wars, alone, of Venus, know.

“ Invain you dress your flowing hair,

“ And songs to aid the harp, prepare ;

“ The harp, that sung to female ears,

“ Shall fail when Mars and Greece appears.

“ Invain

- “ Invain shall you bewail your bride,
 “ And meanly in her chamber hide,
 “ In hopes to shun, while lingering there,
 “ The massy dart and *Cretan* spear.
 “ Invain shall you, with hastening pace,
 “ Avoid fierce *Ajax* in the chace;
 “ For late those locks, that please the eye,
 “ In dust and death shall scatter’d lie.
 “ Do you not see *Ulysses* too,
 “ The sage that brings your nation low;
 “ And *Nestor* from the land of *Pyle*—
 “ Chiefs skill’d in arms and martial toil.
 “ Dost thou not see bold *Teucer* here,
 “ And *him*—no tardy chariotteer;
 “ Who both pursue with eager force,
 “ And both controul the thundering horse.
 “ Thou, to thy grief, shalt *Merion* know,
 “ And *Tydeus’ son* shall prove thy foe,
 “ Who wastes your realms with sword and fire;
 “ *Tydides*, greater than his fire.
 “ Like timorous deer, prepar’d to fly
 “ When hungry wolves are passing by,
 “ No more the herbs their steps detain,
 “ They quit their pastures and the plain:
 “ So you from his triumphant arms
 “ Shall fly, with all your female charms;—
 “ Can deeds like this your valour prove,
 “ Was this your promise to your love?
 “ *Achilles’* wrath shall but delay
 “ Your ruin to a later day—
 “ The Trojan matrons then shall mourn,
 “ And Troy by Grecian vengeance burn.”



THE
DULL MORALIST.

WHEN *Shenkin's* dull, distracted Muse
In howling strain her note began,
The shepherds boded bloody news,
And o'er the plains affrighted ran;
Florinda would not venture near,
The music did so pain her ear.

He told the nymphs in heavy rhyme
That they must shortly quit the plain,
Since autumn is a stormy time,
And summer will not come again—
The nymphs reply'd—"We ask not here
To have two harvests in one year."

Though every thing was blithe and gay,
And Nature tun'd a cheerful song,
You would have thought, to hear him play,
That all the world was going wrong:
Thus birds of night bode weather foul,
Thus nightly sings the winking owl.

Like him that sleeps in yonder tomb,
Whose bones will never make a stir,
He labours in eternal gloom,
And is a dry philosopher,
Who gave the best advice he had
To mend the world—or make it mad.

To him creation was a shade;
So much his head on tomb-stones ran,

That

That Rosalinda, smiling, said,
 "He is the sexton's journeyman,"——
 Then let him sigh, and sob, and sing,
 His *autumn* never had a *spring*.

PATRICK MULHONI.

A SUBSCRIPTION PRAYER.

Date obolum Belisario—

“IF over the mountains, or under the *Line*,
It still was his lot to play organs to swine ;
Ah, give him a tomb, for a tomb is his due,
A shilling's a trifle to me or to you :
If you give him a tomb, that his name may survive,
May Fortune attend you, and help you to thrive,
May you always have something to praise and approve,
And the pleasure to dream of the girl that you love.

WHILE fiddles are playing 'tis folly to sigh,
When the heart is oppress'd 'tis a pleasure to die—
'Tho' some were disputing and some were perplex'd
He fill'd up his bottle and hung to his text ;
A dabster he was from the county of *Meath*,
And he was a Paddy, and he had long teeth,
Enjoying the best and prepar'd for the worst,
As a sailor he swore, as a soldier he curs'd :
Ah, stranger, I'm sure you had lov'd the old crony,
So throw in a shilling for Paddy Mulhoni.
He was sick of the world in the prime of his life,
To hasten his *exit*, he marry'd a wife,
But finding his fair one a damnable elf,
He shut up his shop—and grew sick of himself."

LINES



L I N E S

WRITTEN AT

PORT-ROYAL, in the Island of JAMAICA.

HERE, by the margin of the murmuring main,
 While her proud remnants I explore invain,
 And lonely stray through these dejected lands
 Fann'd by the noon-tide breeze on burning sands,
 Where the dull Spaniard once possess'd these shades,
 And ports defended by his *Pallijades*—
 Tho' lost to us, PORT-ROYAL claims a sigh,
 Nor shall the Muse the unenvied gift deny.

OF all the towns that grac'd Jamaica's isle
 This was her glory, and the proudest pile,
 Where toils on toils bade wealth's gay structures rise,
 And commerce swell'd her glory to the skies :
St. Jago, seated on a distant plain,
 Ne'er saw the tall ship entering from the main,
 Unnotic'd streams her *Cobra's* margin lave
 Where yond' tall plantains shade her glowing wave,
 And burning sands or rock surrounded hill
 Confess its founder's fears—or want of skill.

WHILE o'er these wastes with wearied step I go,
 Past scenes of *death* return, in all their woe,
 O'er these sad shores in angry pomp *be* pass'd,
 Mov'd in the winds, and rag'd with every blast—
 Here,* opening gulphs confess'd the almighty hand,
 Here, the dark ocean roll'd across the land,

Here,

* OLD Port-Royal contained more than 1500 buildings, and these for the most part large and elegant. This unfortunate town was for a long time reckoned the most considerable mart of trade in the West Indies. It was destroyed on the 17th of June, 1692, by an earthquake which in two minutes sunk the far greater part of the buildings; by which disaster near 3000 people lost their lives.

Here, piles on piles an instant tore away;
 Here, crowds on crowds in mingled ruin lay,
 Whom fate scarce gave to end their noon-day feast,
 Or time to call the sexton, or the priest.

WHERE yond' tall barque, with all her ponderous
 Commits her anchor to its dark abode,
 Eight fathoms down, where unseen waters flow
 To quench the sulphur of the caves below;
 Here midnight sounds torment the sailor's ear,
 And drums and fifes play drowsy concerts here,
 Sad songs of woe prevent the hours of sleep,
 And Fancy aids the fiddlers of the deep;
 Dull Superstition hears the ghostly hum,
 Smit with the terrors of the world to come.

WHAT now is left of all thy boasted pride
 Lost are thy glories that were spread so wide,
 A spit of sand is thine, by heaven's decree,
 And wasting shores that scarce resist the sea;
 Is this Port-Royal on Jamaica's coast,
 The Spaniard's envy, and the Briton's boast lay
 A shatter'd roof o'er every hut appears,
 And mouldering brick-work prompts the traveller
 A church, with half a priest, I grieve to see,
 Grass round its door, and rust upon its key
 One only inn with tiresome search I found
 Where one sad negro dealt his beverage round
 His was the part to wait the impatient call,
 He was our landlord, post-boy, pimp, and all;
 His wary eyes on every side were cast,
 Beheld the present, and revolv'd the past,
 Now here, now there, in swift succession stole,
 Glanc'd at the bar, or watch'd the unsteady bowl.

No sprightly lads or gay bewitching maids
 Walk on these wastes or wander in these shades
 To other shores past times beheld them go,
 And some are slumbering in the caves below;
 A negro tribe but ill their place supply,
 With bending back, short hair, and downcast eye;



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 One only inn with tiresome search I found
 Where one sad negro dealt his beverage round;
 His was the part to wait the impatient call,
 He was our landlord, post-boy, pimp, and all;
 His wary eyes on every side were cast,
 Beheld the present, and revolv'd the past,
 Now here, now there, in swift succession stole,
 Glanc'd at the bar, or watch'd the unsteady bowl.

No sprightly lads or gay bewitching maids
 Walk on these wastes or wander in these shades;
 To other shores past times beheld them go,
 And some are flumbering in the caves below;
 A negro tribe but ill their place supply,
 With bending back, short hair, and downcast eye;

A feeble rampart guards the unlucky town;
 Where banish'd *Tories* come to seek renown,
 Where worn-out slaves their bowls of beer retail,
 And sun-burnt strumpets watch the approaching sail.
 HERE (scarce escap'd the wild tornado's rage)
 Why sail'd I here to swell my future page!
 To these dull scenes with eager haste I came
 To trace the reliques of their ancient fame,
 Not worth the search!—what domes are left to fall,
 Guns, gales, and earthquakes shall destroy them all—
 All shall be lost!—tho' hosts their aid implore,
 The TWELVE APOSTLES* shall protect no more,
 Nor guardian heroes awe the impoverish'd plain;
 No priest shall mutter, and no saint remain,
 Nor this palmetto yield her evening shade,
 Where the dark negro his dull music play'd,
 Or casts his view beyond the adjacent strand
 And points, still grieving, to his native land,
 Turns and returns from yonder murmuring shore,
 And pants for countries he must see no more—
 Where shall I go, what Lethe shall I find
 To drive these dark ideas from my mind!
 No buckram heroes can relieve the eye,
 And *George's* honours only raise a sigh—
 Not even these walls a glad remembrance claim,
 Where grief still wastes a half deluded dame,
 Whom to these coasts a British *Paris* bore,
 And basely left, lost virtue to deplore.—
 In foreign climes detain'd from all she lov'd,
 By friends neglected, long by fortune prov'd,
 While sad and solemn pass'd the unwelcome day
 What charms had life for her, to tempt her stay!
 Deceiv'd in all—for meanness could deceive—
 Expecting still, and still condemn'd to grieve,
 She scarcely saw, to different hearts allied,
 That her dear *Florio* ne'er pursued a bride.—

Are

* A Battery so called, on the side of the harbour opposite to Port-Royal.

Are griefs like thine to Florio's bosom known ?
 Must these, alas, be ceaseless in your own ?——
 Life is a dream—its varying shades I see,
 But this base wanderer hardly dreams of thee.

YE mountains vast, whose heights the heaven sustain,
 Adieu, ye mountains, and fair *Kingston's* plain ;
 Where Nature still the toils of art transcends—
 In this dull *spot* the fine delusion ends,
Where burning sands are borne by every blast
 And these mean fabrics still bewail the past,
 Where want, and death, and care, and grief reside,
 And threatening moons advance the imperious tide :—
 Ye stormy winds, awhile your wrath suspend,
 Who leaves the land, a bottle, and a friend,
 Quits this bright isle for yon' blue seas and sky,
 Or even Port-Royal quits—without a sigh !

Sept. 1784.



THE

MISFORTUNE OF MARCH.

[Written in the pastoral style of the old British Poets.]

IT was upon a raw and windy day,
 When fields of ice were floating to the sea,
 And Greenland birds sat croaking on the shore,
 Looking the wide waste of the waters o'er ;
 But yet the vernal equinox was nigh,
 And tho' the wintry winds had ceas'd to roar
 Yet many an icicle, as we went by,
 Hung from the farmer's thatch, or cottage door :
 It was on such a day Palemon held his way
 To the deep lake, whose lately liquid face

The

The night by-past in other semblance dress'd
 As if it would its summer visage trace
 In the blue mirror on its waves impress'd,
 And aid the gambols of a wayward boy
 Who had been told the dairy maid's advice
 And caution'd not to trust to one night's ice.

BUT he of pleasure only thought; and said,
 " To sport awhile upon the frozen wave
 " And take the sad remains of winter's joy,
 " And cut strange figures that must shortly fade
 " Since the warm sun his summer time will have,
 " Be this day's business for a shepherd's boy."

So to the lake he came; and finding there
 The slippery surface would his footsteps bear
 He girt upon his heels the channell'd steel,
 Tho' cautious yet, he left not far the shore,
 For old Menalcas splitting faggots near
 Had just been telling a disheartening tale
 (That struck less enterprising lads with fear)
 Of one who had been drown'd in times of yore
 And swallow'd in the lake and seen no more.

BUT now grown daring, he disdain'd to stay
 So near the rustics on the inglorious strand,
 And found no honours where no dangers lay;
 But while he yet was sporting near the land
 Fair Amaryllis chanc'd to come that way,
 " Return (she said) rash boy (and wav'd her hand)
 For now the sun is high and shines out clear,
 And this smooth glittering scene that spreads so wide
 Is a mere masque that would destruction hide,
 Will take new colours by the close of day
 And all the glaz'd deception disappear.

" THESE winds (said he) that blow so cold and raw
 " Feel more to me like winter than the spring,
 " Nor do I think that ice or snow will thaw
 " Till a new moon shall milder seasons bring."
 He spoke: nor guess'd the influence of the sun
 That unperceiv'd did undermine his floor,

Nor

Nor thought, as from the bank he swiftly ran,
That old Menalcas would not see him more.

Now to the centre of the lake arriv'd
Three fathoms down the heavy waters lay,
And far above them on a shell of ice
The scaly tribe with pity saw him play;
Alas, they could not give him good advice,
For fish have ceas'd to speak since Esop's day.

And yet he should have been severely shy,
For just three years ago, that very day,
A fortune-telling dame had travell'd by
And all the village lads had heard her say,
As for a groat she told Palemon's fate,
"That he should of no slow consumption die,
"Nor for the fever's deadly summons wait;
"Not one disease upon the doctor's list
"Shall end his life—but on a sudden mis'd
"He for himself shall find a grave (she said)
"And all by too much drink:"—Nor more delay'd,
But having got her fee,

And taking up her staff, away she went;
And ever since that day, all thought she meant
That young Palemon would a drunkard be.

PLEAS'D with the distance gain'd, he smil'd to think
How Amaryllis, now no longer seen,
Would anxiously expect him on the brink—
And wonder what his long delay could mean;
So he remain'd, till with the mid-day sun
He saw at last his seating time was over,
And all his pranks, and all his frolics done;
And then began to look towards the shore,
But the frail ice his weight no longer bore,
And nothing to support him could he find;
And down he sunk, for dolphins none were there,
And Naiads, that were once so very kind
To catch up drowning men, and on their shoulders bear.

THEN, night approaching, all the village train
Came to the lake, and gaz'd with anxious eye,

O'er the wide waste they look'd and look'd again,
 And old Menalcas breath'd a heavy sigh,
 And said, " Young swain, if to the farther shore
 You did not, ere the noon day sun, repair,
 Sad Amaryllis shall not see you more
 Until the village bell shall call you there
 Where *Goodman Longstaff* laid his boys of yore."

THEN round the lake they went, and oft explor'd
 Each branching creek, and pond, and darken'd stream :
 Nine days they search'd ; nor was he yet restor'd,
 And his sad fate was every day their theme,
 And every night of him the lads did dream—
 At last they found his corpse upon the shore,
 And strait the village bell began to ring ;
 The sexton and the priest then mutter'd o'er
 Some holy words—and some their flowers did bring,
 And strew'd them o'er his grave, and every year
 Fair Amaryllis comes, and sings her ditties here.



PHILANDER AND LAVINIA.

WHILE lost so long to his Creolian maid,
 Careless of fortune and of fame he stray'd,
 Philander to a barbarous region came
 And found a mistress in a colder shade
 Fair as Aurelia ; and perhaps might claim
 With her the impassion'd soul, and friendship's holy
 Yet, sprightly loves upon her bosom play'd, [same ;
 And youth was in her blush, and every shepherd said
 She was a modest and accomplish'd dame.

WHAT have I done, (the wandering shepherd cry'd)
 Thus to be banish'd from a face so fair,

(For

(For now the frosts had spoil'd the daisies pride,
 And dull November did his storms prepare)
 Ah, what have I to do with swelling seas
 Who once could pipe upon the hollow reed;—
 I take no joy in such rude scenes as these,
 Nor look with pleasure on the vagrant weed
 That gulphy streams from rugged caverns bore,
 Which floats thro' every clime, and never finds a shore;
 But other fields and other flowers were mine,
 Till wild disorder drove me from the plain,
 And the black dogs of war were seen to join,
 Roam o'er the soil and dispossess the swain:
 Why must I leave these climes of frost and snow,
 Were it not better in these glooms to stay,
 And while on high the autumnal tempests blow
 Let others o'er the wild seas take their way,
 And I with my Lavinia's tresses play?—
 Ah, no, no, no! the imperious wave demands
 That I must leave these shores, and lose these lands
 And southward to the high equator stray:
 But fancy now has lost her vernal hue;
 See nature in her wintry garb array'd—
 And where is that fine dream which once she drew
 While yet by *Cobra's* stream I fondly play'd!

LAVINIA heard his long complaint and said,
 Wouldst thou for me detain the expecting sail—?
 Go, wanderer, go!—the trees have lost their shade,
 And my gay flowers are blasted by the gale,
 And the bright stream is chill'd that wandered thro' the
 Ah, why, Philander, do you sigh, so sad! [vale:
 Why all this change in such a jovial lad?
 Smooth seas shall be your guard, and free from harms
 Return you safely to Lavinia's arms;
 Or should the eastern tempest rend your sail,
 Trust me, dear shepherd, should the winds prevail
 And you be laid in Neptune's cradle low,
 The winds shall bring me back the woeful tale
 When I shall to the long shore weeping go,

And

And while I see the ruffian surge aspire,
 Some consolation will it be to know
 No pain or anguish can afflict the head
 The limbs or stomach when the heart is dead;
 And those black eyes that sparkle with desire,
 When turn'd to pearls, the sea-nymphs shall admire.

Thus long debating, on the bank they stood,
 The heavy burthen'd barque at anchor lay,
 While the foretop sail from the yard unfurl'd
 Shook in the wind, and summon'd him away;
 Brisk blew the gales, and curl'd the yielding flood,
 Nor had he one excuse to urge his stay,
 But only that he wish'd to linger there:—
 Curse on these winds (he said) that blow so fair,
 Why do not tempests brood upon the deep
 And all but the moist south in quiet sleep!

To the bleak shore the parting lovers came,
 And while Philander did his sighs renew,
 So near the deep they bade their last farewell
 That the rough surge as if to quench their flame
 Burst in and broke the embrace, and o'er Lavinia flew;
 While a dark cloud hung lowering o'er the main,
 From whence the attendants many an omen drew
 And said, Philander would not come again.

Now to their various heights the sails ascend,
 And southward from the land their course they bore:
 Lavinia mourn'd her lover and her friend,
 And stood awhile upon the sandy shore,
 Till interposing seas the hull conceal'd,
 And distant sails could only greet her view
 Like a faint cloud that brush'd the watry field,
 And swell'd by whistling winds, impelling, flew
 Then to a neighbouring hill the nymph withdrew,
 And the dear object from that height survey'd,
 Till all was lost and mingled in the main,
 And night descended with her gloomy shade
 And kindled in the heavens her starry train.

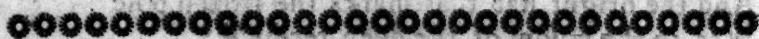
SAFE to the south the ocean wading keel,

In

In one short month its rapid course atchiev'd,
 And the bright star that marks the frozen pole
 Was in the bosom of the deep receiv'd :
 And now the weary barque at anchor rode
 Where *Demarara* pours her sultry wave,
 Moist *Surinam*, by torrents overflow'd,
 And *Parambiro* vends the fainting slave ;—
 Philander there, not fated to return,
 While he along the silent current stray'd
 Where *Commenwyn* flows gently through the shade,
 Perceiv'd destruction in his bosom burn,
 And the warm flood of life too fiercely glow :
 The vertic sun a deadly fever gave,
 And *Demarara* found his bones a grave
 Deep in the waste where oceans overflow,
 And *Oronoko's* streams the forests lave.

OFF' to the winding shore *Lavinia* came
 Where fond *Philander* bade his long adieu,
 (And that steep hill which gave her the last view)
 Till seven long years had round their orbits ran,
 Yet no *Philander* came, or none she knew :
 Alas (she cry'd) for every nymph beside
 Each distant flood some welcome wanderer sends,
 And all but I get tidings from their friends :
 Sad *Mariamne* drowns herself in woe
 If one poor month *Amyntor* quits her arms,
 And says, "from *Ashley's* stream he comes too slow,"—
 And bodes the heavy storm, and midnight harms :

WHAT would she say, if doom'd to wait, like me,
 And mourn long years and no *Philander* see !



ELEGIAC LINES.

IN all the radiance of the skies
 She came to bless our longing eyes,
 Adorn'd with all the charms that can
 Intoxicate the heart of man,
 Or bid the frantic passions move
 To crush the object of their love.

As she her shining race begun,
 Confest the daughter of the sun,
 Of all the beams that from him play,
 She was the most delightful ray;
 Her brow so black, her lips so red,
 Her breath by melting blossoms fed,
 Her eye with beauty so replete,
 Her breast, where love his music beat,
 Gay smiles upon her face so fair,
 And every pleasure painted there.

Tho' round her grave the muses play,
 And many a tender thing they say,
 Here she did not wish to stay
 From her *Florio* far away:
 Then cheer the night and gild the gloom,
 Dear keeper of this shaded tomb,
 Till day approach, and opes the door,
 And morning comes, to cease no more.

JAMAICA, Sept. 1784.

LINES

L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY

The Death of Mr. ROBERT BELL, the celebrated
humourist, and truly philanthropic Bookseller, for-
merly of Philadelphia.

BY schools untaught, from nature's source he drew
That flow of wit which wits with toil pursue.
Above dependence, bent to virtue's side;
Beyond the folly of the pedant's pride;
Born to no power, he took no splendid part,
Yet warm for freedom glow'd his honest heart;
Foe to all baseness, not afraid to hate
The scepter'd miscreant, or the slave in state:
Bound to no sect, to blame them or defend,
He lov'd his jest, a female, and his friend:—
The tale well told, to each occasion fit,
In him was nature—and that nature wit:
Alike to pride and wild ambition dumb
He saw no terrors in the world to come,
But, slighting sophists and their flimsy aid,
To God and Reason left the works they made.

In chace of fortune, half his life was whim,
Yet fortune saw no sycophant in him;
Bold, open, free, the world he call'd his own,
But wish'd no wealth that cost a wretch a groan—
Too social BELL! in *others* so refin'd,
One sneaking *virtue* ne'er possess'd your mind—
Had *Prudence* only held her share of sway,
Still had thy cup been full, thyself been gay!

But

But while we laugh'd, and while the glass went round,
The lamp was darken'd—and no help was found;
On distant shores you died, where none shall tell
"Here rest the virtues and the wit of BELL."

L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY

A Visit to an old INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

IN spite of all the learn'd have said
I still my old opinion keep;
The *posture* that *we* give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.
Not so the ancients of these lands;—
The Indian, when from life releas'd,
Again is *seated* with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.
His imag'd birds, and painted bowl,
And ven'son, for a journey drest,
Bespeak the *nature* of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.
His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of bone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.
Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,
Yet, mark the swelling turf, and say,
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here,

Here, still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here, still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest play'd.

There oft a restless Indian queen,
(Pale Marian with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chace array'd,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade.

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And *reason's self* shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

EPI T A P H.

WITH life contented, as in death resign'd,
To seats congenial flew the unspotted mind:
Attending angels hail'd her to that shore
Where time's dull winter clouds the mind no more;
Learn hence to *live* like her—and, while you fight,
Hear what she was, and aim like her to *die*.

ESSAYS, TALES, AND POEMS.

By Mr. SLENDER.

I. THE POWER OF NOVELTY.

AMONGST the many strange and unaccountable propensities in human nature, I take the *desire of novelty* to be one of the most common and universal. A continued sameness, in any respect whatever, is invariably observed to beget disgust. Nature, however, has in our present state of being, acted conformably to this whimsical humour thus implanted in man: The earth is not one continued plain, but is beautifully diversified with hills, vallies, woods, and rivers; we are not enervated by a perpetual summer, or frozen by the benumbing rigors of an unceasing winter. The constant company of the *sun* himself, who is the material source of all cheerfulness and beauty, she feared might become unpleasant, and has therefore sometimes overspread the heavens with a veil of clouds to conceal him from our view; the globe of the earth is regularly every twenty-four hours intruded between us for the same purpose; and in the winter, this same sun, at her command, withdraws to pass the greater part of that season behind the extensive ranges of the southern hills. For fear we should be disgusted with eternal wakefulness, this our kind mother, Nature, has also given us *sleep*; and that life itself might not become irksome by an endless repetition of days and seasons, she has given us *death* to vary the dream of existence.

FOR

FOR several reasons that I could produce, I am inclined to believe that in those planets where there are no hills and vallies, no diversity of land and water, and where the sun moves perpetually in the plane of the equator, or in other words where he has no declination, here, I say, I am induced to believe that the rational inhabitants can have no appetite for novelty.

—In the comets, on the contrary, the face of nature must be incessantly changing, and new objects continually coming into view. Like the crew of a ship sailing through an immense ocean interspersed with an innumerable multitude of islands, the inhabitants are hourly gratified with new scenes; suns now burning with an intense yellow blaze, now changed to the pale whiteness of a star; an atmosphere sometimes circular and in a state of equilibrium, at others kindled up into a rectilinear blaze of the most irradiated splendor, and heated with torrid gales that must be continually producing a change in the *Cometarians* something analogous to what we call *death*, as often as they approach the fearful orb of the sun. An endless variety too must take place in the body of the comet itself; a variety of which we on this globe can have no adequate conception or idea.

THE mind of a philosopher cannot be otherwise than entertained when he observes how eager every rank and degree of life is, in one way or another, to gratify this humour of novelty in itself. At present, however, we shall confine our speculations to that species of novelty, which is equally welcome to all ranks, and which either is, or ought to be found in gazettes and newspapers.

A MAN that is doomed to drudge perpetually at an attorney's desk, or is fated to take his stand behind a merchant's counter from day to day, and from year to year, has very few opportunities to gratify the innate desire of novelty, as far as respects the circumstance of change of place. The variety of customers or
clients,

clients, however, in some degree compensates for the want of liberty to ramble. When these are few, or any accident interrupts the usual resort of new faces, the man behind the counter is without doubt the most melancholy being on this earth, 'till his spleen is removed by a news-paper.

I REMEMBER, that having returned several years ago from a long voyage, I soon after paid a visit to an old friend of mine, one Timothy Tympan, a very ancient man of the typographical craft, who printed gazettes in a small village of a neighbouring state. His very first question to me, after my entering the room, was, *what news!*

NOT being able to recollect, all on a sudden, any thing particularly remarkable, I replied that news was scarce, and that I had hardly any thing in that way worth his attention, excepting what related to my own private concerns.

WHAT, no hurricanes, tornadoes, earthquakes or insurrections, said Tympan!—None that I know of, answered I.

No battles, burning mountains, murders, or sudden deaths, that would make a figure in the Gazette under some of the foreign heads?

No battles, said I, excepting one I was witness to this morning between a drayman and his wife, in which the latter evidently gained a complete victory.

PSHAW! that would be too vulgar (said Tympan)—no such battles for me—a heavy judgment fell upon our business when the disputes between the Russians and Turks were adjusted by negotiation.—Give me your battles, wherein ten thousand men's heads are sliced off like cucumbers an hour before breakfast time—these were battles for you—and on the banks of the *Boristhenes* too;—mind that, Robert.—I can swear and declare I should not have the least spark of fellow feeling for the deaths of two millions of our species, at only two hours warning, so it happened on the other
side

side of the Atlantic; and I am convinced most of my customers and readers are precisely of the same way of thinking.

OUR friends and connexions ought undoubtedly to be dear to us, returned I—but we should also consider that men are men every where, and that their miseries in every place ought equally to influence the amiable heart of sympathy and benevolence.

“WHY, hang it, it is not out of any principle of cruelty neither that I take delight in printing these things, for I assure you I have not the heart even to kill a chicken; but then, my dear sir, one naturally you know, takes such delight in reading about murders and massacres, especially as we are always sure, at this distance, that none of our relations or neighbours are amongst them.—But come, tell us—had you no violent storms on your voyage—did not your vessel spring a leak in five or six places, and spoil half your cargo—did none of your masts go overboard with ten or a dozen sailors on the lee yard arm, who sunk out of sight, and were never heard of more!—come, be free, it is the devil to have a friend just returned from a long voyage, and not to be able to gratify our customers with the loss of a single mast, a yard—no men washed overboard—no leaks—no waterspouts—no nothing!”

WE were rather plagued with long calms, answered I, than any thing else. In every other respect the weather was agreeable enough, and our vessel proved remarkably tight and sound.

“AND how goes it with the caliph of Babylon—does he make out to keep his head upon his shoulders?—I cannot endure that fellow’s bloody despotism—may I die by an overdose of *biera picra* if I would not almost lose a finger to be able to tell the public that this cursed dog had been strangled by his own mutes, and his head fixed on a pole forty yards high.—”

If the caliph of Babylon is a bad man (replied I)

B b

I sincerely

I sincerely wish him the due reward of his demerits; but, as matters are, I am so unfortunate as not to have the least knowledge either of him or his concerns.

“WELL, then—are there no new nations of giants lately discovered in Patagonia, twenty or thirty feet in length, and proportionably broad over the shoulders and hips—ah—if we had but a giant or two in this country, what an excellent and fertile source of paragraphical information would he be! we should easily forgive him for pulling up a few trees by the roots, or treading down now and then an insignificant village or two in New-England, for the sake of the glorious entertainment he would afford the good people of our country and neighbourhood.”

BUT how, if he should advance into these parts, and commit similar depredations in your own province, and at your own doors, quoth I?

“It would be a very easy matter (replied my friend) to restrain him to the eastern side of the Hudson; and, if he should attempt to head that river, you know a small garrison at Ticonderoga, with a few twelve pound cannon, might easily check his further progress.—And how is it with the Algerines; may not one expect their fleet in these seas in the course of six or eight months? How delightfully such a paragraph as this would read.—*On Wednesday last, the Elizabeth, of Philadelphia, captain Cleverboy, engaged, off the capes of Delaware, the Algerine xebecque Cara Alla Mustapha, mounting 22 guns, Solyman Osman Faddleclack, commander;—the infidel fought desperately for something better than seven glasses, when he thought proper to submit to the superior and almost intolerable fire of the Elizabeth. The pirate had his decks completely cleared three times, but did not strike till the standard of Algiers was singed from the ensign staff.—N. B. 200 of his men were killed on the spot, and near twice that number desperately wounded.—This would be glorious intelligence for us newsmongers, Mr. Slender;*
but

but peace has ruined every thing, and in a little time we shall have nothing to tell our readers but mere stuff, and a parcel of uninteresting events, such as that "Mynheer Schoonhoven, a Dutch burger, smoked out three full pipes of tobacco in seven minutes and an half:" or, that "Captain Mizentop saw two sail at a distance which he took to be brigantines, but could not be positive, as the air was somewhat hazy."

HERE our discourse ended for the present, but I soon discovered that, notwithstanding my reserve in point of giving intelligence, my friend was determined to have a paragraph out of me and my voyage at any rate. On the next publication day I read with some surprize in his paper as follows:

"NORFOLK, *June 25.* On Sunday last arrived here the sloop Brazenbones, in twelve weeks from Africa. In her came passenger Mr. Robert Slender. He brings little or no intelligence worth communicating; and confirms what we have long feared would be the case, that there will be few or no heads broken, or throats cut, in the old world during the current year. There is too much reason to surmise that the caliph of Babylon is still in good health, notwithstanding his late enormities. The giants of Patagonia continue to be very peaceable; and the vessel in which Mr. Slender arrived on these coasts proved very tight and sound on her voyage, *having unfortunately neither lost a mast, nor had one man washed overboard.*"

II. THE SICK AUTHOR.

FINE and exalted sentiment has so little connexion with, or relation to the common affairs of this world, that the lives of most men, who have shined in the walks

walks of genius and imagination, afford us a striking proof, that the possessors of elegant and inventive minds are by no means to be envied for their fortune or success, when they attempt to join in the usual and more necessary pursuits of mankind in general.

HE, who by the natural bent of his genius, is constantly attempting to strike out new paths through the wilderness of life, cannot otherwise than meet with numberless obstacles and difficulties, because he is not willing to confine himself to the beaten road which time, custom and convenience have long established, and of consequence, has become smooth and easy.— If he cannot find a congeniality of sentiment between himself and his fellow travellers, that is another fertile source of infelicity. The world cannot be expected to take *him* by the hand *who* is constantly endeavouring to avoid their company, and shews them upon every occasion that he gives the preference to his own ideas.

SEVERAL of us made a party some time ago to pay a visit to the lodgings of the poet Antronius. I had heard he was sick; and more persons than one had assured me, he was either dying or dead; a report, however, which several circumstances convinced us was not true.—There was something in the very structure and aspect of his garret that was highly sentimental, and unlike any other habitation below the moon. Not one of his chairs were furnished with four legs: a board, laid across a large basket, served him for a writing desk;—his bed and himself were both extended on an old trunk, which to appearance, had a very excellent spring-lock and key, but no hinges. A dish of crab-shells proved, beyond a doubt, that he had been beholden to the aquatic element for his last night's repast. Several manuscripts lay in sight, some torn, others gnawed by rats; a paper lay on his table, which seemed to be an account he had lately drawn out to send to his bookseller, and was as follows:

Philadelphia,

Philadelphia, July 25.

George Folio, bookseller, Dr.

To Lewis Antronius.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
To 7 dreams at 1/.	0	7	0
To a short and impartial account of the people in the moon	0	8	4
To the ecclesiastical history of ditto	1	2	6
To a description of the palace of the sun, in blank verse	0	4	2
To a conversation with Nisroc the Ba- bylonian	0	0	6
	2	2	6

The only printed books I saw, were an *Euripides* of an old edition, and my good friend *Plautus*; his elegant text almost shoved out of doors by the beastly hand of some Dutch commentator. So indubitable a proof of extreme poverty, as all around us too plainly demonstrated to be the case, could not but excite some few ideas of melancholy even in minds that had for many minutes past been on the verge of laughter.

I LONG ago told you, Antronius, said I (addressing him first) that this would be your case and condition at last. A wise man will always accommodate his employment to the nature, qualifications, and character of the country he happens to reside in. Shoemakers are of no use in that nation (mentioned, I think either by Mandeville or Pliny) whom nature has furnished with hoofs. Barbers cannot possibly exist, as such, among a people who have neither hair nor beards. How then could a poet hope for success in a city where there are not three persons possessed of elegant ideas!

ANTRONIUS, at these words, raised his head, as if this was the first moment of his having noticed us.—

“ I do indeed recollect the advice you gave me (said he, with a faint voice) but such an irresistible torrent of sentiment

sentiment was continually rushing in upon my mind from all quarters, that I could scarcely ever command a moment's leisure to think of this world or its more immediate concerns. But, if so many men (continued he) that have done real service to the world, have notwithstanding met with no other reward than ingratitude and neglect, if not insult and cruelty at last, what reason can I have to count upon the world's favours, whose labours have been merely speculative, such as could only relieve the hour of idleness or gratify the fancies of a sentimental few, and that only, perhaps, when every other amusement failed them, from accidental causes, a rainy day, or the tedious length of a winter's evening?

“ POETRY, gentlemen, I am fully convinced, is at best but a poor trade, as things are, and to the far greater part of the world is the same as the music of an organ to the ears of a deaf man. The only people that ever turned it to any real account were the ancient Hebrew and Egyptian priests; by refining the popular religion into a handsome poetical stile, they attained to an importance and elevation of character and fortune, which has been the lot of few poets, religious, moral or profane, since their time.”

HERE Antronius began to talk a little wild, from the delirium occasioned by his fever, and thus went on:

“ Now we are upon the subject of religion, gentlemen, I would take leave to mention, that amongst the almost infinite variety of creeds and religious systems that have ever been obtruded upon the world, I firmly believe the old Pythagorean notion of transmigration to have the best pretensions to truth.—Nay, gentlemen, it is indubitably true; for I now recollect perfectly well, that I myself am at this instant doing penance in this very garret for a few low-lived tricks formerly committed in a different state of being. I remember I wrote poetry so long ago as in the reign of *Ezra-bel-baradan*, one of the most ancient kings of Persia.

Perſia. I was made poet-laureat to this monarch, feaſted every day upon partridges, had women and wine at my command, and, in ſhort, paſſed my time very agreeably, having little or nothing to do in the way of buſineſs, more than to write an annual birth-day-ode, in honour of the king, my maſter.

“ AT my death, however, I was taken into cuſtody by the ſpirit of the inferior world, who, in return for my having lived in ſo much eaſe during my laſt ſtate of human exiſtence, obliged me to animate the body of a camel. In this condition I continued more than twenty years, travelling under heavy burthens, through deſerts parched with everlaſting drought. We were at length attacked one day on the borders of Egypt by a band of Arabian robbers, one of whom, after killing my maſter, wantonly run a dart into my belly, and killed me alſo.—It would be tedious to detain you, gentlemen, with an uninterrupted account of all the ſucceſſive changes that have fallen to my lot, during the immense number of years that have paſſed ſince the era I mentioned, down to the latter times. Sufficient be it to ſay, that in the reign of queen Anne, of England, I was a conſiderable officer of ſtate in the Britiſh nation, and by taking proper advantages of the times and my ſituation, cheated the government out of more than fifty thouſand pounds ſterling, at one ſtroke. I had managed matters ſo cunningly too, that no hold could be taken of me. I lived afterwards at my eaſe, rode in my coach, converſed familiarly with the great men of the age, and died at laſt full of days and honour. But the ſpirit of *retribution*, has ſo deeply reſented my conduct in that affair, that I have, ſince the period I mentioned, undergone no leſs than four changes ; I have been a drayman’s horſe, a Jamaica field negro, a ſailor in an Engliſh man of war, and laſt of all, gentlemen, to complete my miſery, am now doing penance in the character of an American poet.—What will become of me next, I cannot yet tell ; certain I
am,

am, however, that be the change what it may, it cannot be very much for the worse.

“ BUT somebody, I find, has played me a slippery trick : a report has been industriously circulated that I am dead. I wonder if any one could have believed it, especially as a single line has not appeared in the public papers to countenance the pitiful lie. No epitaph, no inscription, no funeral stanzas ! alas, alas, to what purpose have I lived and writ, to have no notice taken of me when there was so much reason for my friends to think I was numbered with the departed !”

I SHOULD not wonder at all, said *Argyrestes*, another of our company, if there had been a dozen poems already written and inscribed to your memory. The world oftentimes acts very absurdly in this particular. A retainer to the fine and fanciful arts is considered as a superfluous individual of society in most countries. His art will not support him ; he nevertheless has been taught to consider the public as his debtor. The public, in their turn, conceive him to be a burthen entailed upon them : they therefore *rejoice exceedingly* when he is dead ; because a tombstone, a wooden pyramid, and a scrap of poetry will cost but a trifle in comparison to a proper encouragement of the living artist ; indeed, the last article may be computed to cost nothing at all, as every fool now a days writes elegies and epitaphs *gratis*. But I will relate a story to you that shall not be altogether foreign to the subject we are upon :

CUPA Loka Yupanqui, the celebrated Peruvian astronomer, who formerly lived upon the summit of the very high mountain of *Chinkopequa*, in the neighbourhood of the once imperial city of *Cuzco*, had during a long life made no fewer than three thousand nine hundred and forty-nine observations upon the planetary motions, for the benefit and instruction of his countrymen ; which observations were all engraved upon copper, and by

by order of the priests of the sun deposited in the royal academy of arts and sciences. This celebrated astronomer was nevertheless so very indigent that those who were acquainted with him did not hesitate to assert that he derived his bodily sustenance rather from the benign influences of the stars, than any sublunary emoluments resulting from his skill and penetration as an astronomer. All men read his observations with pleasure: the royal clock was daily regulated thereby; the eclipses of both luminaries were noted to a single minute, and, in consequence, universal praise was the portion of Cupa Loka Yupanqui, a name in the Peruvian language importing, *Wisdom in whatever relates to the heavens and the stars*.—At length, on a sudden he disappeared from his hut on the summit of the mountain. The smoke of his chimney had ceased for many days, and the dog that was wont to convey his written observations in a basket to the sacerdotal college was no longer seen travelling down the usual path.

SOME curious people at last ascended to his habitation. They found the astrolabe lying on a table in good order: the image of the sun was unmolested; his quadrants and sextants were hanging in their respective places as usual, but the astronomer was departed, not without violent suspicions of his having been torn in pieces by some wild beast from the *Cordilleras*. Woe is me! said *Arequipa*, one of the citizens of *Cuzco*, who shall now give us notice of the approach of the comets; who will tell us when the moon is preparing to array herself in her mourning weeds, and who will be found sufficient to regulate the going of the royal clock at *Cuzco*!—Every one, in his way, lamented the fate of the astronomer, that had thus so unaccountably disappeared. Royalty itself seemed chagrined at the loss. The Inca was observed to eat no supper on the evening of the day he heard the news. The select virgins of the palace hung a black veil over the representation of the great luminary in the royal college.

college. It was undoubtedly meant as a compliment to the memory of Cupa Loka Yupanqui.

WHEN six days more had elapsed, all the learned men of the imperial city put on mourning, and the upper windows of the temple of the sun were shut, thereby signifying that the learning of the empire was in a great measure obscured by the departure of this miracle of astronomical science. On the following day the royal edict made its appearance, in which it was commanded that a monument of one hundred feet in height, to be composed of the most costly marble that could be procured, should be forthwith erected to the memory of this celebrated astronomer and philosopher, with emblems and inscriptions suitable to those arts in which he had excelled.

No order from the Inca could possibly be disobeyed without the most exemplary punishments in consequence. No expence, therefore, was spared to procure the choicest materials; and what added considerably to the cost and trouble, was, a supplement to the edict, importing that the aforementioned monument, should be erected on the summit of the mountain Chinkopequa, and in the very spot where the cottage of the astronomer yet stood, and where he had made the far greater part of his observations.

THE difficulty of transporting such a vast quantity of the most weighty materials up so steep a hill, and to so prodigious a height, was at first deemed almost insuperable. The unremitted labours, however, of many thousands of people accomplished it at last, and they were just preparing to lay the foundation stone of this stately fabric when Cupa Loka Yupanqui was seen coming up towards the multitude, on the opposite side of the mountain.

UNIVERSAL confusion now ensued. Some imagined it to be the ghost of the philosopher returning from the prisons of the sun; others, less superstitious, but more interested, were for killing him immediately

ly, that the work might not be interrupted, after being so far advanced.—In the midst of their clamours, the astronomer once more gained the summit of Chincopequa, but was struck with astonishment when he saw his old and humble habitation pulled down, and so immense an edifice erecting in its stead.

My children, said the old man, is this a dream, or do I behold realities ! Thirty days ago my cottage stood in this place. I then sat out on a visit to one of the vallies of the *Andes*, the residence of a sage inchanter, who professes to have discovered the exact time and duration of our empire. What temples are these you are raising in so unpromising and remote a situation as this ? If the Inca will not do an act of injustice to one of the meanest of his subjects, let him restore to me again my cottage, my cypress tree, my astrolabe, and the image of my God and *his father, the Sun*.

THE work was now suspended, and a messenger immediately dispatched to the court with intelligence that the astronomer had either not been dead, or was returned to life, as he had just arrived on foot from the east, and had demanded the restoration of his cottage and instruments.

THE countenance of every one brightened up at this agreeable news. The Inca himself examined into the truth of the report, and finding it to be true, ordered public rejoicings to be made, the upper windows of the solar temple to be opened, and the veil to be removed from the image of the sun in the royal college. The astronomer was then sent for to the palace, to explain the reason of his having disappeared so suddenly and unaccountably, and for a time longer by twenty-nine days and an half than he had ever before been known to absent himself. This he accounted for to the satisfaction of the monarch and the populace. The Inca then commanded him to make any request he pleased, and it should be granted.

You a sublime majesty, the descendent of the sun,
replied

replied the old man, is too gracious to one like myself, who can only boast that my descent is from the dust of the valley. My request and desire is then, that as I have, notwithstanding all my knowledge and services, suffered the evils of extreme poverty these sixty years past, your majesty will now be graciously inclined to order, that the precious materials which you have caused to be purchased at so high a price wherewith to erect a monument for me, when dead, may be immediately sold and disposed of to the best advantage, so that with the proceeds thereof I may be comfortably supported while I personally remain in the lands of the living!

III. THE VOYAGE OF TIMBEROO-TABO-EEDE, AN OTABEITE INDIAN.

Copied from the Hieroglyphical Records of that distant nation.

I. A STATE PAPER.

INSTRUCTIONS from his majesty TOARRO TORANO, Prince of the noble and exalted island of Otabeite, unrivalled in the ocean; king of kings, and for whose sake only the sun and moon give light in the firmament, and shine upon their children in the midst of the waters.—To his slave Timberoo-Tabo-eede, captain of the Royal *Pabie* (galley) now riding at anchor in the bay of Mata-vai.

WHEREAS, there is reason to believe that many countries, as well as nations of barbarians, do exist in different parts of the ocean that have never yet been visited by our august flag, and consequently have never been favoured with an opportunity to bow their heads

heads in token of their assent to our sublime laws, their compliance with the principles of our exalted religion, and their full and complete acknowledgment of the superior excellence of our arts, sciences, manners, and mode of government. — We do, therefore, commission and empower you, our faithful and beloved slave, Timberoo Tabo-eede, to prepare our royal galley *Mannu-Mabanna* [bird of the sun] with all due expedition for a voyage of sixteen *Malama* [moons] towards the rising of the great luminary, manning her with a sufficient number of our most expert sailors, and taking on board a quantity of provisions answerable to so long and hazardous a voyage. — All lands that you shall discover, and which, upon investigation, shall appear to be inhabited by barbarians and savages, we do hereby authorize you to take possession of in our royal name, and for our use, as appendages to this our royal government; and be particularly careful to bring us an inhabitant of every new country you discover, by way of specimen of the make, manners and language of the tribe or nation to which he belongs.

WHEN you are in any country actually possessed by barbarians, remember that you regulate yourself and crew in every respect by the laws and customs of our own island, and not by those of the savages you happen to be among. — Should you at any time be in want of provisions, and they will not consent to furnish you with any quantity you may require, you must immediately do your endeavour to get possession of the person of the prince, or some other great man of the country, whom you are to hold in confinement on board our royal galley till such times as your demands are answered; and should they continue obstinate in their refusal, you are hereby directed to put the great man to death, stabbing him with the *patty-pattoo*, by way of intimidating them into a compliance.

SHOULD you discover any iron, you are to take instant possession of it, as a precious metal naturally appertaining

appertaining and belonging to ourself only, and not by any means to those miserable barbarians, who, it is very likely, do not worship our supreme deity *Taroa-saihetoomoo*.

PREVIOUS to your departure from the island of Otaheite, you are to receive one of the priests of our household on board the royal galley before mentioned, whose business it shall be to instruct the barbarians in our true faith; not forgetting a complete sett of tattooing instruments, to perform that *blessed* operation on the posteriors of such great men and ladies as shall be sincerely willing to be converted to our most holy religion.

THESE, most faithful slave, are the instructions which we expect you will particularly observe, leaving other and less important matters to your own discretion and prudence, of which we have long had the most convincing and satisfactory proofs. May the Spirit of the ocean grant gentle winds and smooth seas to the faithful slaves of the king; to the end that our dear and beloved galley, (the bird of the sun) may safely return to our island after the revolutions of sixteen moons are accomplished.

2. The JOURNAL of TIMBERED TABO-BEED, presented to the king on his return.

ON the twentieth day of the third moon, every thing being in perfect readiness, we weighed anchor from the bay of *Matawai*, and directed our course southward, steering in the day time by the sun that enlighteneth all things, but in the dead hours of the night by the stars that are immoveable, and hang over the southern extremity of the ocean. We soon lost the view of his majesty's great island which extendeth its summit to the clouds, and ought not to be mentioned

oned on the same day with *Huabeine*, *Ulietea*, or *Bolabola*. I now called up to my recollection the long journey that lay before us over the waves, by the command of *him* whose will directeth the strength of *Otaheite*, as a boy plays with the infant offspring of the hog of the valley. But melancholy and heaviness took full possession of my soul, till I was impressed with an idea of the glory that might arise from the discovering of new worlds, and giving the miserable barbarians the true knowledge of the great *Tarobataihetoomoo*, the god whom we love and adore.

ON the twenty ninth day of the third moon a mighty storm arose, in which the royal galley, the bird of the sun, was in great danger from the strength of the rapid movements of the deep ocean. But your majesty's seamen behaved like bold men, and were not dismayed. When the weather once more became favourable, and the blue azure of the firmament appeared, we found the guiding stars of the south to be high, so that I now commanded the pilot to turn the prow of the galley toward the rising of the sun, and the wind blowing fresh from the place of his setting for many days together, we at length after three moons swift sailing came in sight of a great country, which none of your majesty's mariners had ever seen or heard of before.

THE air was now so cold, that all the cloth in *Otaheite* would scarcely have sufficed to have kept us warm. But our blood was good, and our hearts were of that kind which can endure every thing for the sake of extending the power, and carrying to the ignorant the religion and learning of our dear and beloved native island.

As the sea broke to a prodigious height upon the rude shore of this unknown country, which appeared exceedingly mountainous and barren, all our attempts to place our feet upon the dry land were for a long time ineffectual, and once (my heart trembles at the recollection,

lection) your majesty's royal galley, the bird of the sun, was almost driven upon the sharp rocks, where the seas broke to a greater height than the utmost branch of the far famed cocoa nut tree in the royal garden. But when all hope was given over, the spirit of the winds caused it to blow fiercely from the shore, and we were once more carried out of danger.

At last, we discovered a large extent of land terminating in a point, and within it a smooth and gentle bay, into which we safely conducted our galley. Here we put our feet upon the land, and made a large fire to drive away the cruel god of the winter from amongst us. While the fire burned bright he vanished from our remembrance, but when the blaze was extinguished he came again and cruelly tormented us in our toes, and in our fingers, in our ears, and on the tips of our noses, and also miserably afflicted the flesh that is spread over the ribs.

We remained seven days in this disconsolate country and in all that time saw but one of the natives. Him we endeavoured to approach, but could not. He appeared thin and meagre, and the spirit of the winds assisted him in his flight towards the forests of the hills. We then dispatched your majesty's priest after him, with injunctions to perform the holy operation of *tai-towing* on his hinder parts with the instrument of thirty teeth, if he should be caught. But the Spirit of the winds still assisted him, and he presently disappeared in the bosom of the mountains.

AFTER receiving on board such supplies of wood, and water, and shell fish as could be procured on these cold and inhospitable shores, and repairing the damages the royal galley had sustained in passing over so great a portion of the deep and unfathomable seas, we once more exposed ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and by the aid of the wind which bloweth from the setting of the sun, we again sailed eastward, and afterwards to the north, coming again into the spaces under
the

the more perceptible dominion of the sun, we were again favoured with pleasant breezes and whole days of warm sunshine, like that continued summer your majesty's subjects enjoy in the vallies of Otaheite.

MORE than four moons now passed without discovering any thing that much resembled land. We were all weary and began to be afraid that no other countries were to be found in these parts of the ocean. *Scarra-boo*, the cabbin boy, was continually on the top of the mast, and saw nothing. At last, after a long time, he cried out, that he saw a little hill in the midst of the waters.

OUR hearts now became alive within us. *Tamao-Tamaide*, the chief cook, then climbed up the mast also, and bade us be of good courage, because what the boy had said was true. "There will be *hogs* on this hill, said he, and springs of water, and we shall no longer be choaked with extremity of thirst."

THE prow of the royal galley, the bird of the sun, was then directed toward this hill, which appeared like a man's head floating on the blue surface of the agitated waters. By and by the shoulders seemed to rise above the waters also. We soon knew it to be an island, which we named *Killamaroo-nee*, i. e. the land of hills and vallies.—When the next morning appeared we were close in upon the shore, and saw the harbour and the town, and the ships belonging to the barbarians. The natives seemed to be very numerous, and, upon our landing, we found them to be of a variety of different colours, from a pale yellow to an absolute and unmingled black.—They came down to the sea side, and frequently cast an eye of admiration at our vessel; for it must be observed, that the ships appertaining to the savage islanders, and which we saw at anchor in the harbour, were exceedingly heavy and clumsy, and would not sail so far in a day as your majesty's galley would do in a small division thereof. We saw many pieces of iron that had been driven into

different parts of these vessels, which we endeavoured to extract with our fingers and teeth, but without the desired effect.*

As soon as we landed, we drew up in order with our patty-pattoos upon our shoulders, and were received by many hundreds of the inhabitants, who looked at us with a mixture of terror and veneration; and it was some time before they could entirely rid themselves of their timid sense of our superiority. Their language seemed *barbarous* in a high degree, as being *very unlike our own*.

THEIR houses also appeared to us to have been constructed with very little ingenuity; for, instead of leaving the sides open, as with us, they completely enclose them, which must, in our opinion, prevent that free circulation of air within, which is necessary for the health and well-being of the human frame.

THEY have several sorts of cloth, which we took to be of their own manufacture, but all were, without exception, very mean and flimsy. Upon throwing them a few scraps of that kind made in your majesty's island, they caught at them with the greatest eagerness and avidity; *a convincing proof that our's was reckoned of a much superior quality*.

WE observed a strange animal among them, near the height of a middle sized man; with large eyes, a bushy tail, and long slim legs, but in several other particulars very unlike any thing we had ever seen in these our native islands. The people of the country call it a *borse*.—An' please your majesty, it is most like a large black hog of any thing you are acquainted with; having four legs, a tail, two eyes, a belly, and a back, with ears, and other parts usually found in a swine.

THE second time we went on shore, a person, apparently of some consequence, advanced towards us as we were travelling about the town, and by signs, for

* See Hawkesworth's account of Cook's first voyage, &c.

for we understood not a word of what he said, invited the principal persons among us to his habitation. We were agreeably surprized with an entertainment of flesh and roots, cooked in the *savage* fashion, on which we made a shift to satisfy our hunger. During the time of eating, we were encircled by a number of black people of both sexes, who had green branches in their hands, which we at first supposed were emblematical of peace and friendship, but, as we soon after discovered, were only meant to brush away the flies from our victuals.

THEIR places of worship are far superior in point of size to any thing of the same sort in your majesty's island of Otaheite. But we gained, while amongst them, a very imperfect idea of their religion, owing to our not staying long enough to acquire a perfect knowledge of their language. We found out, however, with some difficulty, that they worship three Gods, first, second, and third, whom they yet hold to be only one and the same. If we comprehended them aright, they asserted that the second one formerly came down from the clouds, and was put to death for the offences of the island. This, may it please your majesty, appeared to us a very strange conceit; but, if the matter has been really so, your slave is inclined to think, that it is high time for some benevolent divinity to descend upon the island a second time, as it is at present overrun with every species of wickedness; particularly injustice, falshood, and cruelty. The white people are intolerably proud, selfish, vain, malevolent, and lazy; and are supported by a miserable race of black slaves, whom they steal away from a distant country, and force them to undergo the severest labours. The slightest punishments inflicted for the slightest offences upon these wretched men, are infinitely more severe than your majesty would think due to the crime of high treason itself.

BUT, we must do the white men the justice to say,
that

that they did not seem at all urgent that we should be acquainted with the particulars of their religion ; nor did the priests themselves take much notice of us. The reason given us for this conduct was very odd. A man in *red* told us, that the high priest of the island and his deputies never took any notice of those, who had not in their possession considerable quantities of *small circular plates of yellow metal*. There was some superstition in this matter, which we never could unravel. Possibly, sir, these little plates of metal may be the image or sign of *their god*, as *Tieraboo*, my first lieutenant, has more than once told me, that he saw the representation of a man's head on one of them. Be the matter as it may, the islanders are so amazingly tenacious of these trinkets, that we never could lay our fingers on a single one of them to bring away only for your majesty's inspection.

THEIR custom of burial is wholly different from our own. We expose our dead upon a frame above the surface of the earth ; these infidels, on the contrary, bury theirs some considerable depth in the ground. The reason is apparent : These people hate and envy each other mortally, while living, and it is but natural that they should huddle the carcases out of sight as soon as possible, when they are dead.

THEY punish theft with the most aggravated severity, but, what seemed very odd to us, they forcibly hanged up by the neck one of your majesty's mariners for stealing a piece of white metal they call *silver*, to all appearance of little or no value, and only laughed at us when we pilfered a nail, or a small spike, (both, of infinitely more value) out of an old wooden building.

THE white women in this island seemed to us to be a very insipid set of animals. They would as soon think of flying in the air as diving in the sea for shell-fish ; and not one in five thousand knows even how to paddle a canoe.

THE people in general appear to possess a very small stock

stock of animal spirits, as we observed all ranks and orders among them constantly drinking strong liquors, to support a decent degree of resolution and enterprize.

THEY have a most shameful custom of eating, in companies, off a wooden platform, called in the barbarian language, *a Table*, and even looking each other in the face while they eat, as well as talking with the utmost familiarity upon whatever subject occurs. This practice, in our opinion, is very wrong, and we endeavoured to convince them that it was so, but could not prevail upon them to change it.—On the contrary, (and what is very wonderful) these same people allow of very little of the most intimate species of familiarity between the sexes; so that their private intercourse, and the propagation of the species, carries with it an idea of criminality, and is therefore managed by stealth, and in the dark hours of the night, to avoid the imputation of what they would otherwise deem public scandal.

THEIR mourning for the dead, in this country, cannot be sincere, as I do not remember ever to have seen *a drop of blood* shed upon these occasions. Nay the next relations are oftentimes frolicking and drinking while strangers are hired to make wry faces, outcries, and lamentations for the departed.

THE worship in their churches consists principally in gazing upon each others faces. We went to these places several times, but gained very little instruction. A man in black had a good deal to say from an elevated station, but we could make nothing of his discourse. Another sat a few steps below him, who at certain intervals opened his mouth very wide, uttering strange and dismal noises, in which the greatest part of the assembly joined him. Towards the conclusion of the service we saw several old men coming towards us with long black staves, polished very nicely, which we supposed were to chastise those who had been inattentive to the words of the man in black. From one
end

end of each of these sticks was suspended a small black cap.—As far as we could perceive, the inattentive persons had no other way to avoid being beaten than by throwing a piece of metal into one of these caps, which in an instant pacified the chastiser. As we had nothing wherewith to make atonement, we fled with precipitation before the black stick had reached us. Our own priest, after he had gained some little knowledge of the barbarian language, did his endeavour not only to convince the citizens and islanders in general of their being under the influence of a false religion, but also offered to instruct them in the true faith and enlightened theology of our own country. We are sorry to inform your sublime majesty, that his success was by no means answerable to his labours, and it was with some difficulty he escaped three or four sound drubbings from the priests of the infidels, for even attempting to make converts.—These people seem to be under some indissoluble obligation to believe only what has previously been believed for them by their progenitors.

GREAT numbers among them were employed, in our opinion, very childishly, and in a manner that your majesty's subjects would deem an absolute waste of time. They manufacture a thin white substance, which they call *paper*. A man lays a leaf of this before him, takes the quill of a water fowl and cuts it sharp, and then amuses himself whole days together in the most ridiculous manner possible, dipping the point of his quill into a black liquid, and making little marks and scratches upon the above-mentioned white substance. What surprised us most was, that the old men and chiefs of the land seemed to take as much delight in this silly diversion as the boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age. For my own part, I am inclined to believe it is nothing more than a kind of exercise to pass away time. *Tiaraboo*, however, my first lieutenant, thinks otherwise, and pretends

pretends to be convinced, that it is some other of their superstitious practices, handed down from the earliest ages of the country, and the original meaning of which is now lost.

THE divine ceremony of *tattooing* is not performed upon the bodies of either sex, which leads me to think that their ignorance or neglect of this rite alone would fully justify your majesty, in the eyes of the world, in sending out a large fleet and army to reduce this island to unconditional submission and exemplary obedience, or extirpate the present inhabitants to make room for a colony of the more enlightened natives of our own royal island.

ACCORDING to your majesty's orders, we have brought you a native of the region we discovered, by way of sample of his countrymen. We made several attempts to catch the high priest of the island, as he had the reputation of being a very learned man, and might probably have given us, when properly civilized, some satisfactory insight into the religion and morality of his fellow-citizens, but we are sorry to inform your majesty that he was too alert for us, and we were obliged to content ourselves at last with a man of the law, who being fat and awkward, was easily overtaken, and secured on board the royal galley; but has proved to be a very stupid fellow, being able to tell us very little worth knowing or remembering: He does not even appear to have the least knowledge of making cloth, or manufacturing glass beads.

WE made many other remarks upon the religion, laws, customs, and manner of living observable among these islanders, which remarks I shall faithfully communicate to your majesty at another time.

WE then weighed anchor and took leave of the country, and after searching a long time in vain for other islands inhabited by a more rational people, we once more directed our course for Otaheite, which by the favour of the spirit of the winds we have again reached

reached in safety. All that now remains is, that your majesty would grant us liberty to prostrate ourselves in the temple of the great spirit, *Taroataihetoomoo*, in acknowledgement for the protection he has shewed us.

3. A STATE PAPER.

IN Council, the 10th day of the 4th moon. — It is Resolved by the king, great men, and governors of the royal island of Otateite, that the nation discovered by our servant Timberoo-Tabo-eede appears, from his account, to be in the highest degree barbarous, savage, and untractable. The acquisition of such a country and such inhabitants would therefore answer no good purpose, and would only tend to corrupt the pure religion and decent system of manners and morals we have received from our ancestors. A nation that possesses so small a share of natural reason as not to have discovered the necessity of tattowing, can never make good subjects; and they who can pass their whole lives in scratching little marks upon a thin white substance called paper, do not deserve the honor of being protected by the sublime monarch of Otateite.

IV. REPORT OF A LAW CASE.

SOLOMON DASH, Plaintiff,

FREDERICK FLUTE, Defendant.

STATE of the CASE.

TWO moneyed men, Solomon Dash and Frederick Flute, for the bettering the condition of themselves and families, did agree to purchase a lot of land between them, which was to be equally divided for the purpose of

of erecting two contiguous buildings thereon. In the article drawn upon this occasion, it was stipulated by the parties concerned, that upon Solomon Dash's paying a certain specified sum, to the original proprietor of the land more than Frederick Flute; he the said Frederick should relinquish so much of the half part of the purchased territory as would be sufficient for a foot alley between the side walls of the two buildings, affording a free passage to the back parts of the premises. It was further agreed that the width of this alley, or passage, should be sufficient for the passing and repassing of the person of him the before mentioned Solomon Dash, without his rubbing against the wall as he passed. This agreement was signed, July 25, 1760.

NOW, in process of time, after all was finished, and their respective families were quietly settled upon the premises, it so happened, that the said Solomon Dash, who, (as well as his neighbour Frederick Flute) was a lean man at the time the above agreement was made, grew at length very fat, corpulent, and unwieldy; his belly hung over his knees, and his shoulders jutted out some considerable distance beyond their former dimensions. The consequence was, that Mr. Dash found he could no longer pass through the alley without the greatest difficulty, and not at all when he had put on his over coat in a cold winter's day.

MATTERS being thus circumstanced, Solomon Dash applied to Frederick Flute to pull down the wall of the house of him the said Flute, in order to widen the alley, as by the old and original agreement and compact it was to be sufficiently wide for the passing and repassing of the person of him the said Solomon Dash, which at present was evidently not the case.

"BUT it was strictly the case at the time we made the agreement, and when we erected our houses," said Frederick Flute.

"BUT it is not the case now," said Solomon Dash.

UPON this, the parties determined to go to law, and each presented a handsome fee to his lawyer, and retaining fees to other lawyers. Solomon Dash's lawyer was of opinion that an action would *lay*, and that Mr. Flate would be obliged to pull down his wall.

ON the contrary, Frederick Flate's lawyer assured his client that the wall might remain, and that Solomon Dash would be compelled to draw in his belly and shoulders,

ABOUT one year now elapsed before the matter could possibly have a hearing before the judges. However, when the long wished for day of trial came, both the parties attended with their counsel, rolls, writings, witnesses, &c. &c. The judges were seated on the bench, and silence was proclaimed. After the witnesses were examined and other preliminary matters settled, the counsel on behalf of the plaintiff got up and spoke as follows :

" May it please their honours the judges, and you, gentlemen of the jury !

*" I RISE up to speak, may it please your honours, in behalf of a man, who has been injured, basely injured, inasmuch as he has been considered punishable by the defendant for a habit of body which it was not in his power to prevent. Punish a man for growing fat, gentlemen ! You might with equal propriety punish a bull for having horns, or a camel for the protuberance that nature has planted on his back.—It appears very evident to me from the witnesses that have been examined, and the sum of their evidence, that my client, Solomon Dash, was *ipse facto* a lean man at the time he agreed and stipulated that the alley or passage, in question, was to be sufficient for his passing and re-passing ; but—was that to say, gentlemen of jury, that he was never to become a fat man, gentlemen of the jury ?—As I find the peculiar circumstances of this case involve a great number of difficulties ;*

to

to obviate them as much as possible, I shall in the first place endeavour to show that fatness and corpulency do not in themselves convey an idea of criminality. Secondly, that notwithstanding Mr. Dash was a lean man when the buildings were erected, yet that it may be fairly argued from implication that he must have meant the agreement to be no longer valid than during the time of his continuing *in propria persona* a lean man. Thirdly and lastly, I shall briefly make it appear, also, by way of winding up the matter, that it would be much better a dozen stone walls should be removed, yea, torn from their foundations as far as pole from pole, than that one man's shoulders should be sawed down to a diminutive size for the sake of being accommodated to any passage whatever.

“ In the first place, then, if the court pleases, I am to shew that the simple circumstance of a man's being fat or corpulent is not criminal in the eye of the law. In proof of this, I shall beg leave to produce a case *in point* from a small two shilling history of the life and reign of queen Elizabeth. A certain fat man was taken up and committed to jail upon a charge of writing libels and lampoons against her majesty and the government. As there appeared to be some wit in these pieces, it was argued by Mr. Justice *Braxenbrains*, that the said fat man could not be the author of them, as it was well known no fat person had ever been remarkable for wit.—The accused was, nevertheless, found guilty, and sentenced accordingly; not for being a fat man—mark that, gentlemen of the jury—not for being fat, I say, but simply because it was proved that he both writ and published the libels. Here, you see, the only criminal circumstance was the mischievous thing called *wit*, and not the accidental circumstance of fatness.—But, gentlemen, I will go further—I will also prove from reason and the eternal fitness and aptness of things that a man's being simply fat, is no crime either in law or equity. *Man*, it is generally allowed, is nothing
more

more than *animal rationale*, a creature endued with reason; of consequence, he stands related in a certain degree to the *genus irrationale*, or brute creation, who only possess that inferior sort of reason which *never goes wrong*. Now, when we go to market, as rationalists we always give the preference to what is fat; we do not search up and down for a lean goose, a lean turkey, or a lean pig—No, gentlemen, we purchase only what is fat (in Latin *pinguis*) and so far from leanness being countenanced amongst us, I am clear, that instances might be *adduced*, tending to prove that the clerk of the market may legally make a seizure of whatever is exposed to sale remarkably emaciated. I shall now, gentlemen, for your further satisfaction, reason syllogistically a little; a mode of ratiocination which I hope will in a great measure dissipate all your remaining doubts on this matter.—A fat animal, you will all allow, is at all times and in every respect to be preferred to a lean one—but a fat man is an *animal* to all intents and purposes—therefore a fat man is eternally and invariably preferable to a lean one.

“SECONDLY, I am to shew that the covenant or article of agreement was no longer valid than during the *time* of my client's being a lean man.

“WHEN the agreement was entered into by the parties, Mr. Solomon Dash's idea must have been conceived thus: “I am not a fat man now, it is true; therefore in my present circumstances such or such a width of passage may answer my purpose; but, as the works of nature are in a state of perpetual rotation, it is possible certain changes may also take place in that perambulating microcosm at present known by the name of Solomon Dash. If therefore the works of *nature* are compelled to submit to a change, why not a stone or brick wall also, which is nothing more than the production of an *art* mean in itself and merely mechanical.”—These, gentlemen, are evidently the principles upon which Mr. Dash went.—But further—I will

will bring, by permission of the court, another case *in point*, which I hope will throw some considerable additional light on this subject.

“ IN Dullman's reports, page 2096, may it please your honours, is recorded the case of one *Darby Quibble* against *Nathan Quirk*. This Nathan Quirk was a very base man who lived in the reign of George the first of England. It seems he had signed an agreement with the aforesaid Darby Quibble, obligating himself to supply said Darby with one gallon of old Jamaica spirits per week during the natural life of him the before mentioned Darby Quibble, provided said Darby got fairly drunk therewith every Lord's day morning previous to the ringing of the first bells. It appeared upon trial that this agreement had been punctually observed by both the parties till a terrible hurricane having happened and destroyed several entire fleets then coming from the islands, both rum and spirits all at once became so scarce, that they were to be had neither for love nor money. Upon this, the above named Nathan Quirk refused to fulfil his obligation any longer, for this plain reason, that the article specified in the obligation was not to be had.—What did Darby do in this case? Why he sued Quirk in an action of damage, and the case was tried before lord chief justice *Bullring*. And what was the judgment given?—why simply this—the defendant prevailed over his adversary, because it was clear in law that the agreement was and could be no longer binding upon said Nathan, the defendant, than during the time or times that the specified *article* could be purchased within the realm. When that failed, the failure without doubt operated as forcibly in favour of the defendant's not fulfilling his part of the obligation, as though the said Darby had died a natural death; and for this plain reason, *quia necessitas valet supra omnia pacta*.—In the same manner the present article of agreement can be considered as no longer binding upon Mr. Dash, than

than during the time Mr. Dash continued to be a lean man.

“THIRDLY and lastly, I was to prove that the expence or trouble of demolishing and rebuilding a stone wall ought not to be put in competition with the dislocating or screwing in of a man’s shoulders.—I might here, please your honours, as applicable to the case, say a great deal upon the nature of walls in general, particularly of the walls of Troy; the Chinese wall, which, with all its turnings and windings, runs 1500 miles, and terminates at the *Kang* sea; the walls of Babylon, and other celebrated walls of antiquity, did I not fear I should presume too much upon the patience of the court.—But, I do nevertheless insist upon it, gentlemen, that no walls whatever, be they Babylonian, Chinese, Trojan, or American, ought to stand in the way of the shoulders of Mr. Dash.—What! a man of his importance to be squeezed through a narrow alley like a hog through a wicker-work—Forbid it justice, forbid it equity, forbid it the laws of my country.—These are my arguments, gentlemen, and upon the strength of these I confidently rest the cause of my client with the opinion of the honorable court, and you, gentlemen of the jury, and humbly desire a verdict in favour of Mr. Dash.”

THE council for the defendant then rose from his bench, seemingly in a great passion, and thus began:

“*May it please the court, and you gentlemen of the jury!*”

THE agreement formerly entered into by the parties, Dash and Flute, appears to me, gentlemen, to be of the nature of a *contract*. Here is one, and there is the other. *Here* is a sum of money, for you, Mr. Flute, and *there* is your alley-way, Mr. Dash.—It has been argued by the plaintiff’s counsel learned in the law, that “*fatness is not criminal in itself*”—that I deny, gentlemen

tle men of the jury ;—a gross fat habit of body (*obesus* in Latin, from *obedo*, to over-eat) is produced by gluttony, gluttony is the mother of laziness, and laziness, we are well assured, is the natural cause of all vice. —And shall a good and substantial stone wall be pulled down for the sake of a man whose paunch alone derogates from the dignity of man !—If I see a fat horse, a fat swine, or a fat goose, to be sure, I am well pleased ; but a fat man always disgusts me ; because he carries indolence in his countenance, dullness in his head, stupidity in his eyes, and a tallow-chandler's shop in his belly.

“ BUT throwing invective on one side, it must be evident to every man of common understanding, may it please your honours, that, all other considerations apart, there is an original flaw in the *article of agreement*, which must operate considerably in favour of the defendant, Frederick Flute.—The *article* stipulated expressly, that the alley-way should be *sufficient for the passing and repassing* of the plaintiff—But mark, gentlemen of the jury, the words, *at all times*, and, *in all circumstances whatever*, are wanting. This is the flaw ; and this defect, I am well convinced, will gain us the cause.

“ FOR, supposing now some good natured man should, out of mere favour, or for a certain compensation, give me permission in writing to pass through the middle entry of his dwelling house once every day for the sake of a short cut to my law shop in another street, would that be a good reason, gentlemen of the jury, that I should not only claim the said privilege during my whole life, but should also take upon me to send my servants the same way, with their wheelbarrows, hampers of porter, boxes of law books, and the like ?—Certainly not ; taking such a liberty would be preposterous in every sense, and I should not only thereby lose my former privilege *in propria persona*, but might also be sued in an *action of trespass*.

“ Now

“ Now, had my friend (supposed in this case) given me from under his hand, that I should have the liberty of *passing and repassing at all times* through his middle entry, and *in all circumstances whatever*; that is, at all periods of my life, whether at thirty years old, or at fifty, or at five score—whether alone or in company, on horseback or on foot, the case would have been materially different; and had I even worn the floor thro’ with my horse’s hoofs, by reason of my daily passing and repassing, he could not have brought an action against me, as the law supposes and allows, in all such cases a sort of *natural decay*, altho’ it may be produced by artificial means. In like manner, if a man take a house upon lease for the term of thirty or forty years (I speak indefinitely) he is not answerable for the mere natural decay and waste of that house, gentlemen of the jury.

—But farther, sirs, who knows but in time Mr. Dash, the plaintiff, may revert into his former habit of leanness? Will he in that case consent to re-imburse Mr. Flute for the expence and trouble he may have been at in pulling down and rebuilding his side wall? —I believe not.—Giving your verdict, therefore, in favour of the plaintiff would be punishing *leanness* with a witness, gentlemen of the jury. But is *leanness* really a crime, in the eye of the common or any other law?—Let us attend to what my Lord Chief Justice Killbuck says upon the subject. *Leanness*, says he, *simply considered, does not imply criminality, neither ought a man to suffer in life, limb or property, merely for being lean. At the same time, instances may be produced wherein leanness has been the efficient cause of condemnation in criminal cases. Such was the case of one Isaac Barebones, mentioned by Counsellor Clump in the one hundred and twenty-ninth volume of his Reports. This Isaac Barebones, it appeared, was so extremely emaciated that his fist could be compared and likened to nothing else but knobs of iron, and his fingers to scarcely any thing in the known world but the claws of a hammer. But still all this was*

not

not criminal ; the parts just mentioned being as yet only *se possessio*, and not in *usum redacto*.—Isaac, however, one day smote a man upon the head with his right fist, and killed him outright. He was soon after apprehended, tried, found guilty, and finally hanged ; not for being lean, but for a very different reason. It had been clearly proved upon the trial, that the blow he gave would scarcely have occasioned a black eye, had his fists been soft and fleshy like those of most other men.—He was hanged, then, simply for not having considered, that his hands, by being covered with nothing better than something bearing a semblance to shrivelled parchment, had acquired the nature and solidity of steel, and were therefore, in every sense, unlawful weapons either for the purpose of attack or defence.—Thus far the learned counsellor ; and I beg leave to remark thereon, that if simple emaciation or leanness is not considered as *criminal* in cases of life and death, much less can it be *so*, gentlemen of the jury, where property is only concerned.

“ I SHALL in the last place observe, that if your decree should be such as to compel Mr. Flute to remove his wall, who can tell what *distance* will satisfy the plaintiff. Who knows what extravagant dimensions Mr. Dash may yet arrive to in point of bulk ?—Will he give security that he will not in time come to be as large as an ox ?—Who can tell us when he will stop fattening ?—Should he expand to the size of an elephant, is the defendant to give up half his little territory to accommodate a monster, a cumberer of the earth, a walking nuisance.—Gentlemen of the jury, this must not be ; I therefore conclude with praying you to find a verdict in favour of the defendant.”

OPINION of the JUDGES.

IT is the opinion of the Court, that although there is evidently a *flaw* in the contract between the two parties, yet it was certainly implied, and the Plaintiff certainly

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meant,

meant, never to give up his natural right of becoming a fat man, when the constitution of his body should incline that way. However, gentlemen of the jury, as it will be much easier to reduce the over-corpulency of the Plaintiff, than to remove the house of the Defendant, it is our opinion and judgment, that the aforesaid Frederick Flute ought nevertheless to make a suitable compensation to Solomon Dash for the inconveniencies he has long suffered, and still does suffer, from the straitness of his alley.

THE jury then withdrew, and soon after returned their verdict in favour of the plaintiff, and that damages might be brought.

The COURT then gave Sentence, as follows :

YOU, Frederick Flute, are enjoined and commanded by this Court to purchase forthwith, seven kilderkins of the best and most venerable white wine vinegar that can be procured, for the sole use, benefit, and behoof of him the said Solomon Dash ; to the end that, by the drinking plentifully of this emaciating liquid, he may be haply reduced to a size proportionate to the dimensions of the alley-way, that has occasioned the dispute.

• **THUS** matters ended for the present. The Defendant complied strictly with the sentence given by the court; but the determination was not, by any means, pleasing to the plaintiff. After several months consideration he renewed the suit, and appealed to a higher court, and after that to another, 'till at last it came before the high tribunal of Chancery, when the prosecutor's Counsel was obliged to plead an *Arrest of Judgment*, inasmuch as Mr. Dash appeared, not indeed *mis-named*, but *mis-characterized*, in the Declaration ; having now, by his long intercourse and acquaintance with law and lawyers, become a **VERY LEAN MAN ;** AND, CONSEQUENTLY, THAT THERE COULD BE NO FARTHER CAUSE OF ACTION !

V. THE

V. THE ACADEMY OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE are a thousand things which an author may propose to himself as the objects of his serious study and attention, during his waking hours, which he nevertheless, upon trial, finds himself unable to make any thing of, at least, so as to satisfy himself and his readers.—Of this nature have been several subjects which I have from time to time undertaken to write upon, and as often thrown aside from a conviction that I did not possess capacity equal to, or materials sufficient for investigating them thoroughly. The reality of the apparitions of the departed, the nature of the spiritual world, the seemingly self-produced operation and organization of matter, the harmony of discord, and the ultimate design of the material creation, have been some of those that puzzled me the most.—But, instead of perplexing you, my dear *Mc-mus*, with these matters as much as I have puzzled and perplexed myself, and that to no purpose; I will, if you are in your usual good humour, relate an imaginary excursion which I lately made in a dream, during a long stormy night in the month of January, when the whole face of nature being under the temporary impressions of death, a visit to the domains of that monarch was by no means unseasonable,

I IMAGINED I was setting out on a long journey, the term of which was not fixed in my own mind. Upon looking forward, in idea, it appeared to me like casting the eye along an avenue of many miles in length, which terminated in darkness, closed in, seemingly, upon both sides, and prevented any farther prospect.—

I had

I had scarcely entered this avenue, when I discovered it to be no other than the common passage of mankind into another state of existence.

THE passage was dark enough, to be sure, but was by no means so frightful as I had imagined. "*The gods (said Seneca) conceal from men the happiness of death, that they may endure to live.*" Be that as it may, if I was not perfectly happy, the very worst circumstance attending me was, the want of company. I was consequently left entirely to my own reflections and ideas, which you very well know, are not at all times the most eligible companions.

AFTER several hours travelling, this narrow passage opened into a pleasant country, variegated with streams, forests, plains, hills, and vallies.—Being now fully sensible that I had made a passage from one state of existence to another, I observed to a man whom I overtook, heavy laden with books of theology, that "this region greatly resembled the world from which I had lately departed."—The man replied, that there "was certainly a resemblance; but be not deceived, (continued he) the world you have come from is no more than a shadow of this in which you now are. That was only reflection, this is reality itself; and the great body of light you see in our firmament is not a sun, such as formerly warmed you, awakened the winds, and caused the plants to grow; it is the luminary of TRUTH, which pervades all things here, and without the real, or the reflected influence of which, all things in the universe would be no better, to created beings, than phantasms and delusions."

I NOW wandered at full liberty in a very pleasing country till I arrived at a building of immense size, and which seemed to contain many hundreds of apartments. Over the principal door in the front was written in large letters, THIS IS THE ACADEMY OF DEATH.

As the door of the building stood wide open to all comers,

comers, I made no hesitation to enter. The first thing that particularly attracted my notice, was the circumstance of the name of the inhabitant being inscribed over the door of every apartment. At the first glance, I distinguished Aristotle, Archimedes, and the names of a number of other celebrated men, with whose characters I, although a simple weaver, had been formerly acquainted while upon earth. From what I saw, it was natural to conclude, that the persons themselves resided in the apartments thus allotted them—and if they have brought their ideas with them, thought I, they cannot be any other than good company.

A LOUD noise now interrupted my observations for a moment. A poet and a mathematician, both just arrived, struck up a hasty agreement to take up their abode together in the kitchen garret of the academy. Finding every other apartment pre-occupied, they preferred that humble situation to any other in a different part of the country, as they would here be neighbours to the ancients, and from their shreds might probably receive frequent assistance. They had conceived a strange notion too that they might mutually throw light upon each other's studies by living together in the same room.—“As you shined in the walks of Fancy, said the mathematician, and I was celebrated for the investigation of strict truth, we shall be of good use to each other. Your fine fancies will contribute to enliven my speculations, and my invariable attachment to truth and certainty will give your ideas a colouring of rationality.”

THEY quarrelled, however, before the one had resolved a single problem, or the other written five lines of a new poem. The governor of the academy was then called, who immediately enjoined SILENCE; and upon hearing the cause of their dispute, ordered a partition wall of solid adamant to be instantly run up between them, in order to prevent future misunderstandings. *There may be a great deal of truth* (said he)

in the works of fancy, but I never yet knew any occasion for fancy in the works of truth.

FINDING now that the governor of the academy was leaving us without assigning me any the least apartment in the building, I began to conclude that no other than men of acknowledged fame and merit upon earth were to be accommodated in this edifice after death. Struck with a consciousness, too, that I had not attained to any post or employment in the other world above that of a simple weaver, I was preparing, with some reluctance, to travel farther on to seek the habitations of the spirits that had moved in my own humble sphere of life, when the governor of the academy again made his appearance; who, as I should have mentioned before, was no other than Death himself.

“ You have been loitering here some time (said he) Mr. Slender. A moment’s reflection might teach you that these apartments were not designed for men of your level. Cast your eyes to the door of every chamber in this academy, and you will find no other names written thereon than those of the sages, and heroes, and geniuses of antiquity. You cannot make any pretensions to be equal to the most insignificant among them; retire therefore, without delay, and advance farther on towards the hovels belonging to the *men of the loom* in yonder forest.”

GREAT monarch of these silent abodes (replied I) not an individual amongst the dead can be more deeply conscious of his meanness and incapacity than him that now has the honor to address you. All the favour I have to ask before I depart hence to mingle with the weavers of antiquity, is, that some few of these doors may be opened, and that I may have a transient view of those ancient sages, of whom I heard so much talk among the men of sentiment in the other world.—

“ Almost all the better sort that come hither, answered the superintendant of the academy, have made the same request. And I would willingly gratify the curiosity

riosity of all, were it not that the far greater part of these men; especially the philosophers, are of a bashful and solitary turn: and more than that, they are (as in the other world) almost continually at their studies, hate company, and above all things, cannot endure to be stared at.—However, as I do not recollect that any *weaver*, excepting yourself, has ever made a similar request, I will, in some measure, gratify your wish. You shall not only have a sight of them, but some few among them shall *speak*, for your entire and more complete satisfaction.”

He then stamped with his foot, and immediately the door opposite to him flew open, over which was written the name of

LUCIAN, the Rhetorician of Samosata.

As I had in my life time read a translation of this celebrated humourist of antiquity, I had expected to see a merry old fellow, abounding in jokes and laughable conceits.—Judge then what must have been my disappointment, when I saw a little, crabbed looking old man, sitting by a table, and writing something with a steel pen on a tablet of wax.—He is, doubtless, thought I, notwithstanding his serious face, contriving some humorous dialogue. He cannot, however, be employed in ridiculing the popular religion of his country, for the time of his probation has been long expired: he must now be acquainted with the truth, if ever; and it is not likely that a probationary religion can have any toleration in this country, where the condition of the dead is absolutely fixed and unalterable. I then made free to advance further into his apartment, with a view of having some conversation, if possible, with a man that had been so remarkable for his wit; when he instantly caught up his walking stick, and gave me a smart rap over the shoulders, at the same time ordering me to leave the room, as he wished me to know, *that a man is never more seriously inclined*

inclined than at the moment he is contriving a story that will make the world laugh heartily; and that although those ludicrous fables may, in an instant, impart pleasurable ideas to the gay fellows that read them, yet nothing is more certain, than that every thing valuable of this nature is produced amid silence, solitude, and melancholy.—I must confess I felt somewhat hurt by a manner of treatment so different from what I had expected, and that too from one of the first wits of antiquity.—“But I would have you to know, Mr. Slender (said he, laying down his stick) that although I might have been regent of *Alexandria*, yet I was not torn in pieces by dogs, as some have asserted. It is the nature of the busy world on earth to lay a great man in the dust by the most infamous means possible; and I am sorry this idle report has met with so much credit among them as it has. If I ridiculed the gods and philosophy of my age and country; whose systems TIME has at length, also, proved to be false, no one amongst all the dead or living can say, that *I denied the existence of the PROVIDENCE that superintends all things.*”

As I still felt the effects of the rap he had given me over the shoulders, I forbore to make him any reply, and turned my face another way.

THE next apartment that was opened to me was that of

PLATO, the Philosopher of Athens.

I cast my eye full upon this fanciful sophist of antiquity. He was sitting on a bench, and looking horizontally, as if meditating on something future; at the same time holding imaginary dialogues with his master Socrates, who was not present.—“You may think what you will of it, *Socrates*, said he (musing) but I will honestly confess that I was an enemy to the poets, and ordered them to be banished from my visionary commonwealth, only because I failed in my early endeavours to make poems equal to those of Homer, the poet

poet of Chios. I found, also, that the rhapsodists had been before hand with me in involving the mysteries of religion in poetical fables; finding that I could not rival them in this line, all the part that was left me, was to substitute *philosophical* fables in the stead of their *poetical* ones.—And pardon me, Socrates, if I made you argue so long a time in behalf of the immortality of the soul, against the sects that, during my abode upon earth, were retainers to a contrary opinion.—You may remember we talked so long on the subject that we fairly lost ourselves, and only proved at last what you had previously asserted, that “in the other world *we knew nothing*.”——So much candour as the Athenian philosopher discovered in this short soliloquy, could not possibly do otherwise than afford me some degree of satisfaction.—He was, no doubt, a lover of truth, thought I; but he took strange methods to come at it. He reasoned in a *circle* instead of a *right line*. Every step we took in his wringing, we imagined ourselves just within the grasp of the desired object. When we attempted to lay hold of it, we were utterly deceived, and found we had been only entertained with a pleasing flow of fine and flowery language.

I WAS preparing to depart, finding the philosopher to be in a very pensive and melancholy mood; when he again cast his eyes towards something which he imagined to be *Socrates*, and began a discourse upon LOVE.

“LOVE, (said he) my dear Socrates, was the daughter of *Jupiter* and the fine *ether* of the firmament; whereas, the other inferior gods of the celestial nature were only produced from *Jupiter* and the *air*, which you know is a substance of a much grosser quality than the other, and was represented in the Grecian theology by the goddess *Juno*.—LOVE, after passing some time in the courts of Olympus, at length descended to the earth to receive the homage of men,

and by the charms of her person and behaviour so gained upon the affections of mankind, that, from a state of savage ferocity, they soon became a civilized and social race of beings.—After a certain time, Jupiter himself also descended upon the earth, and, of course, several natural children were the consequence of his amours among the daughters of the forests.

“ ONE of these, a female, very much resembled the child *Love*, that was formerly born to him by the fine ether of the firmament, and for that reason he called her by the name of *Desire*, which is of a somewhat similar import. No sooner had this counterfeit beauty grown up to a full age, than she was almost universally preferred to the other by the sons of men; although her features were neither so delicate, her countenance so innocent, her ideas so exalted, or her person throughout possessed of half the elegance and charming simplicity of the other.

THE sky-bred damsel took umbrage at this perversion of taste, and finding that her shrines were deserted, and that mankind in general paid their whole adoration to her sister *Desire*, she resented the neglect, passed most of her time in solitude, and soon after retired to the deserts of the wilderness.—*Love* was afterwards addressed by very few, and when addressed, it was only by those who had nothing but deformity to recommend them.

“ Now, my dear Socrates, as wise a man as you were, you seem not to have made a proper discrimination in your notions of these two deities, or you never would have paid your addresses to Xantippe, who, at best, had nothing more to recommend her than a good person and a fresh complexion. *Love* came from heaven, and is therefore of a celestial nature and origin; *Desire* is from the earth, and, as such, can boast of nothing more than what is earthly.—And what did you see in marriage that could tempt the heart of a wise man? Had you not penetration sufficient to discover that

that human felicity is always prodigiously abated, oftentimes wholly annihilated, by the possession of the desired object? You must have been sensible, from your deep knowledge of human nature, that the hours of courtship, and the minutes while the maid is yet coy, are the pleasantest of a man's whole life; and yet you foolishly abridged the term, and thus all your fine ideas terminated in disgust. Had you continued single, you would have been in love as long as you lived, nor would those charming colours have vanished so speedily, which I fear were, for the most part, obliterated within a month or two after your nuptials. Had it not been for this one false step, I say, you would have been always in love, nor would Xantippe, by means of so unequal a connexion, have been known to posterity, as nothing better than a vixen and tormentor."——Here he ended his speech.

He still retains his old notions of sentimental love, said the superintendant, but his own example did by no means correspond with his doctrines. He chose to live single, it is true, but the virtue of chastity in him was nothing more than mere appearance. Though he was fond upon all occasions to consider Love as a passion in a high degree sentimental, yet his feelings were no other than those of a man. At the very time when he set up his Academy at Athens, and disciples flocked in to him from all parts, I have incontestible proofs that two ladies, *Lasthenia*, the Mantinian, and *Axiathia*, the Philasian, attended his lectures in the habits of men, and passed several hours every night with this very Plato, conversing on subjects very different from those of philosophy, rhetoric, or the moral perfections of the Deity.

THE next door that flew open, in obedience to the signal of the governor, discovered

ALEXANDER, the Hero of Macedon.

His countenance was fierce, daring and disdainful;
and

and I could not avoid noticing on this and other occasions, that the countenances of the personages in this world of the departed, for the most part accorded exactly with the characters that the best historians had given us of their minds in the terrestrial world to which they formerly belonged.

ALEXANDER was engaged in conversation with an odd looking ghost, whom I recollected, from the accounts given of him in history, to be no other than *Diogenes*.—"Tell me now, Sawny, said the Cynic, (with a malicious grin) were you sincere when you said you would wish to be *Diogenes* in preference to all other men, had you not happened to be *Alexander*?"

I WAS so far sincere, replied the conqueror, that, had it not been my lot to be born a king, to rule over and enslave the persons of mankind, I should have wished to have been born a philosopher, that I might, in like manner, *play the tyrant with their minds*.

"BUT, as matters stood, (continued *Diogenes*) you were far from being a wise man. Your boldness and daring exploits have so fascinated the judgments of mankind, that your faults are forgotten in the splendor of the single, and, I had almost said, *brutal* virtue called courage."

I do not recollect that I ever acted like a fool, said the hero.

"YOUR history, however, will afford numberless instances of folly, returned the cynic.—I will not at present mortify you with the mention of more than one. When you had proceeded so far into the burning climates and sands of India, that your army, being in want of almost every thing, had determined to proceed no farther, you foolishly advanced in front of them, and declared that if they did not persevere, you yourself would march on alone to meet the host of the enemy, and encounter them all with your single spear.—Had your soldiers taken you at your word, and suffered you to march forward, how ridiculous yourself and your

your conduct would have appeared!—But Fortune favoured you, and your soldiers were fools enough to be charmed with your desperation.—They followed you, and conquered.

“THE Roman in yonder pavilion, acted with much more caution and prudence in such a dilemma. His army was inclined to desert him on a similar occasion.—*Stay behind, then, in the name of all the gods, said Cesar—I will take the tenth legion, and with them march on to death or victory.*—Here was the policy which you wanted—a spirit of emulation and jealousy was kindled in a moment among the soldiery; and for fear the tenth legion should gain the victory alone, the whole host at once became heroes and volunteers of honour.”

THE door of Alexander's apartment now closed of itself by some invisible direction, and I was, in return, presented with a view of

ARISTOTLE, the Despot in Philosophy.

I was disgusted with this spirit the first moment I beheld him. He had a malignant vivacity in his eyes, that plainly proved he was choleric and impatient of contradiction. He seemed to be engaged in the instruction of a number of pupils in the mysteries of the invisible nature; but it was easy to perceive that his ancient dogmatical spirit still remained. He dealt altogether in positives, confessed himself ignorant of nothing, advanced numerous opinions without thought or reflection, and had afterwards the impudence to defend them, simply because he had so advanced them.—I turned from him with disgust, and was in the next place presented with a view of

HOMER, the Poet of Chios.

He did by no means resemble the first of the human species in shape and features. On the contrary, his appearance was rather vulgar, and far from engaging; and I was even inclined to doubt, whether this could really be the man that had composed the Iliad and the
Odyssey,

Odyſſey, till the governor of the Academy, perceiving my ſurpriſe, deſired me not to diſtruſt the reality of the representation. This is the genuine poet of Chios, ſaid he: you ſee him now juſt as he appeared when he had completed his two grand performances, and was about ſixty-five years of age.——“ In my opinion, ſaid I, Mr. Governor, this poet has attracted ſo much notice in the world rather by the beauty of his expreſſion than by the ſolidity and depth of his knowledge. Yet his works have produced legiſlators and philoſophers, ſaints and heroes, and his various pictures of life are faithfully copied. His religion is to this day the religion of the human heart. We ſecretly love his theology upon earth from a principle inſeparable from human nature, *becauſe his gods are like ourſelves*, and ſimilitude always begets affection.” I then turned round to accoſt the poet, and, contrary to my expectation, found him affable and talkative.

If an everlaſting remembrance amongſt the nations of mankind can at all gratify the ſouls in this ſtate, ſaid I, you, illuſtrious bard, cannot be otherwiſe than completely happy. Who would ſet a life of poverty and hardſhip in competition with a tomb over which was written—*Here lies the man, for the honour of whoſe birth ſeven capital cities of Greece contended!*

“ You are miſtaken, ſtranger, ſaid the poet, if you imagine that what is called *fame* among men has any influence upon the condition of the dead. It is true, the recollection of thoſe charming ideas that paſſed through my mind when I wrote the Iliad and Odyſſey, ſtill afford me ſomething like pleaſure; but the fame that has accrued is nothing. How dearly, too, did I pay, while upon earth, for what in itſelf was no ſolid ſatisfaction. I was born in a rude and barbarous country, where men were yet ſo much inclined to the ſavage nature, that priſoners of war were always either ſacrificed to the gods, or reduced to a ſtate of ſlavery. I ſpent the bright days of my youth in

in acquiring the knowledge of arts, sciences and languages among the philosophers of Egypt; I afterwards applied myself to travelling, and passed many years in wandering from place to place, to observe what I could of men and manners, the variegated face of nature, and the progress of the arts in different nations.

BUT still, this was nothing but infelicity, and while I was endeavouring to acquire the knowledge and ideas of a God, I lost that share of content and satisfaction which is usually allotted to a man. When I found myself arrived to a maturity of judgment and observation to set about my two great poems, my best days were gone, the sun had passed the meridian, and I found myself verging rapidly towards old age and misery. Thus cruelly did Nature deal with me upon earth. After infusing into my veins a portion of the warm blood of Apollo, she left me to sink into the dust with as little regard as she had previously shewn to *Irus* and *Thersites*.—Old age and poverty, with the superadded calamity of blindness, overtook me at last, and it was with the greatest difficulty I subsisted at all by singing fragments of my poems through the several cities of Greece. It has been reported upon earth, that I had a conference with *Lycurgus*, the legislator of Sparta, upon the subject of legislation. It was no such thing. That severe lawgiver was too deeply intoxicated with his own opinions to pay much regard to the fancies and fictions of a retailer of *Rhapsodies*.—Nay, I was not even his cotemporary. Possibly, however, I justly merited all the mischiefs I suffered. I disguised many matters in my poems with the real truth of which the world had a right to be acquainted in after times. Amongst these it may be worth while to mention, that *Ulysses* might have returned home in less than the tenth part of ten years, had *Penelope* been really the model of conjugal virtue I have pictured her. Alas, poor man; that was not his case!—She was, in fact, one of the most noted termagants and jilts

jilts of her age, and the poor wanderer remained abroad ten years after the destruction of Troy, for no other reasons than that he might be out of the hearing of her tongue, and not be mortified with repeated instances of her infidelity."

THERE was something so pleasing in the ideas and language of this man of Chios, that I thought I could have remained a century in his apartment without weariness, provided he would continue talking.—He then seemed to recollect himself, and thus went on—

"THERE was Helena, too, the wife of Menelaus. The critics have found great fault with the Grecian States for having involved themselves in a long and desperate war on account of an idle woman, whom they had much better have left in possession of the Trojans. Possibly their notions may be just; but, if I am rightly informed, many wars have been declared since my time upon equally trifling provocations.—You will admire, perhaps, at the conduct of this princess. What (you will say) could have induced her to leave her husband and her friends, a crown, a palace, and whatever was most flattering to the human heart, to follow a stranger into the small territory of Priam, over which his numerous tribe of elder brothers made it extremely improbable he should ever have any the least dominion? As I have not given the true reason in my poems, I will now candidly acknowledge what was the real cause of the preference she gave the Trojan. *Menelaus, her husband, was considerably advanced in years, and wore blue garments. Paris, on the contrary, was a young fellow, and never appeared habited in any other than superfine scarlet. That circumstance was sufficient to turn the scale of female affection in his favour.*"

HERE the governor stamped with his foot, and the door instantly closed. You must have no further conversation with Homer, said he; what he has been telling you, are secrets that ought not to be divulged for
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the honour of antiquity, as well as of his own poems.
—The next ghost I saw, was

ARCHIMEDES, the Geometrician of Sicily.

“THEY may deny it, if they please, said he; but Syracuse would have submitted much sooner to the Romans than it did, had it not been for my machines. As to the burning glasses, I did really contrive something of that sort too, but the historian told a lie, when he informed posterity that I set the Roman galleys on fire therewith. I remember it was with some difficulty that I only singed off one of the eyebrows of an inhabitant of Agrigentum, for which he would have taken my life, had I not instantly slipped out of his way.”

If this man lived at lodgings in Syracuse, said I, they could certainly afford to entertain him at a cheap rate. I remember to have heard that his mind was generally so absorbed in deep study that he would frequently forget to eat his victuals for days together; and when the city was at last taken, he was so intent upon resolving a geometrical figure in his Museum, that he knew nothing of the matter, and chose rather to be cut to pieces by a soldier than leave his favorite study. Such conduct would be ridiculed in a common fabricator of almanacs in modern times; yet in Archimedes, the ancient, it is reckoned praise worthy. But I am of opinion the investigation of truth is scarcely worth a man's pains, when it so occupies the mind as to suspend all regard for self preservation—

[The remainder of this piece is wanting.]

VI. ROBERT SLENDER'S IDEA OF A VISIT TO A MODERN GREAT MAN.

FROM my earliest childhood I ever entertained a secret disgust for *great* men, and had even a sincere hatred to *big* men, till accident discovered to me that the terms were not always synonymous.

I owe this ridiculous prejudice to one *David Doomsday*, the constable of the village in which I was born, who was long reckoned the greatest man in those parts; one branch of his business having been to whip petty criminals, and put disorderly persons in the stocks.

SINCE I have arrived at maturer age, I have not seen much reason to alter my opinion in regard to the generality of the great men of the vulgar.

WHEN we pay a visit to one of these great men, the first thing or idea that particularly strikes us, is the great man's tacit confession of his own real littleness by the magnitude of his buildings.—An everlasting solitude reigns in the front of his dwelling; his doors are forever shut, over whose inhospitable threshold the repeated voice of a surly knocker can with much ado procure an admittance.—No honest house dog advances to the marble steps to welcome the friendless stranger to a participation of the pleasures within; a snarling cur is only seen *at a distance*, within a gate, betraying himself, from his behaviour, to be as much a *puppy* as his master. Every thing wears the appearance of fordid selfishness, and every thing informs you that the rawdry daughters of equipage, and the strutting sons of fortune, are only *welcome* here.

BUT supposing we should be so happy as to make them hear us. The great man himself does not deign

to advance to the door to receive you. A waiting man, or a pimp, or a sycophant, or a dependant, or a private secretary is sent, at the summons of the knocker, to be informed what you want, or to know who you are. If you are, apparently, of no great consequence, he keeps the lowermost of the two doors shut to, cautiously pulls the other scarcely half open, and then holds parley with you.

Now, may he suffer all the tortures of *Tantalus*, who first contrived this inhospitable sort of doors.

THE fellow tells you a thousand lies, or makes a thousand lying excuses, rather than let you in. At last, by collecting the resolution and impudence of a devil, you intimidate him. He then unbolts the lower door, with a very ill will, and in you step.—The cieling returns a hollow sound, like that of a vault.—The floor is of mahogany, lately rubbed over with wax. In spite of all your care, your shoes have soiled it, and you may of consequence assure yourself that the lady of the house, at least, is your enemy forever.

THAT is not the worst of it neither; a mahogany floor rubbed over several times with wax never fails to assume a devilish slippery quality. Your shoes or boots being hard and unpliant, your foot-hold deceives you, and you tumble along at full length upon the floor.

THE whole house is instantly alarmed. The lap dog runs out in a rage to seize you by the throat—and it is with some difficulty that you are able at last to disengage yourself, and recover your legs.

THE porter then walks slowly on before you through a long dreary entry, and at the same time treads so lightly that you can scarcely hear him at all. At length you arrive at the back parlour, or at the dining room, or at the study.—The great man nods with his head.

YOU look all around, and are amazed that the furniture is for show only and not for use. The bottoms or seats of the great man's chairs are of wrought damask, or red velvet.—Heaven forbid, cry you, that
my

my weather beaten posteriors should come into contact with these curious and ingenious devices!—The weather is very cold—You immediately conclude that the great man must be of a very warm constitution, inasmuch as his whole fire place and hearth are scarcely of the dimensions of a country chaffing-dish!—But, he certainly deems himself a very great man, nevertheless, for yonder hang a couple of pier glasses each full eight feet in length. His size must certainly be in proportion thereto.

He is at breakfast—instead of asking you to sit down and partake with him, he, in a surly tone, and with a heavy countenance, demands your business in that place?—

No sooner have you made an effort to speak, or force out half a dozen words, than he catches up a newspaper and reads something to his wife.

You make another effort, but by the time you have articulated ten words more, in comes one of his clerks with a pen sticking behind his ear, and a long piece of writing in his hand.

THEY fall to examining of it, and in all appearance the examination will be tedious enough—You find yourself agreeably deceived, however, as they finish in something less than two hours.

THE clerk then walks off, and you renew your applications.—Fifteen words and an half are now uttered on your part—when a loud rap is heard at the door. *A loud rap at the door (sayeth Jacob Boehman) always betokeneth importance in him that rappeib.*—Away runs the house dog, lap dog, and footman.—The footman instantly returns with word, that “the lieutenant governor has urgent business with the great man, and must speak with him in less than ten minutes!”

Now, very likely, all this is nothing more than a villainous contrivance to get rid of you; but how are you to know that, Mr. Shovelshoes!

THE very mention and idea of the lieutenant-govern-

nor strikes you dumb.—The great man desires you to call on him at some other time, a week or two hence, as he is very busy at present on other matters.

You either make no reply, or your remonstrances avail nothing—Invain you tell him that you have travelled two hundred miles on foot, on purpose to settle this business—Invain do you put him in mind that you have but twenty shillings in your pocket, and cannot of course remain above three days longer in the city!—He is deaf to all this—you are conducted into the street a short way through a back door—the door is slammed after you, and you walk sullenly away, fretting and swearing, and wishing all great men to the devil.

THE above is a true idea of a plebeian visit to a modern great man—*experto crede Roberto.*

VII. A DISCOURSE UPON LAW.

HE that draws the picture, or cuts out of wood or marble, the image of a toad or serpent, or any other hideous or loathsome animal or reptile, is not to be blamed, however disagreeable the object may be to our senses, provided it be a true representation of nature. In the same light is he to be considered, who represents mankind as they really are, not what self love prompts them to believe themselves to be.—

When I assert that *men are naturally enemies to each other*, many will startle at the idea, but the truth of such an opinion has been confirmed by the experience of several thousand years. In those combinations of men, called societies, families, and nations, although they have found it necessary to unite together for their mutual safety or convenience, yet even *there* the mutual propensity

penalty to warfare breaks out, and discovers itself continually. The clown wars with his fist, the woman with her broomstick, the gentleman with his sword and pistol; but they who are willing to keep whole bones, and yet cannot help being at enmity with others, go to law.

I WAS led into this train of reflections by attending to the whimsical, though not very uncommon disposition of a person residing in the neighbourhood of my lodgings, whose character and practice remarkably confirms what I have been saying. He is now in his sixty-sixth year, and has been constantly in a state of juridical warfare, as he frankly confesses, ever since he came to the age of twenty-one, and was capable of suing and being sued. It is certain, also, that he has kept a regular journal of the last five and forty years of his life, which I have been gratified with a sight of, thro' the favour of a friend; and must confess, it is one of the most extraordinary performances that ever fell under my notice. Previous to this, I had been in the man's company five or six times, and was as often mortified and vexed to find that his whole conversation was nothing but a dull recapitulation of his own triumphs or losses, his casting or being cast, his suing or being sued,

WHEN I saw his Journal or diary, however, I was no longer at a loss how to account for the peculiarity of his conversation. To gratify my readers, I shall give them an abstract of one week's transactions.—

"JUNE 10, 1784. Heard that *Robert Woodpecker* walked across my fields with a gun on his shoulder.—

Mem. To endeavour to get sufficient evidence, so as to proceed on a prosecution for damages in a court of justice.——11th. Caught *Eliakim Carlefs*, the pedlar, in the fact of leaving the gate open on my land in the country—had thoughts of capturing him, but considered, that by smothering my resentment I might sue him and recover damages.——12th. Took up my

my neighbour Gregory's grey nag in the atrocious act of reaching his neck and head through the fence, to eat my fresh grass.—Quere, Whether it is not actionable *at law*, as being a trespass?—pounded the aggressor, and expect the *law* will allow me damages, at least against that part of the horse, which was within the inclosure.—June 13th. Charged Robert Woodpecker with the heinous crime of walking over my lands with a gun on his shoulder, thereby breaking the peace.—He pleads that the gun had no lock—Quere again, Whether a gun without a lock is not a gun to all intents and purposes in the eye of the law, inasmuch as, in default of a lock, it may be discharged with a match—and whether the true nature and definition of a gun lies not rather in the breech, barrel, stock and ram-rod than in the lock?—14th. Rode twenty miles this day to take out a summons for Eliakim Careless.—Quarrell'd with 'squire Goosecap, the justice of the peace, who refused to issue the summons, under pretence that I was a wrangling fellow.—*Mem.* To complain to his superiors.—June 15th. Received four shillings and sixpence as a compensation for the damages done by my neighbour Gregory's grey nag, on Tuesday last.—At the same time horsewhipped a lame beggar for having the impudence to ask me for two pence.—16th. Shot a strange pig trespassing within my inclosures, which we had for dinner this day, being Saturday.—Note, the *law* says, No swine shall be suffered to run at large, &c."

How happy is it for the world, that this man was not born an absolute monarch! what bloody and rancorous contests would he not have occasioned among the subjected herd of mankind!—His head is full of chicanery, evasions, quibbles, distinctions without a difference, crotchets and catches. He talks of little else but writs of *hæri facias*, *venditioni expanas*, arrests, adjournments, prosecutions, judgments, courts of judicature, pleas, petit and grand juries, dockets, reports,

ports, certificates, errors in judgment, fees, jail delivery, demurrers, actions, causes, ejectments, and the like; which he cannot entirely forget, even in his sleeping moments. In that silent season, when one might reasonably suppose the mind, for variety's sake, would incline to dwell upon a new set of ideas, he, as I am credibly informed, pleads causes with wonderful facility, method and regularity; collects the evidence, examines witnesses, and has even been known to rise up in his bed, and, with his eyes shut, deliver a very sensible and pathetic charge to a jury.

BUT the worst part of my story is yet to come.— This singular person has, from being possessor of a plentiful estate in the country, reduced himself, by the unhappy irascibility of his temper, very near to a state of beggary, and has latterly been, in a manner, compelled to be at peace, merely because he could not find money to keep his lawyers in pay.

Two days ago I had the misfortune to fall under the lash of his displeasure, in walking the street, by accidentally treading with the heel of my shoe on one foot of his favourite spaniel. The poor animal's toes, it must be confessed, were considerably bruised, and bled very freely; which I must confess gave me real pain, as I am naturally compassionate, and sincerely feel for the sufferings and miseries of the brute creation, more especially when they are occasioned by any fault or neglect of my own: but as this disaster was perfectly accidental, I thought myself excuseable, so far, at least, as after having apologized for the crime, not to be attacked with ill language, or illiberal threats, on so trifling an occasion. But this lover of *law* hearing the dog howl and groan piteously, rushed out in a moment, and, seizing me by the collar, threatened to sue for *damages* immediately, unless I made ample amends upon the spot for the crime I had committed, which he said he doubted not would be considered and treated in any court as no less than an *action of assault and battery*.

tery. Had you been *non compos mentis*, continued he, it would have been a very different affair—since it is a maxim in law, that *insanus non capax mali*, a mad-man cannot be found guilty of a crime, because he is not capable, by reason of his idiotism, to make a proper discrimination in his ideas of good and evil.

I LISTENED to this piece of learning with some attention, and having informed the angry man that I had trodden on the dog's foot inadvertently, assured him nevertheless that I was sorry for it; that no man, not even the owner of *Spado*, was more a friend to dogs than myself, and finally, apprehending the wound was but slight, hoped he would not give himself or me, any farther trouble about a matter of so little consequence, or apparent danger to the patient.

“ You have confessed, then, that you are guilty of the fact—very good—had you held your tongue, the whole proof of the crime would have lain upon me, as plaintiff—now I have you at my mercy, and the mercy of the *law*.”

To cut the matter short, I desired to be informed what sum would satisfy him by way of compensation for the supposed damage, and if his estimation was reasonable, assured him I would cheerfully pay it on the spot.

“ IT would be a bad precedent, replied he, and upon considering the matter, I do not see how I could answer it to my conscience, or my country, to let such flagrant offences go unpunished by the *laws* of the land,—the damages, sir, must be estimated by the proper judicial authority, and I am inclined to think they will be very considerable.—If you cannot discharge them, together with the cost, after sentence is pronounced, or the jury have given in their verdict, you must be held in custody till the *law* discharges you therefrom. So, unless you can procure bail and security for your appearance on the next court day, I desire you will walk into this apartment (pointing to a little dark
I i chamber)

chamber) till I send for one of the city bailiffs, who will conduct you to, and safely keep you in, the common prison, till you are set at liberty by due course of law."

NOTWITHSTANDING my natural moderation, I raised up my staff in a menacing manner, and was about to retort with some severity upon the head and shoulders of the litigant, when on a sudden, my prosecutor shrunk back, and began to look with anxious eagerness at some distant object through an eye glass, and presently after turned as pale as albes. He then left me, and rushed into the back apartment of his dwelling, first barring up his doors and windows with all possible expedition. I soon found that one of his creditors was hard by, with a bailiff and a writ of debt, which relieved me from any farther altercation with this troublesome, litigious piece of nature's workmanship.

PRACTITIONERS of the law are either standing subjects of ridicule, or else of severe satire in all nations where they are encouraged. A certain author says, *Theologis animum subjecit lapsus Adami, et medicis corpus, et bona juridicis*; that is, the fall of Adam has given our souls into the hands of the clergy, our bodies to the physicians, and our estates to the lawyers. If there be any truth in this observation, society must reproach itself only for having given birth to the evil called a lawyer; since it is plain that if mankind were not naturally as well as habitually quarrelsome, and unjust in their dealings with each other, there would be no more necessity for lawyers than there would be for physicians, were all men so constituted by nature as to enjoy perpetual health and vigour.

It has ever been my opinion, that the artificial perplexities, trifling distinctions, studied uncertainties, and the vexatious delays of the law, all have their use and advantages to the public. The man that goes to law with his neighbour angrily, (and there are few
that

that do otherwise) would in the same heat of passion, or by the same habitual irascibility of disposition, kill or maim his opponent, if he durst, in this hour of resentment and keen sensibility and conviction of being wronged. The mischief, thus occasioned, would be fatal and irretrievable, but not so the mischiefs committed by going to law, since the applications of the *arm* and of the *tongue* are so widely different in their effects. During the tedious process of the civil court, the violent resentful passions get time to cool, affairs are often compromised by the consent of the persons at variance, the utmost stretch and rigour of justice is dispensed with, and by the time both parties are pretty well tired of verbal contention, and their pockets sufficiently drained, they sit down revenged, if not satisfied, with the consideration that one has ruined the other—and by having the world to begin again, may both, perhaps, prove more useful to the public than if they had retained their estates.

VIII. LIGHT, SUMMER READING:

Which may possibly please such as have a true taste for modern Novels.

S E C T. I.

IN the youthful part of my life, I remember I passed several months very agreeably in one of the *Summer islands*, having lodged, during my stay, in the house of a man, who went constantly habited in a *white linen coat*.

We were one day taking a walk together, and had trudged on a long way through tall groves of cedar, and diminutive plantations of cotton, till we came to

an arm of the sea, which separated the *one* we were on from another of the larger *islands* of this cluster.— When we had crossed it, and travelled about a mile farther, we came in sight of a solitary building, situated in the midst of a thick wood, and to all appearance, remote from any other habitation.

THE garden was walled in with stone, and we could see that it produced cabbages, roots of a name I shall not mention, sour and sweet oranges, limes, lemons, onions, and a profusion of elegant, exotic as well as aboriginal, flowers. On the side adjoining the thickest part of the wood we saw a few goats and kids, a cow tied to a cedar tree by a rope made of palmetto leaves, and a horse confined to the trunk of a fig-tree by the same kind of tether.

“ THIS, said my conductor, is the habitation of the once admirable MARCIA. She would still be every way charming, were it not that her mind has imbibed a melancholy tint from the solitary aspect of her habitation.”

JUST as he finished these words I looked over the garden wall, and saw a beautiful young person sitting in a thoughtful attitude in the shade of a large orange tree. Her head was reclined upon her hand, a muslin handkerchief hung negligently over her left arm, and a garland of flowers lay neglected at her feet.

BUT is it possible (said I to the man in the white linnen coat) that the simple situation of this rural retreat could have alone produced so uncommon a degree of melancholy in a person every way so adorable?

It has lately been whispered about, replied he, that a certain student from another island, who is now in Europe, told her some fine stories two or three years ago, that are still woefully fresh in her remembrance. Her disordered imagination represents him as perpetually returning, and yet always absent. She has figured him as the very paragon of excellence, such a one as never appeared upon this earth before, and will
hardly

hardly ever be seen again. Strange infatuation, that a little smattering of Latin, a smoothness of tongue, an unmeaning eye, a handsome leg, and a large quantity of ridiculous small talk, should have thus commanded her whole attention, and produced such unaccountable effects!—She has considered this fellow as something so uncommon, that when the fit of delirious melancholy hangs more heavily than usual upon her mind (and which is, for the most part, the case at the new and full moons) she is constantly enquiring for the *young man with the green eyebrows*.—Her disconsolate parents are still living: she is their only child, and as their hopes were centered in her welfare, her present situation is to them far more afflicting than death itself.

PRAY, gentlemen, said the crazy lady (looking over the wall at us, with an air of sudden recollection) have you seen the young man with the green eye brows?

Nor I, replied the man in the white linnen coat, but they say he is on his way home.

Mr dreams did not deceive me, then, (answered she) I saw him last night walking with a candle and lantern across the woods: but he was at a great distance, and when I called to him, he would not even deign to cast a look towards me.

SHE had scarcely uttered these words, when she hurried away, and concealed herself from our view in a thick cluster of lime shrubs and coffee trees.

“Now this is all a piece of fancy (continued the man in the white linnen coat) the person about whom she is so anxious, and in whose real return she is, no doubt, considerably interested, is not an ace better than other people. His fortune indeed, is greater than what has fallen to her share; he has a vast number of acres of thrifty cedar trees, and she has but a few.—When he found she gave him the preference to a numerous crowd of suitors, he ought not to have persuaded himself that sordid interest was her only motive,

since that was infinitely below the divinity of her character. Instead of giving her his hand, and indeed she should have done him by far the greatest honour, he wrote a cold, unanimated piece of philosophy, which he addressed to this charming creature, recommending to her, *patience and resignation to the divine will!*"

THE solitary Marcia now made her appearance again, with a small cage in her hand, inclosing a beautiful Canary bird.

THERE have been several requests and applications made to me of late (said she) to set this little fellow at liberty, and among the rest, a very polite copy of verses, in which the bird himself threatens to leave this world for a better, if I do not forthwith release him from his confinement; but I am resolved not to let him go for fear he also should take it into his head never to return!

HAVING said this, she burst into tears, and retired again to her orange tree.

WHAT a pity it is (said I) that she, whom nature seems to have formed in one of her kindest moods, in respect to shape, features and sentiment, should nevertheless have been left so easily liable to such a derangement in the nerves of the brain!

THIS I take to be one of those accidental events (replied the man in the white linnen coat) which cannot be foreseen or avoided. Nature has ever been at variance with fate and accident. The web she has so admirably wrought, is at the same time of so fine and delicate a thread, that every little petulant fly can break through it at pleasure. The most curious and complicated machines, such as clocks and watches, are most easily put out of order, and then the hand on the dial points to *six* when it is *twelve*, or runs the whole circuit of a dozen hours in as many minutes: whereas the corn mill, or the smoke jack will perform what is expected from them for years, without any considerable deviation from the purpose of the artist.— A small blow on the skull is sufficient either to render

us complete idiots or destroy us altogether, and the slightest impression upon the nerves of the heart does oftentimes generate a confusion in the whole human machine that no skill can rectify.—On what precarious terms do we enjoy the beams of yonder sun!—Nay (continued he) we are all more or less affected with idiotism at times. Do not fogs and clouds produce a heaviness and melancholy temper in the mind, which nothing but the clear beams of the great luminary can dissipate. If a little air thickened into storms and vapours can thus easily discompose that frail substance called the soul, how can it possibly withstand, unmoved, the fatal effects of what it esteems to be, and what oftentimes are, the real evils of life.—The mind, also, is liable to derive a melancholy hue from melancholy objects, with which it happens to be too intimately connected; like the winged insect that always assumes the colour of the substance upon which it feeds; or like the cabbages I planted last year in the same field with my tobacco, which tasted so strongly of the bitter *Indian weed*, that they became wholly useless.

S E C T. II.

SEVERAL weeks had now elapsed without our thinking any more about the disconsolate *Marcia*, when, to the best of my remembrance, about the middle of the month of September, we again, in one of our walks inadvertently paid a visit to the solitary habitation which had before attracted our notice.—We looked over the stone fence of the garden for some minutes, to catch, if possible, a sight of her under her favourite orange tree; but she was not there. A book only lay open by the side of a rose bush, which we supposed she had been reading; and here and there a leaf seemed to have been folded down; doubtless, for the more readily finding such striking passages as had engaged her attention for a review—But we were not
near

near enough to examine the title, or to discover from any other circumstance what book it might be.

As the weather was extremely warm, we at last concluded to advance toward the mansion house, which stood at the opposite side of the garden, to rest a little, and refresh ourselves with a draught of cool cistern water.

UPON our knocking, an old man appeared at the door, whom we took to be the gardener, or rather the superintendant of the affairs of the little plantation, and who, after some casual discourse, informed us that *Marcia* had been removed several days before to a distant part of the island, with a view of recovering her health and senses by a change of air and objects.

WE then, by leave of the superintendant, took a walk into the garden, and having advanced up to the seat under the sweet orange tree, we found the book we had seen to be no other than a *Poem*, in blank verse, upon the *misery of man, the brevity and infelicity of life, and the certainty of death*.

“NEXT to half a dozen idle love romances I could name (said the man in the white linnen coat) this is one of the most dangerous books I know of to put into the hands of young people naturally inclined to pensiveness or a depression of spirits.—Where it is much attended to, it hardly ever fails to deject and darken the mind with its melancholy and dismal *prospects* of what is, and ever has been the lot of man; and the high colouring of *which* can only tend to make us more miserable, and dissatisfied, in proportion as they are more faithfully copied from the gloomy side of nature. Give me but one glimpse of the beauties of the visible creation and I will consider ages of darkness and oblivion as the easiest of all compensations for that momentary view of so glorious a display of wonders. Life can be nothing else than a curse to that man, who finds in himself a disposition to harp continually on the bass-string of its misery. It was either
a weak-

a weakness in judgment, or a naturally dark and sple-
netic habit of mind that could have put the author
upon composing a work, which is, for the most part
as stiff and harsh in its numbers, as it is sad and dreary
in its colours.—Alas, poor Marcia! I am much afraid
this *melancholy book*, altho' it has little or nothing to
do with love, has nevertheless contributed, in some
degree, to spread that gloom over her elegant mind,
which shall now cloud it forever!—As it is the most
ridiculous thing in the world to carry the romantic
ideas of juvenile love and fondness into common or
married life, so it is a most ungrateful temper of mind
to expect more from nature than ever she intended to
give, and thereby lose also the enjoyment of what she
has given; or to look for the gardens of paradise in a
wilderness of weeds. Mankind were certainly design-
ed for activity and the severe labours of the rural and
commercial life: these are most capable of dissipating,
or rather, preventing melancholy, and reconciling us
to our condition. As men deviate from the original
plan and purpose of nature, and herd together in cities
and cloisters, and become effeminate and sedentary,
they cannot be otherwise than wretched accordingly.
But this is not the fault of nature.

“ To lament the decay of man or the fatality of
accident, as something foreign to ourselves, is no less
inconsistent and absurd. Look at yonder forest: how
fair and flourishing it appears; how green, how delight-
ful!—yet all this proceeds from decay itself, and with-
out it the whole face of nature would soon wear the
wrinkles of decrepit old age.—If we had been designed
for a race of splenetic melancholy creatures, this earth,
no doubt would only have been enlightened by a moon,
or some other sickly planet of a similar nature, whose
feeble and reflected rays might have been congenial
with the heavy heart.—Has yonder sun (first bright
image of the deity) any connexion with gloom and
sadness? How cheerfully he rises from the ocean, and
what

what a blaze of magnificent splendour does he drive before him!—What a lively verdure does his creative influence display upon this *spot* of earth, and with what pleasure does the eye, which is not deluded by a sickly imagination, behold it!—Nature has been by far more attentive to us than we are willing to acknowledge. The delightful sky-blue of the firmament is by no means the effect of chance. A curious composition of *air* and *water* has given it that charming azure, which it is impossible to look up at and be sad. Without it the sun, the moon, and stars would appear to be fastened upon the shadows of death; and the lands and the seas, as well as the minds of all men and animals would inevitably sympathize with the horrid gloom.”

THE man in the white linnen coat was here interrupted in his harangue by the sudden appearance of a tall young man at the other end of the garden, whom we discovered standing under a fig tree, and was very seriously etching something on the bark with his pen-knife.—I enquired of my friend who this might be, or what view he could have in being so busily engaged in that manner?

“I HAVE seen him several times before, replied my friend; but, except from hearsay, I know very little more of him than that he has been some short time on these islands, and has already spoiled more young trees with his whimsical inscriptions, than he ever will, perhaps, be able or willing to pay for.—They tell me he is not only half mad himself, but is likewise extravagantly fond of mad people; and frequently sends verses to this same *Marcia*, which, most people think, serve only to increase her insanity.—The following has been handed to me as a specimen of the manner in which he writes:

TO MARCIA.

SMIT by the charms of thy bright eyes,
 When I, *Marcella*, fondly gaze,
 Strange feelings in my bosom rise,
 And passion all my reason sways ;
 Worlds I would banish from my view,
 And quit the gods, to talk with you.

The smile that decks your fading cheek
 To me a heavy heart declares,
 When you are silent I would speak,
 But cowardice alarms my fears :
 All must be heaven that you do prize,
 As all is death that you despise.

When, wandering in the evening shade,
 I shar'd her pains, and felt her grief,
 A thousand tender things I said,
 But she would grant me no relief :
 When from her hair I brush'd the dew,
 She sigh'd, and said—'tis not for you.

When drooping, dull, and almost dead
 With fevers brought from sultry climes,
 She would not hold my fainting head,
 But recommended me some rhymes
 On patience, and on fortitude,
 And other things, less understood.

When aiming to engage her heart
 With verses from the muses stock ;
 She fate, regardless of my art,
 And counted seconds by the clock :
 And thus, she cry'd, shall verse decay ;
 And thus the world shall pass away !

When languishing upon her bed,
 (No longer fond of India gowns)
 I came—and while the parson read
 Of chrystal skies and coral crowns,

She

She bade me at a distance stand,
And lean'd her head upon her hand.

So drooping hangs the fading rose
When summer sends the driving shower,
So to the grave *Marcella* goes,
Her whole duration but an hour :
Who shall oppose the sad decree,
Or what, fair maid, recover thee !

Such honour in her spirit dwells,
Such virtues in her bosom reign,
That now with pride *my jerkin swells*,
To think I have not liv'd invain,
Since slighting all the sages knew,
I learn philosophy from you.

“ He is now, I will engage to say, engraving the initial letters of her name on the rind of that unfortunate fig tree ; and I am told he constantly avoids the sensible and the gay, to come here and converse with this melancholy creature. What a strange perversion of mind ; to be attracted by reason in ruins, and captivated by a disordered brain !—He has ever been unfortunate himself ; perhaps her similar destiny is the cause of his regard. He pretends to be proprietor of a small island among the *Lucayas*, in which they say there is a great deal of money, formerly buried there by the pirates. He has made several voyages with an intention to take possession of it, but has never been able to succeed ; and the very last time he visited it he was attacked by some armed fishermen, driven off, and narrowly escaped with his life.—I am informed also, he has some little smattering of education ; but few or none have ever been the better of it, as he continues long in no one place ; having found it full as necessary, I suppose, to know something of the world as inhabited by the moderns, as to have read the classical accounts preserved in the writings of the ancients.—At present he passes most of his time here in rambling
up

up and down among the cedars, composing poems and elegies, instead of the more usual method of killing care by the aid of the bottle."

INDEED, said I, it is a wonder he does not take to hard drinking, or some other wicked course, in consequence of these rascally discouragements.

"It is impossible (replied the man in the white linnen coat) for a thinking mind to be very unhappy at any time, or in any circumstances. The imagination is a never failing source of pleasureable ideas, and these supply the absence of agreeable company, and the want of fortune; or lay brighter colours upon the gloomier scenes of life than strict reason has ever been known to deal in. Thus the life of an enthusiast is a pleasing dream, which he at all times, even in the closing moments, recollects with pleasure, because almost every event therein has been touched over by the fine pencil of the imagination; which, like the wand of a magician, transfers every thing that happens in real life to the more agreeable landscapes of an enchanted and fictitious country."

A SMALL wooden pyramid painted white, and almost overgrown with sweet briar and ivy, now attracted our attention to another part of the garden.

WHAT a fertile brain must this fellow possess; (said the man in the white linnen coat) he has been here with his scribbling also! Here are some of the stranger's verses written on a white board with a black lead pencil! If I were sure his *jerkin* was not again introduced, I would beg of you, Mr. Slender, to read them aloud, especially as my own eye sight is rather on the decay.

I OBEYED my patron's injunction: that which first presented itself seemed to be a mere scrap, and was as follows:

MY heart, unmann'd, as this dire whirlwind pass'd,
Sigh'd at the sound, and sunk at every blast. —
Smooth are the seas when victory claims applause,

K k

And

And short the path when love and friendship draws :
 Once I was blest—from cares and dangers free,
 And cross'd this stream to pass an hour with thee;
 Now all is dark!—the heavens their beams deny,
 And clouds perplex, and angry lightnings fly.—
 Then what is life—these suns, with flattering power,
 That smile a moment, and expand the flower;
 Paint every grace, and every charm impart
 To move the fancy, or controul the heart,
 If one dark cloud the fostering beams denies,
 And chills the flower, which thus, like Marcia, dies.

On another side were a few stanzas, which we conjectured were meant to reflect on some former levities of his own, and which had, in all likelihood, reduced him to his present ridiculous situation.

AND I was once a merry lad,
 Not often serious, never sad;
 From house to house I boldly ran,
 And made sweet love to Nell and Nan.

I learnt no art, I knew no trade;
 So, blest was I while summer stay'd—
 No morning plague, no evening care,
 For every day was warm and fair.

Then I was dress'd in jerkin blue,
 And yellow strings were in my shoe,
 Fine ruffles o'er my knuckles fell,
 And Moll, the milk-maid, lik'd me well;

A sword I girded to my waist,
 With belt and buckles—all in taste—
 My buttons gilt, and clouded cane,
 A neckcloth from the looms of Spain,

A silver watch, and chrystal seal
 Suspended by a chain of steel,
 Which often made the ladies say,
 “ He is too rich to run away.”

My

My hat was edg'd with silver lace,
 And diamonds did my fingers grace;
 My scarlet coat, and stockings white,
 Struck *Nan*, the spinster, with delight.
 The neighbours said (I look'd so gay)
 He's only born to sing and play;
 Was ever such a happy man,
 Who takes no care for pot or pan!" —
 But times grew hard, and cash came slow,
 And Moll, the milk-maid, said no, no—
 What comfort then was left for me—
 I quit the chace, and went to sea.

S E C T. III.

WE now took our leave of the venerable keeper of the garden, and pursued our journey in company with an Indian physician, who overtook us on the path-way, walking at a great rate; and, as I afterwards learned, had lately arrived here from the continent with a view of making several medicinal experiments on the constitutions of the inhabitants, particularly *the curing of intermittent fevers by means of strong doses of the essence of tobacco.*

As this man was travelling homeward, he very cordially invited us to spend a day or two with him in his cabin, to which we readily agreed; and had the satisfaction to find him learned not only in the science of roots, herbs, and weeds, but also of considerable knowledge in Indian antiquities and theology.

GROWING weary, however, of his entertainment after the second day; as it consisted of very little more than some dried theology, and a few rolls of strong tobacco; the man in the white linnen coat, in his turn, invited this very learned and hospitable person to accompany us to his dwelling; to which invitation the savage made no objections.

W

WE had not proceeded very far on our way, when we discovered a funeral procession advancing towards us, headed by the parson of the parish in which we were. He was a little man, dressed in black, with a scarf hanging over his left shoulder. Upon enquiry, we found they were proceeding to a church about a league distant, where the corpse they attended was to be deposited.

"AND to whom may this body belong," said the Indian physician, addressing a man that walked in the rear of the procession.

IT is the corpse of the unfortunate Marcia, replied the other, speaking low; she died suddenly yesterday morning, and is now carrying to be interred in the vault of her ancestors.

WE were much affected at this intelligence, as we had hoped to hear of her recovery, instead of her decease.

AT the request of my friend, the man in the white linnen coat, the Indian agreed to attend the funeral along with us, and accordingly we all three fell in among the followers, and travelled on with a slow pace till we came to the scene of interment. The situation was wild and gloomy. Naked rocks, dark cedars, the head of a small lake, and the venerable tombs of the dead completed the scenery.

IT was pity, said I to the singing clerk, (who stood near me) that fate has so ordered matters, that this young creature should depart the world in so very extravagant a condition of mind. Though too many pass their whole lives in a state of insanity, it were to be wished that towards the evening the clouds of frenzy might be dissipated, and the sun of reason set clear.

THE singing clerk looked full in my face, opened his mouth wide, and was about to make some reply, when silence was ordered, that the clergyman might pronounce a speech over the body—But his reverence

stumbled

stumbled at the threshold: he had unluckily forgot his pocket Bible, and could not recollect his *text*.

CANNOT he say something applicable to the melancholy occasion (whispered the Indian) without the formality of taking a *text*?

WERE you to give him three worlds, each as rich as a dozen of the Indies, replied the clerk, you could not get a word out of him upon any other condition.

THE sexton of the parish was then ordered to mount one of the horses, and make the best of his way to the good doctor's house to bring the Bible.

AFTER waiting a full and entire hour, he returned with the vexatious intelligence, that the Bible was not to be found—it was stolen—or, it was hid—or, it had been neglected—or, it was mislaid—or, they knew not what had been done with it.—“More is the pity,” exclaimed the finging clerk.

THE doctor of divinity then mounted the horse himself, apparently with some uneasiness, and set out personally to bring the Bible at all events.

By this time, however, the sun was set, and the whole company stood waiting in anxious expectation of the clergyman's return, 'till darkness had taken possession of the earth; but there was yet no appearance either of the divine or his Bible.

As it is more than probable he cannot find his book, said the man in the white linnen coat, I am positive he will not return at all; and, as it is now almost dark, I am of opinion the sooner the funeral ceremonies are finished the better. The body of the unfortunate Marcia ought not to be deposited in these silent retreats of death without some living token of our respect. She was amiable while living, and notwithstanding the misfortune of a disordered brain and an innocent unsuspecting confidence in another's honour, is, in my way of thinking, no less amiable when dead.—Our friend the Indian will, I know, be complaisant enough on this occasion to give us a few sen-

tences, and then the venerable sexton may proceed to close the scene, and we shall be at liberty to return to our respective homes.

“ This man is not in holy orders,” cried the sexton.

“ He does not wear a black coat or a gown,” said the singing clerk.

“ He has not a grey wig on his head,” observed one of the church wardens.

It is no matter, replied the man in the white linnen coat, he has a plain understanding, has written a treatise on the virtues of tobacco, and knows what is common sense as well as the best of you.

CASTING my eyes at this instant toward the east, I perceived a glimmering among the trees, which proved to be the moon rising, two days after the full. The evening was calm and serene, the dews had already begun to fall, and every thing was hushed except the surge of the ocean, which we could distinctly hear breaking on the rocks of the adjacent coast;—when finding the parish clergyman did not return, the Indian shook the dew from his blanket, stepped boldly upon a tombstone of black marble, and, for reasons best known to himself, preferring the Indian style on this occasion, thus began :

“ INSTEAD of these dismal countenances, why
 “ have we not a feast of seven days ! Instead of the
 “ voice of sorrow, why are not the instruments of
 “ music touched by the hand of skill !—Fair daughter
 “ of the morning, thou didst not perish by slow de-
 “ cays. At the rising of the sun we saw thee ; the
 “ ruddy bloom of youth was then upon thy counte-
 “ nance : in the evening thou wert nothing, and the
 “ pallid complexion of death has taken place of the
 “ bloom of beauty.—And now thou art gone to sit
 “ down in the gardens that are found at the setting of
 “ the sun, behind the western mountains, where the
 “ daughters

“daughters of the white men have a separate place
 “allotted to them by the spirit of the hills. As much
 “as the mind is superior to the body, so much are
 “those charming regions preferable to these which
 “we now inhabit.—Man is here but an image of
 “himself, the representation of an idea that in itself
 “is not subjected to a change.—That which derived
 “its origin from the dust, shall indeed to the dust
 “return, but the fine ethereal substance does not
 “cease to think, and shall be again employed by the
 “immortal gods to put the forms of things in motion.
 “What was thine error?—it was nothing: the bow
 “was too mighty for the string, and the foundation
 “too feeble for the fabric that was built upon it. All
 “shall be right when thou art arrived at the foot of
 “the mountains, where the sound of the wintry
 “winds will not be permitted to reach thee, and the
 “light of the lamp is not extinguished by the sickly
 “blasts of autumn————”

WHAT infernal stuff is this, (exclaimed the clergyman, who at this period of the Indian's discourse had returned on a full gallop, with a large folio bible before him) *what infernal heretical trash is this with which my ears are insulted!—Miscreant, avaunt,* (said he, addressing the Indian) *or I will teach you how to make speeches within the bounds of my jurisdiction.*

THE Indian then modestly stepped down from the tombstone, and the legitimate clergyman took his place. After making a slight apology for his stay, he read his text by the light from a horn lanthorn, which the clerk held up to his nose, and then proceeded to mumble over a written discourse upon the subject he had chosen, and which held him about half an hour.

IN my country, observed the Indian, they would make a more animated speech at the interment of a favourite fox!

THIS

THIS divinity-monger is the angel of our church, answered the man in the white linnen coat, and it is dangerous to criticise upon his productions, especially as he considers every one to be in the wrong who does not precisely fall in with *his own* opinions in matters appertaining to religion.

WEAK men are always arrogant, positive, and self-conceited, replied the Indian—Let us hasten home, whispered the man in the white linnen coat, for the night begins to wear apace.

S E C T. IV.

BEFORE we quitted the precincts of the church yard, we were once more gratified with a view of the crack-brained poet, whom we had before seen cutting inscriptions on the bark of the fig trees. He was at this time walking alone, looking now at the cedars, then at the full moon, and then again repeating verses in praise of *Solitude—companion of the wise and good, but from whose holy searching eye, the herd of fools and willains fly.*

“WELL, said he, the philosophical student may now return from Europe as soon as he pleases, since he has often been heard to say he would never set foot on this land, while Marcia was living.—But remorse and anguish shall be his doom, and a lasting sense of ingratitude, and fruitless reflection upon opportunity lost, and despair, and regret, and the frettings of bachelorism, and pensive melancholy, and pangs of recollection, and solitary walks among the hills, and unavailing sighs when he passes by the garden and the favourite orange tree!—Yes—she is dead—and this most amiable piece of nature’s workmanship is under the absolute dominion of the sexton, whose spade has shut up thousands in these dark abodes, and where he himself shall also retire when the days of his sextonship are accomplished.

“BUT

"BUT why (continued he) need we make so many words about so *trivial* a matter as *the death of Marcia*, inasmuch as she was not mistress of *twenty thousand pounds*?—Besides, such events as these happen almost every day in some one-part of the world or another!—However, her story may answer well enough to tell to the boys and girls, as *their amusement ought to be consulted as well as that of men of sense*:—and let Marcia's epitaph run thus:

YOU, who shall round this tomb your vigils keep,
Wake me, wake me—I do not wish to sleep.
My eyes were always pleasur'd with the day;
Wake me, wake me, for here I dread to stay.
In these dark shadows of our mother ground
Where no sun-beam, or moon's pale ray is found,
Nor gentle music bids poor Marcia weep,
Wake me, wake me—I came not here to sleep."

IX. NARRATIVES, OBSERVATIONS AND ADVICE ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

NATURE has, in many instances, been little better than a severe step-mother to mankind. She has turned us out into a world, where we shall find millions of our own species, that from motives of *necessity* only, will punish us for doing ill, and even for not doing what is right in their opinions only; but very few that will reward us for doing well. Happy, thrice happy, is the cobbler that sits confined and contented in yonder stall! He subsists by the *wants*, not by the good-will of the public, since there is no man, who does not *want* his shoes or his boots mended at least three times in twelve months; and let his fortune lead him into what corner of the earth it may, he is sure of practising an honest, if not a very honourable employment, that of finding the public

public in *foals*;—whereas, the man of refined learning and education can only subsist by the wickedness, the peevishness, the hypocrisy, the idleness, the fears, or the miseries of mankind!

WHEN you are carried before a magistrate to answer for any misdemeanor, whether the *God within you* is conscious of guilt or not, always remember to put a bold face upon the matter, let the consequence be what it may. For, if you hang your head down—if you stammer—if you look at the wall over the magistrate's head, while he examines you—or, on either side of him—or at his shoe buckles—or if you tell the same story two different ways—depend upon it, these little circumstances of guilt will be a considerable weight in the scale to your disadvantage.

THERE can be no natural evil in DARKNESS, since it is nothing more than a negative quality, the mere partial absence of light; and he who walketh in that season cannot thereby displease the great spirit above, whose eye seeth all things, and before whom the veil of night is no disguise.

NIGHT, thou art the season of excellence; and although thy majestic and truly venerable shades may be perverted to the villainous purposes of some individuals, yet it is in the public glare of *day* that the evil deed is designed, and the robber and the murderer contrives his infamous purpose.

NIGHT!—thou art the time of reflection, favourable to the poet and philosopher; the mother of sublime ideas, who didst exist first, and pervaded the unmeasured expanse of the universe long before the substance or the quality called *light* did at all beam forth, except in the comprehension of the *first great cause*. Fools, and idiots, and men destitute of ideas, only shun thee; till aided by a little oil and a wick of cotton they drive thee from their remembrance,

brance, and substitute the song and the dance in the room of thy venerable and truly philosophical shades.

SEVERAL years ago, I remember, there was a certain learned Indian, that travelled up and down the country, making speeches and delivering short moral discourses to such audiences as he could casually pick up. He once, in my hearing, made a very eloquent discourse, *pro* and *con*, on the following subject, *An barba viget dum homo dormiat? Whether a man's beard grows when he is asleep?*—He had the good fortune at that time to acquit himself so well in elucidating the important matter, that several young gentlemen, and others present, had thoughts of recommending him to some office, or putting him into some easy employment, suitable to the manners and habits of a philosopher.

"I CANNOT be easy in my mind, said one gentleman, that so valuable a person as this Indian should continue his vagrant mode of life, at once without end, use, or design. I was just thinking that as the sexton of our parish church is very old, and cannot, in the common course of nature, live many months longer, if he would consent to accept of the place, I would try to engage him to remain among us in quality of *deputy-expectant*, 'till the old man dies. This Indian appears to be of a philosophical turn of mind, which is no small recommendation in a parish sexton; and fourteen pounds, six shillings, and nine pence a year, is, with your leave, gentlemen, no such contemptible matter."

"LA, mama, (said one of the young ladies) if papa would let the Indian stay at our house, what pretty chip hats and baskets he would learn us to make."

"IF my school consisted but of twenty more scholars than it does, (said the parish pedagogue) he should not be out of employ, I warrant him. I would engage

engage him for an assistant at ten pounds a year. "It is below a philosopher to grasp at high salaries."

"HARDLY any one of these employments would support him decently, and in the philosophical character, (said a man with red stockings) but there is a friend of mine, a grocer, in a village of the next county, who is about laying aside business, and would willingly give up the care of his shop to some person of *genius, merit, and ability*. Would the Indian take the charge of it upon himself, I have not the least doubt but he would *make something handsome*, in the course of fifteen or twenty years."

"FOR my part, (said a man with a blue night-cap, who was a tavern keeper) I have a parcel of bad tavern debts to collect in. If the Indian will undertake this at the rate of two and an half per cent. for his trouble, I think he will find his account in it."

"VERY pretty employments (said I) for a philosopher."

BEING once at sea on my passage from the *Summer Islands* to the West Indies, I observed to the master of the vessel, among some other conversation, that "it is impossible for any man to conceive or tell, who has not already put them to the test, what is the utmost extent of the powers of his mind, or to what lengths his ability can reach, both in doing and suffering.—Wherever there is a genuine spirit of enterprise, great actions are sure to be accomplished even with very moderate qualifications in other respects. He, who is persuaded a thing is impossible or really difficult to be executed, it is most likely will never think of attempting it at all. For this reason, (continued I) I was always angry with *Timanthis*, the celebrated Grecian painter, who, in the famous picture of the sacrifice of *Iphigenia*, having, as he thought, exhausted every image of grief in the by-standers, drew the father of the young lady with a veil over his face, as if

if utterly unable to express his grief. This, it is true, was an honest acknowledgment of inability; and for this very reason I do not see what grounds the world has to admire it as a masterly stroke in the painter."

"I WILL not undertake to decide upon the merits of this matter, said the captain, but I am convinced painters in general are damned rascals: the fellow that painted our stern, and the gingerbread work about the head and quarter galleries, charged me no less than nine dollars and an half, when at the same time I knew a man, who has a genius for the business, but did not serve an apprenticeship of seven years to learn how to mix colours, that would have done it, and in a much better manner too, for about half the money."

—I demanded, why he did not employ the man of genius, then?

"BECAUSE the owner of the vessel has a mortal antipathy to all men of ability (replied the captain) and declared he would always give the preference to those who had learned their trade by *honest means*."

THIS voyage proved so unlucky and disastrous that I might full as well have been home at my loom, for any thing I was the better of it. But this is nothing to my present purpose.—We had a Creolian family on board that had been to the bay of *Passamacadia* for their bodily health, and were now returning to their possessions and friends in the West Indies.

THE family consisted of an old widow lady; her three daughters, Elizabeth, Rachel, and Alicia; her steward, with a female companion, and some menial servants, for whose general use and accommodation the cabin had been hired during our passage to the islands.

As these people were very much upon the reserve, I had very little discourse with them, and still less to any valuable purpose. A consciousness of great wealth in people of shallow heads naturally begets a selfish and unfociable spirit, which affects to consider every

thing within the compass of its own little horizon as inferior to itself.

THE southerly wind, which had now blown fresh for several hours, shifting suddenly two points to the eastward, began at length to increase into a storm attended with sudden and violent squalls and blasts, which frequently obliged us to settle all sail to them, and go under close reefs in the more moderate intervals.

NIGHT came on at last, and the gale increased to such a degree, that the vessel was obliged to be hove to under her main-stay-sail, and before ten o'clock, P. M. under bare poles, in which posture we resigned ourselves to the mercy of the winds and waves; the vessel at the same time making a great deal of water through both her lower and upper works, and our pumps going without intermission.

THE unfociable temper of the cabin was now done away; and I could not but reflect, upon this occasion, how naturally a near prospect of destruction levels all distinction, and, like death, brings down the pride of wealth and splendor to the common surface of mortality. As we had the disagreeable circumstance of a very leaky vessel, laden with the heavy articles of flour, bar-iron, and tobacco, the incessant clanks of the pump-brakes alarmed the old Creolian lady exceedingly, as well as her family and the attendants.

"PRAY, captain O'Bluster (said she, advancing with some difficulty to the cabin door) is it your opinion that we shall be able to live through this terrible storm?"

"THAT is a question, madam (replied he, putting his head down the companion leaf) that I would not wish to answer in direct terms. However, I would have you prepare for the worst, for I do assure you the sea runs mountains high, and our situation and prospects are such, as give me very small hopes of seeing to-morrow's sun."

THIS

THIS perplexing and ridiculous answer threw the whole cabin into an immediate state of desperation. There was an Indian priest on board, whom I have more than once mentioned in the course of these collections, with whom I lodged in the fore-castle. As soon as the widow lady had received capt. O'Bluster's final answer, as above specified, she sent one of her most resolute domestics to invite the Indian and myself to sit with herself and family, as it was hoped the company of a number of men would help to keep up the spirits of the young ladies.

As the request was civil and complaisant, we complied with it, and reeled into the great cabin in the best manner we could, and seated ourselves near the steward, who seemed almost frightened out of his senses; supporting ourselves at the same time by the carlings and birth-boards, to prevent our being tossed and tumbled to and fro, by the sudden lurches and shocks of the vessel in encountering the seas.

DEAR sir, (said one of the young ladies to the Indian) do you think, sir, we are in very deep water?

"As I heard the captain say we are more than two hundred leagues to the eastward of the continent (replied the savage) the water is, no doubt, of a very great depth hereabouts; but I will not pretend to say it is absolutely unfathomable: but, after all, it is a matter of mere moonshine to us, or ought to be so; (continued he sighing) six fathoms, or sixty, or six hundred will be the same to us!—And when once we are descended into those horrid abysses, upon the surface of which we are now, as it were by a miracle, suspended; believe me, we shall not be in a capacity to perceive the difference!"

"My steward is a poor creature (exclaimed the old lady) and if he only was to be drowned, the world would have but little occasion to regret the loss of him.—Did you ever, sir (continued she, addressing herself

to

to the Indian) did you ever, fir, write a last will and testament, fir?"

I do not recollect (answered he) that I ever did; but I am of opinion, white woman, that it is not beyond the limits of common sense.

"As the master of the vessel gives us very little hope of surviving the storm (said one of the young ladies, addressing the Indian) mamma thinks it is best to have her affairs put in order, and her worldly concerns settled before she goes the way of all flesh; and if the good Indian will write the will, I engage my word he shall be generously rewarded."

FOR my own part, said the Indian, I do not see what people in our situation have to do with *rewards* and *settlements*; but still, if my compliance in this affair will contribute any thing at all to the ease and quiet of the good white woman's mind, let us immediately endeavour to write it to the best of our skill, and have done; since I myself am by no means easy in my mind.

THE ink, pen and paper were then delivered to him, and after enquiring the testator's name, he wrote as follows, reading what he had written sentence by sentence.

I, DOROTHY AMELIA LOUISA BRAZEN-BONES, now at the mercy of the high seas, passenger, being in good health of body, and of sound memory and understanding, but, nevertheless, upon the point of being dissolved, at the time of this present writing —

THIS will never do, said the steward. The lawyers will pick a hole in the will: How is it possible she can be in good health of body, and at the same time upon the point of being dissolved? —

THE matter is really so, replied the Indian; and heaven forbid, particularly at such a time as this, when the gods of the firmament are raging against us, that I should write or utter a single syllable contrary to the strictest truth.

You

You must, nevertheless, do your endeavour to alter it a little, returned the steward; it is not at all customary with us, at least in time of health, to word the preamble of a will in that manner.

Do you feel or perceive yourself at all sick, white woman? queried the Indian.

"I FELT a little sea sick just now, replied the lady; but it begins to go over."

HE then wrote in this manner—*I Dorothy Amelia Louisa Brazenbones, now at the mercy, &c. being in good health of body, and of sound memory and understanding, except only that I am a little sea-sick, which is, however, beginning to go over, do give and bequeath as follows:—*

"YOUR preamble does not yet sound right in my ears, objected the steward; this alteration implies, nay plainly expresses, a recovery from illness, and in a state of convalescence it is not usual for people to make their wills—and—and this circumstance, trifling as it may seem, may possibly nevertheless afford room for the lawyers to find a flaw. I must beg you to amend it."

AT this instant the brigantine took a heavy roll, and every moveable article in the cabin, lanthorns, ladies, stewards, slaves, Indians, earthen ware and weavers went to leeward in an undistinguished mass of confusion.

AFTER some time, however, matters were once more put to rights, as far as our forlorn and disagreeable situation and circumstances would allow, and the Indian resumed the preamble of the will in the following manner.

I, DOROTHY AMELIA LOUISA BRAZENBONES, being in good health of body, and blessed with sound memory and understanding, except that I am in violent fear of dying, do give in the following manner.

[Here he writ according to her directions]—*To my dearly beloved daughter Elisabeth Brazenbones I do give and bequeath all that sugar plantation or estate lying and*

being on Carlisle bay in Barbadoes, to her and the heirs of her body forever—together—

ALAS, exclaimed the steward, what prospect can this young woman have of heirs in the present situation of matters!

—together with the negroes (continued the Indian) belonging to, and now resident upon the same, that is to say, negro Quacow, Mingo, Johnny, Spanish Jack, Tormentina, one arm'd Sue—

THAT is entirely wrong, madam, interrupted the second daughter; you always promised Sue to me in your life time, and I shall take it very hard if you will not allow me one choice out of so many now you are d—d—dead!

No interruption, impudence, (cried the old woman in a pet)—do not provoke me, I say, with your nonsense, at such a time as this too, when I am at the point of death, and in so much trouble.

I AM extremely ill used, replied the young lady, and I *pursist* if Sue is taken from me, you shall not, indeed, mamma, hear the last of it in a long time.

BUT there is one thing that till this moment I never thought of, said the steward.

AND what is that, mr. steward? replied the widow lady.

It is, (said he, musing) that as in all likelihood the vessel will soon founder with every soul on board, who will be evidences to the will?

TRULY, answered the old gentlewoman, that is a point I did not before consider!

AND thus it is (said the Indian) that *ordid avarice and a base attachment to the world, too often makes fools and idiots of half mankind!*

THERE was another passenger on board, who had a negro man of about forty-five years of age in his possession, that he intended to dispose of to the highest bidder, when we arrived amongst the islands.

I HAD

I HAD several times taken occasion to make some remarks, in his hearing, upon the cruelty and injustice of one man's selling another into slavery for life—And for my part, said the Indian, it is not my nature to hold even a dog in thralldom against his consent, much less one of my own species.

His nose is very flat, observed the passenger.

BUT heaven forbid, replied the Indian, that his nose should stand in the place of an argument for slavery.

His lips are also very thick, continued the passenger, *and I am positive the devil himself cannot have a much blacker skin.*

WHEN the mother of mankind, said the Indian priest, took up a handful of clay to mould it into shape and animation, the veins of *black* or of *white* were, in her estimation, the same. She said not unto the *black*, “thou art better than the *white*,” nor unto the *white*, “thou art superior to the *black*.”—But the demons of cowardice, and sloth, and avarice, and pride were hovering round, and in the absence of nature infused into one the spirit of tyranny, into the other the servility of soul.

UPON our arriving in port, the aforementioned Indian priest and myself agreed to take up our lodgings at the same inn, and on our way thither we could not avoid observing, that the passenger, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, had already procured his negro to be confined in a yard, open to the dews of the firmament, but surrounded with high stone walls, where a cargo of newly imported Africans were also exposed for sale; and for fear the inclosure should not be sufficient to prevent the negro's escape into the mountains, the owner had his legs bound together with thick thongs of mule-skin, so that he would be constrained to pass most of the night in a sedentary or recumbent posture.—“There will be several purchasers down to-morrow, said a slave merchant; but as the negro is pretty far advanced in years,

years, and appears to have been already well nigh worn out with hard service, it is my candid opinion he will sell but for a mere trifle."

ABOUT three o'clock the succeeding morning the rain began to pour down furiously, attended with wind, thunder, and lightning.—The Indian then called to me from the little loft where he was lodged, and requested me to inform him, whether the negro's legs were still tied or not?

I ANSWERED him, It was most likely they were.

THEN may the God of the Christians have mercy upon his soul, answered the savage; for the fatigue of our long voyage, the scantiness of his provision, the agitation of his mind, and above all this terrible weather, and his wretched manacled situation, cannot otherwise than put an end to his life before the dawning of the day.

I REPLIED, that I sincerely feared it would be the case.

BUT it was nonsense to bind the negro's legs, observed the Indian: had the proprietor contented himself with locking up his slave in the inclosure, he could not possibly have made his escape over those high walls.

CRUELTY and avarice, answered I, are twin-sisters, and void of all reflection; and provided their own nerves are at rest, the tortures of the bleeding victim make no impression, because they are equally strangers to sympathy.—When your nation has once determined to put a prisoner to death, your pity is laid asleep, you drop not a tear when you behold the torments and agonies of expiring nature; you put kindled matches into his flesh, and even your women and your children take pleasure in his misery—you keep him nine days upon the rack of anguish—and what is it that urges you to these dreadful extremities—is it not the thirst of *revenge*?—*Avarice* acts with equal

equal power upon the minds of the civilized Europeans, and produces similar effects.

Soon after sunrise the owner came into the inn, and told us with *tears in his eyes*, that the negro was dead!



PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. I.

Written, and first printed in the Freeman's Journal, Nov. 1781.

IN the course of my observations upon men and manners, I have frequently remarked, that every reader seems curious to know something of the private character, circumstances, and leading features of an author, previous to the perusal of his writings. I shall therefore, in compliance with this humour, confine this my first paper, to some account of my life, situation and fortunes.

I DREW my first breath upon the borders of Switzerland, on the south side, and within view of that stupendous range of mountains known by the name of *Jura*. Here, in a solitary valley, my ancestors had for many ages taken up their abode, having, as I have been told, ever supported the character of plain, industrious people, who were acquainted with no other than the rural life; perhaps nearly resembling that so much celebrated in the early ages of innocence and rustic simplicity.

My father and mother dying, their little estate fell to me, their sole heir; and for aught I know, might have

have continued in the family for ages to come, had not some unfortunate events rendered it fatally necessary for the descendent of the famous *William Tell* (for from him I was derived in the maternal line) to remove from this enchanting scene of rural bliss; and experience the vicissitudes and vexations of a very different kind of life.

WHETHER I possess any drops of the antimonarchical blood of this, my ever honoured and renowned ancestor, or whether it hath been an actual view of the effects of regal tyranny in different parts of Europe and Asia; or be the cause what it may, I have always entertained an extravagant affection for republics, and could never find myself long at ease under the dominion, or even in the vicinity of kings, emperors, stadtholders, vice-roys, or aristocrats; all which, in my opinion, are but different terms at this day for *tyrants* and *oppressors*. Whenever I happened to be a witness to the miseries of despotic governments, What simpletons, thought I, are the herd of the human race, to surrender up so many of their just, necessary, and natural rights forever, and without power of recall, into the hands of one or more men; which, unless they all prove just, wise, patriotic, and benevolent (a miracle not to be looked for in this world) commonly renders the people the miserable slaves of ambition, avarice and oppression.—But I must revert to the history of my misfortunes.—A beautiful grove of ancient oaks had grown and flourished for many centuries adjoining my before mentioned progenitor's little estate, which he held in fee simple. His farm-house was situated almost under the shade of these oaks, but, unfortunately, the soil they grew upon belonged to another person, residing in a neighbouring canton, who now took it into his head to have the whole forest cut down, and the land cleared for the purposes of agriculture.—From the earliest days of my childhood I had experienced the most lively emotions of pleasure in rambling uncontrouled

uncontrouled and at full liberty, among these venerable shades; I had therefore conceived an unspeakable affection for this tall and delightful grove, and heard the sound of the fatal ax with the most painful sensations of grief; and had a favourite nymph or hamadryad of the forest (according to the opinion of the ancients) resided in every tree, I could not have been more sensibly afflicted.—All my endeavours to dissuade the proprietor of these trees from his fatal resolution, proved vain. He obstinately persisted therein, calling me, at the same time, fool and madman for repining *at the advantages of so enlarged a prospect*. The days of my felicity were, therefore, now at an end. Gloomy thoughts took possession of my soul, and I soon formed a design of quitting my native land forever, and retiring to some other part of the world.

WHAT soon after confirmed me in my purpose, was the additional mortifying circumstance of his erecting a large stone building within two hundred paces of our old and venerable habitation, which he peopled with a set of animals, whose humour, sentiments and conversation were, in every respect, diametrically opposite to, and engaged upon different objects from my own.

LABOURING under such accumulated misfortunes, which I confess, notwithstanding, will appear to most men to be little better than imaginary, I soon disposed of my paternal inheritance, and with a dejected heart and a tearful eye, took my leave of it forever.—The charming solitude and privacy that was wont to reign through this delightful haunt, was now lost and vanished. It was no longer sheltered from the bleak north-east wind. It was laid open to the view of the adjacent country, and crowds of travellers—a misfortune indeed; as rural quiet and unobserved retirement were ever the darling objects of my soul. There is something in woods and solitudes congenial with my nature—it was in these the VISIBLE DEITY took leave of man when he left him to the mercy of the elements,

elements, and to the vanity of his own inventions; and it is in these that I conceive the mind still finds itself in the best humour to contemplate, in silent admiration, the great and inexhaustible source of all things. Towns and palaces are my abhorrence, and if at any time I have found it necessary to reside in great cities (as I once did in Moscow in Russia, for more than six months) still, by intervals I retired to the forests, and conversed with the simple genius of the wilderness—a conversation I infinitely prefer to that of heroes, kings, statesmen, or philosophers themselves. — At the time of the above-mentioned unfortunate event, I was in the twenty-second year of my age, and having, while a boy, read such books as I could procure, chiefly in the language of the high Germans, they insensibly actuated me with a desire to travel, and learn something more of mankind, and the world upon which they exist, than could be gathered from books only. I therefore set out upon my travels, with the nett proceeds of my inheritance, but in about two years, (although I had observed the most rigid economy, consistent with my views) I found my finances at so low an ebb, having, I fear, been rather too curious in examining cabinets of rarities, and purchasing access into libraries, that I was compelled to strike out some other scheme for prosecuting my design.

A PLACE of some convenience soon offered in the suit of a Neapolitan nobleman, who was then about to embark at *Messina*, on a voyage of curiosity to the country of *Palestine*, commonly called the Holy Land. With this person I visited most of the islands, and regions bordering upon the Mediterranean; but he afterwards dying at *Damietta* in *Egypt*, I was once more reduced to difficulties in a strange land, and far removed from my native coasts.

AFTER some days consideration, I concluded, by the advice of a trading Jew, to embrace the profession of travelling *pilgrim*, or religious and philosophical wanderer;

derer ; and as my thirst for seeing the world, and observing its customs, manners, and policy, was rather increased than abated, I determined, for the future, to gratify my curiosity at the expence of the public of all the nations of the earth. In pursuance of this plan, I presently provided myself with a broad girdle, a scrip, a staff, and such other furniture as long custom has rendered indispensably necessary to men of this character ; and then setting out, unattended and unaccompanied, have ever since prosecuted my travels in this mode, without experiencing any event that has bettered my fortune, or put me long out of humour with myself or mankind.

I HAVE now spent upwards of thirty years wandering up and down the world as a pilgrim ; a line of life which I can assure you, has, like all others, its hardships, discouragements and difficulties, as well as its pleasures and advantages. In Asia, and particularly that part called China (anciently Cathay) I have been taken for a Spanish Jesuit, sent among them by some European prince to propagate the Catholic faith ; in some parts of Europe for a philosopher wandering in quest of natural knowledge ; but have ever been considered in America as a rabbinical Jew, collecting contributions for the distressed of that nation residing in and near Jerusalem.

It would be tedious in this place to particularize my various peregrinations : sufficient be it to say, that I have more than once shivered with cold under the arctic circle, where the sun is invisible for several days together in the month of December ; have visited most of the countries bounded upon the Indian and Ethiopic oceans ; that I have had poetical dreams upon the tomb of *Virgil*, in the neighbourhood of Naples, and have glowed with the tropical heat in the close and sultry vallies of Brazil.—More than two years have now elapsed since I arrived upon the coasts of North-America : the same of these new and flourishing republics

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was

was my principal inducement for coming hither: I had also an ardent desire to see, and converse with those far famed patriots and soldiers, who, by the assistance of a virtuous yeomanry, have established the reign of freedom and equity; in direct opposition to the arms and influence of the most assuming and presumptuous tyranny.

I HAVE now fixed my place of residence in the midst of a forest of considerable extent on the western side of the Delaware, not many miles from the beautiful and populous city of Philadelphia; in which retirement, it is likely I may continue some months, and possibly till I set out again for the east, as I am obligated by a solemn vow, which nothing but death can obviate, to visit the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem once more, before I depart to the invisible abodes of the spirits of men.

I AM now in the fifty-sixth year of my age, a time of life at which every man of sense and reflection ought to have settled his temporal concerns, and prepared himself for those of the invisible ages to come. —But as long as I reside in the forests of Pennsylvania, the public may expect to receive now and then from my retirement, a piece of writing on political, moral, philosophical, or religious subjects: and were it not that I am engaged in composing a voluminous treatise on a very abstruse and delicate subject, *De animâ mundi*, these lucubrations should appear much oftener, than it is probable they will. I have been near thirty years in collecting materials for that most extraordinary piece, *concerning the divine and incomprehensible intelligence which pervades and enlivens the immensity of matter, in the same manner as the body of man is put in motion by the actuating spring within it.* I am the more bent upon finishing this treatise, as I am (without vanity) convinced, no person but myself possesses a stock of resolution and perseverance equal to the task.

THE

THE place of my abode, as I intimated before, is in a dark and unfrequented solitude, exactly coinciding with the melancholy cast and recluse nature of my own mind. From its wild and unpromising appearance, as well as from its difficulty of access, I much question whether this spot has been visited, perhaps for twenty years past, by any human being but myself.—I subsist wholly upon water, roots and vegetables, being convinced Pythagoras was right when he forbade his disciples the use of animal flesh. A kind providence has amply rewarded me for my self-denial, inasmuch as I have not had an hour's sickness these twenty-five years past, am altogether devoid of vicious ambition, and have never been at all inclined to shed the blood of any man or injure him in the slightest degree. In short, my benevolence is unbounded, and, after the example of a certain order of Bramins in the farther India, extends itself to the most insignificant and contemptible of the reptile, or insect creation. The cavern I possess and inhabit was formed by simple nature, in one of her sportive humours, that has huddled a multiplicity of rocks into a chaotic assemblage indeed, but inclosing among them a vaulted grotto with a long winding entrance; the whole being perfectly sheltered from the severity of the winter, as well as from the violent heats of the summer season. There is also a small stream of water passing by the foot of one of the largest of the rocks, which, to the best of my observation, is never chilled by the cold blasts of January, or rendered disagreeably warm amid the fervours of August.

I AM sometimes, tho' rarely, seen in the city, where I find considerable amusement in observing the hurry and business of the men of the world, their eager concern and restless anxiety about matters that appear to them to be of the greatest moment, but in my estimation are but of secondary importance in our journey through this life. Although I am not at all fond of
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being known, yet I will so far gratify the curious as to inform them, if that will in any degree contribute to their satisfaction, that I am in stature considerably above the middle size, of a very swarthy complexion, and much injured by the weather; am of an asublimous habit; walk with a staff of black ebony, which I formerly cut with my own hands on the *Balegate mountains* in East India, and constantly have on a pair of temple spectacles, as my eye sight is none of the best. My eyes themselves are extremely black and penetrating, and the mustachios on my upper lip are of the same colour. I commonly wear a large pair of jack-boots without spurs, but am never seen on horseback, or in any carriage drawn by cattle. I speak most of the languages of the old world, ancient and modern, with fluency, as having conversed so frequently with the various nations thereof. There are indeed a few niceties in the dialect of the *Kalmuck Tartars* with which I am not so well acquainted; as also, several Chinese characters of inferior note, that I have been rather neglectful in studying; but I apprehend an ignorance of this nature to be pardonable.

If these few particulars, relative to my person, retreat and qualifications, will at all gratify my readers, they are at liberty to make the best of them. But I hope an idle and unseasonable curiosity will not prompt such persons to undertake the discovery of my sylvan abode. The search would, most probably, be fruitless, as chance alone, not industry, design or perseverance conducted me to it. But if by some unfortunate coincidence of chances this cavern should be discovered while I am the inhabitant, the vexation I formerly felt in Switzerland upon the cutting down of the beautiful grove, will undoubtedly return, and hasten my departure on a pilgrimage to the east, which might otherwise have been deferred a considerable time.

To

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE, ACCOM-
PLISHED AND PATRIOTIC

COL. JOHN LAURENS,

Who, in the 27th year of his age, was killed in an
engagement with a detachment of the British from
Charleston, near the river CAMBAHEE, in South
Carolina, *August*, 1782.

SINCE on her plains this generous chief expir'd,
Whom fages honour'd, and whom France admir'd;
Does Fame no statues to his memory raise,
Nor swells one column to record his praise
Where her palmetto shades the adjacent deeps,
Affection sighs, and Carolina weeps!

THOU, who shalt stray where death this chief confines,
Approach, and read the patriot in these lines:
Not from the dust the muse transcribes his name,
And more than marble shall declare his fame
Where scenes more glorious his great soul engage,
Confest thrice worthy in that closing page
When conquering Time to dark oblivion calls,
The marble totters, and the column falls.

LAURENS! thy tomb while kindred hands adorn,
Let northern muses, too, inscribe thy urn.—
Of all, whose names on death's black list appear,
No chief, that perish'd, claim'd more grief sincere,
Not one, Columbia, that thy bosom bore,
More tears commanded, or deserv'd them more!—
Grief at his tomb shall heave the unwearied sigh,
And honour lift the mantle to her eye:

M m 2

Fame

Fame thro' the world his patriot name shall spread,
 By heroes envied and by monarchs read :
 Just, generous, brave—to each true heart allied,
 The Briton's terror, and his country's pride ;
 For him the tears of war-worn soldiers ran,
 The friend of freedom, and the friend of man.

THEN what is death, compar'd with such a tomb,
 Where honour fades not, and fair virtues bloom,
 Ah, what is death, when fame like *this* endears
The brave man's favourite, and his country's tears.

THE

PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. II.

A FEW evenings since, as I was reclining in my cavern, by the pale light of a solitary lamp ; the train of thought I was then in, led me to form some conjectures on the nature, origin, and design of man. Fatigued at length, with meditating on a subject, in which the farther I pursued it, the more I was bewildered, I fell asleep. Fancy was not long unemployed ; and I imagined I saw at my bed-side one of those individuals of superior intelligence, which are denominated *angels* or *genii*. This divine form desired me to arise and attend him ; informing me, at the same time, that he wished to illuminate my understanding as far as he could be permitted.

WHEN we had arrived at the summit of a very lofty rock, he desired me to turn my view eastward, and consider attentively all that offered itself to my observation. I looked as he directed me, and saw a large
 and

and beautiful city, whose inhabitants were employed in every species of commerce, as well as in the practice of the liberal and mechanical arts. I perceived also, that the soil of the city afforded no wells, springs, or rivulets of water proper for the use of man or beast; but, at a considerable distance from the suburbs, I saw a certain number of blind mules, labouring at as many wells; and by means of a machine, to which they were attached, drawing water perpetually, which was received into large wooden vessels, and from thence distributed among the citizens, as well as to the cattle and domestic animals.

CONTIGUOUS to the circular path of every mule was stationed an overseer with a large lash-whip in his hand; with which, at least once in every revolution, he gave the mule one or more severe stripes to accelerate his progress.

Go forward to the grey mule (said the genius) and hear what he has to say. Approaching, as he had desired me, I found the vatt was full, and consequently that the grey mule enjoyed a small interval of rest. To my great surprize, the mule then opened his mouth, and began to speak in the following manner.

“WHAT am I, or where am I?—What means this eternal perambulation in the same tiresome track, as far as I can perceive, without use or design? To what strange purpose am I thus kept busy in turning these wheels and axles: I am lashed and goaded without mercy: have small portions of rest allotted me: am fed regularly thrice a day to prevent my strength failing me: I am attended by a *tormentor*, never weary, whose whole business is to restrain me from idleness:—and all for what? Can it be that the *author of my existence* takes pleasure in seeing me wounded and tormented? Or has he some wise and benevolent purpose to answer by my sufferings? I am willing so to hope—but, to me, this present state of existence, as well as the work I am engaged

engaged at, is from beginning to end an unsearchable mystery."

HERE the grey mule concluded abruptly, as he heard the driver advancing towards him, and notifying to him, with a crack of his whip, to continue his labour.——If this blind mule knew, said the genius, that the lives of the inhabitants of so vast and populous a city as this you see, depended, in a great measure, upon his labours, he would no longer think he had been *created in vain*. And thus it is with the race and generations of man: they were not made without end and design; but the particular view and meaning of their creation I am not, at present, permitted to disclose to you. He then requested me to turn my eyes to a different quarter, where the first object that fixed my attention was a large globe of wax, which seemed to hang, at some distance from the earth, self-suspended in the warm beams of the sun. A young person in female attire, of the most beautiful form and features that ever the eye of imagination beheld, was standing by the globe, with a small golden instrument in her right hand, bearing some resemblance to a mason's trowel. I asked the genius the name of this amiable creature, and who she might be?

SHE is, answered my attendant, the mother of all men and animals, and of all the visible creation: her name is NATURE: attend well to what she is about.——I was for some time so smitten with the divine beauty of her features, that I could not immediately obey the last injunction: her fine eyes entirely captivated my heart and fancy: I thought I beheld in her the true and admirable origin of all art, science, wit, genius, and understanding, and those powers of the soul, by which we are enabled to soar above inert matter, and the limited capacities of the brute creation. How is it possible, exclaimed I, in the extravagance of my ecstasy, that the works of those who have formed their
models

models from the amiable goddesses should be otherwise than immortal, when she herself is no other than the pure source and essence of immortal beauty itself!

I now found myself constrained by an invisible hand to attend to her operations.—She appeared to be perpetually busy: not a moment of her time was lost. I saw *day* and *night* alternately passing over her like light and shade, at equal intervals, but there was no cessation of her labours on that account. The wax that composed the globe, on which she seemed to bestow great attention, was soft and pliable, tho' not inclined to liquefaction; and consisted of different sorts and qualities. Out of these she was constantly moulding the forms of all animal and vegetable substances, almost without name or number. Now she fabricated a man, now a horse, next a bull, an elephant, a goat, a snake, a frog, a gnat, and so on. All forms seemed alike easy to her, and if there was any difference in them, it proceeded rather from the fineness or coarseness of the waxen materials, than from any slightness or deficiency in the workmanship.

THE genius now left me for a few minutes, and advanced towards the goddess *Nature*, where she was at work, requesting her to mould, for his gratification, two or three of her most favourite designs.—I will grant your request, said she, provided you consent to take that image along with you to the celestial abodes of Jupiter, which you shall most approve, and shall seem best worthy of your choice.—The guardian genius assented.

SHE then took up a small quantity from a stratum of wax most exquisitely tempered, and began her operations. The first she formed was a warrior, or hero: I knew him by his spear and shield, and a mien that betokened exalted sentiments and daring designs; but there was something in his countenance that did not much please the attending genius.—She, next, as far as *Nature* unassisted by art could go, moulded a great
statesman

statesman and politician—then a legislator ; then an inventor of useful arts ; a doctor of divinity ; a man of the law ; a poet ; a philosopher ; a physician of the deepest skill—all these were merely such—the last of all, and with the utmost exertion of her skill, formed, in one heart, the seeds and principles of *a just, disinterested, benevolent, upright and honest man.*

THE genius then desired her to desist from her operations : “ It is enough,” said he, “ for this last image approaches to my idea of the celestial Jupiter.” He then clasped to his bosom the last she had formed, and flew to the courts of Olympus to lay this most excellent piece of *Nature’s* workmanship at the feet of the deity.

THE goddess Nature then took the others into her own possession, and tho’ most exquisitely admirable in themselves, mixed them once more with the great globular mass from which they at first had been taken ; and in which they thus found their origin and their end.—I could not avoid making a reflection—Such, thought I, is the reward of virtue—virtue and rectitude of heart are received into the divine abodes when science, wit, poetry, philosophy, and the rest, are resolved into their original nothing !

By this time the genius had returned. I will now, said he, represent the origin of things to you in a different manner.

I THEN cast my eyes downward, and saw the earth as it appeared after it first emerged from its ancient chaotic state. The genius informed me that the power that had ultimately effected this great and wonderful revolution was of a nature too intensely bright for me to behold ; but, continued he, you may, if you please, obtain a sight of the *deputies* he has employed to transact matters under his general agency.

IMMEDIATELY I saw a number of strange forms upon the earth, now solitary, contriving how to people it with living creatures.

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IN condescension to the weakness of your understanding, said the genius, we will call these *Nature's Journeymen*.

I PERFECTLY understand you; answered I. Let us observe them. — The first thing they set about, was, to make a composition of fire, air, earth, water and sulphur. This mass contained the principles of all life and motion, thought, sentiment and action. Having thus paved the way, they at first diverted themselves with forming vegetables, minerals and trees of the forest, from this heterogeneous mass. Soon after, *Firando*, as my conductor called him, the most ingenious amongst them, and confessedly their superior, made a tree capable of bearing fruit, which upon a closer inspection I found to be the *apple*. The rest applauded his invention, but were little more than imitators. In a short time every one of them had a tree of his own, and producing a species of fruit of his own contriving. *Glandiferino*, however, one of their fellow journeymen, was heartily laughed at by the rest for not having ingenuity enough to contrive any thing better on his tree than an acorn. They, nevertheless, allowed on all hands, that the tree itself was of an excellent contexture.

SOME hours had now (seemingly) elapsed, when, after several attempts and experiments, the sensitive plant was the nearest approach their united ingenuity could make towards symbolizing their ideas of animal life.

IN a little time, however, they made great improvements. A *bear* was first fabricated: then a hog; a wolf; a fox; a leopard; a lion; and finally a horse, which was for some time considered as a master-piece of ingenuity. The different species of fish were next invented, among which the *dolphin* was by far the most beautiful, and which several of them endeavoured to excel in that particular, but without effect.

THE inferior orders of animals and insects, such
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as rats, mice, cats, weasels, birds, musketoes, and the like, were contrived at odd hours in the evening and noon vacations, by the 'prentice boys.

THE horse, as I before observed, was for some time looked upon as the most perfect creature the *five ingredients* were capable of composing. But Firando alone was not of this opinion. He knew that *fire* was an element used also in the composition of the gods, and he declared that nothing in their resemblance was yet produced.—“ It is my desire, said he, to form an animal, whose inclinations and appetites shall not be altogether confined to the earth, but to comprehend such a portion of the element of fire as shall carry his ideas upwards to the source of all things.” He then retired, sad and solitary, to the forest, with a quantity of the elementary composition, in order to contrive a more perfect animal than had yet appeared, but the utmost stretch of his ingenuity produced, for the present, only a monkey: afterwards a baboon; and lastly, an ouran-outang. The other workmen laughed heartily at these odd animals, and pronounced the horse alone to be infinitely superior to all three.

FIRANDO now gave himself up to the deepest melancholy: I must soon depart, said he, to the planet Saturn; but I would willingly leave a nobler creature here upon earth than we have yet been able to compose. Just as he uttered these words he saw the baboon climbing a tree, and was struck with the idea of a man.

HE then poured a quantity of the elementary composition into a small jar, but with an additional portion of fire. As he was beginning his work, the monkey, in playing some pranks on a shelf, overset a cup of lamp-black, which fell directly into the jar. Firando nevertheless went on with his manufacture, and in a little time had formed a man and woman, but they were perfectly black. These, as the genius told me, were the first ancestors of the African negroes. The other journeymen and boys gazed at the negro couple

couple with marks of jealous satisfaction; they, however, admired their black woolly hair, their snow white teeth and dark jetty skin, and at the same time confessed that this creature infinitely excelled all that had hitherto been created.

BUT Firando thought he could still improve on his invention. * He then took a lash-whip and drove away the monkey, for fear of some other sinister accident happening by his means. Having washed his hands, that he might not soil the pure elementary composition, he resumed his labours; and by now and then infusing additional particles of liquid fire, he at length completed a white man and woman, every way answerable to the original idea in his own mind, except that, at the desire of one of his brethren, he tinged them with a little red.

“ THIS is my last labour upon earth,” exclaimed Firando. “ I must now take my flight to the planet Saturn. You will endeavour, said he, (addressing himself to the other journeymen) to excel this model. I am convinced, however, the task will be difficult: but should you succeed, the greater will be the honour due to your ingenuity. Consider well this my last work—MAN! he is at the head of all sublunary excellence. His eye is fixt upon the celestial canopy: he reasons upon the design and nature of his own existence: his breast glows with noble and exalted ideas: he measures the distances of the stars from each other, and comprehends the course and limits of the rapid comet. Make a more perfect creature if you can.”—He then departed to people the cold regions of the planet Saturn.

HE was no sooner out of sight than Glandiferino attempted to depreciate his work. There is not so much originality in this creature, said he, as Firando imagines. The general idea of its form and structure is taken from the brute creation, and of their nature he must certainly partake in some considerable degree.

That is nothing to the purpose, replied *Cæligenitus*, another of the journeymen : it is the curious organisation within that excites my wonder ; for, upon close examination, I find that fire, earth, air, water and sulphur, differently modified and distributed, and nothing else, produce those actions, excite those sentiments, and perform those wonders, a few of which Firando recounted, previous to his departure.

AFTER this conversation, they each went to work, trying every method in their power to excel this model, but could never succeed. They made men, it is true, resembling Firando's pattern in outward appearance, but internally they were no other than cats, puppies and weasels. One was a thief ; another a bully and a wrangler ; a third a dunce ; a fourth an idiot ; a fifth a monster of avarice or envy ; a sixth a sycophant—and so on, almost without end.

“ THESE, said the genius, are the originals of all the villainous and worthless part of mankind ; they were constructed by Nature's journeymen and apprentices, and unfortunately in such abundance, that the first model made by the master workman, can at present hardly be seen or discovered amongst them.”—

By some accident, my large book *De anima mundi*, fell down, at this period of my dream, from the shelf where I usually lay it, after inserting my observations for the day : the noise awakened me, and, for the present, put an end to my dreaming.

THE
PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. III.

HAVING replaced this volume of curious speculations, I again composed myself to sleep, and while detained in that silent state, the original globe of the earth was once more presented to my view. I imagined, however, that several hours were elapsed between this and my former visit; but I perceived the journeymen artisans still at work and forming animals of every kind and species, almost without number.— Previous to this, a general rule had been laid down among them *not to produce any animal except it should have some other for an enemy*. By these means, said they, the original genuine nature of the elements will remain unaltered, as the everlasting and unerring REASON has declared they ought to be; but which, when they are compounded and wrought up into one animal, undergo a visible change, and beget not a spirit of *friendship and harmony*, but the narrow principle of *self-love*.

THEY had proceeded so far in the practice of this fatal opinion, that the earth and its rivers were every where stained with blood, and the original model of the artist *Firando* was extirpated from the world.

ALAS, said I to the genius, who still seemed to attend me, what means all this? cannot every individual exist without perpetually plotting and accomplishing the ruin of his neighbour?—It is no matter, replied he, it is of no consequence in the estimation
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of the first cause of all things: their doom is to be once resolved into their original, distinct, composing elements, and when that is effected, it is of small importance in what manner it may have been brought about.

As I was attending to their operations, I cast an eye of particular curiosity at one of the *forms* who was sitting on the bank of a large body of water. He had been constructing several sorts of fish, some of them offensive, others defensive. At last he completed a *sea tortoise*, but it was remarkable, that the brains of this creature were, for the size of his body, extremely small: Why, said I, to my attendant, does he take such extraordinary care to shield this animal from the assaults of enemies, when so many others are left naked and defenceless?

THE reason is *this*, replied the genius: Most of those unarmed animals you talk of, are gifted with abilities and cunning which will be generally sufficient for their defence and safety, independent of such a load of armour as you see upon the tortoise. The *Cuttle-fish*, for instance, when closely pursued, has the faculty of emitting a black liquid substance, which will instantly expand in the surrounding element, and effectually protect him from farther pursuit, by bewildering his enemy: Again, the *Flying-fish*, as you may perceive, is naturally weak and defenceless; when, therefore, the dolphin, his natural enemy, is in pursuit of him, and on the point of snapping him up, the good natured artist has furnished him with wings, by the aid of which he wisely and instinctively quits his native element, and continues his flight thro' the air, till he has baffled and wearied his pursuer.

Yes, said I, but the benevolence you talk of, seems in some measure to have missed its aim; for the moment the unhappy animal quits the water, I see myriads of voracious birds, the manufacture of other journeymen, watching to seize and devour him. His

little

little life is, therefore, nothing else than a prolongation of misery. Terror and apprehension of death are his constant companions: Can existence be a blessing to such a creature; and would not a benevolent mind rather wish him not to have been created at all?

THIS is one of those cases, answered the genius, in which a lesser evil (like the blind mule at the wheel) is permitted for the sake of a greater good. The flying-fish is the principal support of the dolphin, and a numerous species of the feathered creation, which, if his race were annihilated, or did not exist, would speedily perish for want of sustenance."

I COULD not avoid observing to my director, that almost every animal, reptile, and insect they made, was inspired with rancour and enmity to the human race, and which they were constantly manifesting upon every occasion.

YOUR remark is just, said the genius, but the powers of the mind of man are more than a match for the united enmity of the inferior part of animated nature.

How can that be possible, answered I, when one of the artisans is at this moment fabricating a reptile that possesses ample power to destroy mankind unawares, and can infuse inevitable death into them before they have the most distant idea of danger?

THE matter was thus—Several sorts of serpents had been invented, but they were for the most part harmless. At length *Altavolo* (one of the journeymen, and a snake-maker) seeing two men bearing false evidence, in a dispute between two other men, took so great a dislike to the whole human species on account of the perjury, that he raved and stormed with all the madness of hatred and passion.—“Would to heaven, cried he, that *Firando* had been better employed than in contriving an animal that can be guilty of so much premeditated baseness!—and were it not for the irrevocable decree, that no one amongst us shall mangle or extirpate the work

of another, I swear I would instantly annihilate the human race:—notwithstanding, I will torment them bitterly: I have hitherto, for my diversion only, turned off the anvil a number of serpents of various natures, but not one amongst them capable of doing much mischief; I will now construct a species that shall carry certain unavoidable destruction in its sting, a death terrible in its nature, but all too little to satisfy my hatred and disgust to mankind!”

He then, with amazing ingenuity and skill, began to mould that order of the serpentine tribe, since known by the name of the *Rattle-snake*. It was about five feet in length, and of a yellowish hue. Over and above the teeth designed for mastication, there were two, very small and sharp pointed, fixed in a finewy substance near the extremity of the upper jaw. At the root of these he placed two small bladders, so constructed, that at the same instant an incision was made with the teeth, a drop of a greenish, poisonous liquid should be emitted into the wound, which in a short time would produce an entire cessation of all animal motion.

As soon as this destructive and irritable animal was finished, the fabricator turned it out at its full liberty. It then saw it retire immediately to the woods and rocks, where it lay in a listening posture, as if watching for its prey. Soon after, a man accidentally coming along directly towards him, the snake unperceivedly coiled himself up into a spiral wreath, raised his head from the centre, and sprung at the fleshy part of the traveller's leg. The deadly greenish liquor was instantly infused; the man suffered excruciating tortures, and in a short time was dissolved into his original elements.

By this time the artist *Firando* had returned from his long voyage to the planet Saturn, and began to examine what had been done on earth during his absence. After he had fully satisfied his curiosity, he addressed his

his brother artists in the following manner——“ You have strangely mistaken my original design ; my plan was *harmony*, and you have universally proceeded upon the principle of *discord*. However, that I may not be thought to take a malignant pleasure in mortifying you, I will leave all animated forms in their present situation for the space of eight thousand years ; at the conclusion of which period, I will totally annihilate these complicated fabrics of matter, and arrange things anew, and in a more harmonious order. In the mean time, as we must all soon take our flight to a distant system in the creation, by order of the *Great Invisible*, to operate upon a different kind of substance from any that is found on this earth, let us endeavour to mitigate matters a little, here below ; since the period is very remote when a more perfect arrangement is to take place. In all the debased part of mankind, let us implant the principle of *HONOUR*, which will in some degree compensate for the want of innate rectitude of heart : and let us impart such a consistency to the soil and matter of the earth, that mankind cannot subsist upon it, without the exercise of severe and perpetual labour. Thus, by keeping them employed without intermission, excepting the few hours allowed for the repose of nature, there will be the less opportunity and inclination for the perpetration of those crimes ; a propensity to *which* you have so fatally planted within them.”

“ ALL this will be too little to restrain them, exclaimed Altavolo ; they at present enjoy an ever during spring and summer conjoined, in one season ; because the sun moves continually in the plane of the equator ; they must be pinched, like the people in the cometary worlds, with the extremities of heat and cold, if you would effectually restrain them from idleness. If Firando pleases, who alone has had an interview with the deity, that glorious planet the Sun shall no longer move in the plane of the equator : he shall travel obliquely

liquely over it, forming an angle of at least fifty degrees, which will abundantly produce the wished for effect."

"THAT will be too severe a punishment, said one of the others: it will be impossible for the nature of man to support itself under it. Let us be more moderate, and have some compassion upon the works of our own hands." So, after some debate, it was agreed, that the sun's utmost declination from the equinoctial, north or south, should never exceed twenty-three degrees and twenty-nine minutes, till the eight thousand years were elapsed.

BUT as to this deadly and poisonous serpent, said Firando, I must beg of you, most humane Altavolo, to destroy him before he propagates his breed too extensively upon the earth.

THAT I will never consent to on any terms, replied the other; I had just and good reasons for constructing him: he is a curious piece of mechanism: he does honour to my inventive powers, and it is the delight of my eyes to behold him.—Will you suffer me then, said Firando, to suggest some little alterations in him?

PROVIDED, said the other, you do not abate his venomous and destructive qualities; these I am determined shall remain unalterably fatal.

FIRANDO then took up the snake, and suspended a number of small bells near the extremity of its tail; at the same time commanding it to give notice with these, if at any time it had an intention to wound men or certain other animals, that they might have a moment of time to get out of its way. When this was accomplished, the same benevolent artist formed a *small plant*, particularly adapted to the soils where he observed the rattle-snake fondest of frequenting; the application of which, he intended should counteract the bad effects of the venom, if made in due season; this he planted with great secrecy in a dark forest a

little

little after midnight, for fear Altavolo should see what he had done, discover the salutiferous nature of the plant, and pull it up.

THE journeymen artisans having thus settled matters, took their leave of the earth for eight thousand years, directing their flight to the southwestern quarter of the horizon. I followed them with my eyes as far as I possibly could, when, desirous of being informed, with certainty, how much of this term should have been elapsed at the time when a man, known by the appellation of the *Philosopher of the Forest*, should appear upon earth, I turned round to the genius to ask him the question, when I suddenly awoke; and found myself reduced to the necessity of relying upon my own speculations in ascertaining this difficult point.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. IV.

IN the neighbourhood of the forest, in the midst of which I have taken up my abode, and at about the distance of about two English miles from the place of my retreat, resides an honest country parson, the only individual with whom I have yet had an opportunity to contract an acquaintance in this part of the country, unless I should except a benevolent husbandman in the same vicinity, who has more than once supplied me with the fruits of the earth, and such vegetables as are suitable to my plain, frugal, and regular manner of life. The clergyman, who shall be more particularly the

the subject of this paper, is a man of uncommon humility, and is indeed remarkable for every virtue that can be supposed necessary to adorn the pastoral, or any other character. With a small annual income, and a few acres of land, I will undertake to assert that he is one of the happiest men this day existing. While others are seeking vain and transitory honours on oceans raging beneath a wintry sky, or in bloody battles by land, in those unjoyous climes where the scorched foldier faints beneath the powerful influence of a vertical sun, he enjoys the blessings of content and retirement, and experiences more real felicity in having reclaimed one person from vice, than the greatest monarch could enjoy by desolating countries, subduing armies, or reducing innumerable provinces to the most *absolute and unconditional submission*. Altho' this man is in a situation that places him above real want and contempt, yet still he is one whom an ill-judging world stiles *poor*; an epithet that could be no way debasing if applied to the individuals of the priesthood of all nations, with even more justice than it is to my neighbour the rural clergyman: they would then bear a nearer resemblance to that *truly illustrious person*, who many hundred years ago visited this earth in the character of a needy and despised stranger.

THERE is not a sight in all the walks of men, that gives me half the disgust, as that of a Christian clergyman rolling in his coach, swelling with pride and impertinence, associating only with princes, nobles, and the wealthy men of the land, and courting the favour of kings and Cæsars: In words he may indeed profess to be a follower of the humble and patient man of Nazareth, while his conduct too plainly proves that his heart is set upon a very different object.—My acquaintance with this good natured and consistent ecclesiastic commenced in a very singular manner. The church where he usually, at least once a week, calls his little flock together, is a venerable fabric of some antiquity,

antiquity, for an American structure, situated in a retired valley, on the margin of a large forest. When I first settled myself in the vicinity of this remote solitude, with a design to prosecute my voluminous treatise *de anima mundi* without interruption, I used now and then, as is indeed still my custom in good weather, to make an excursion to this antique pile, and amuse myself with reading the various inscriptions on the tombstones; in reflecting upon the momentary continuance of the race of man in the present state of being; and in considering the mortifying change that is here effected from what was once estimated vigorous, brave, gay, sensible, or beautiful, to all that was loathsome, deformed, or despicable; with a thousand musings of the same kind that spontaneously arose from the uses, silence, solitude, and other circumstances of the place.

ONE evening, a little before sunset, as I was visiting this wonted scene of my meditations, I happened to meet on the spot with the good clergyman of the parish who was sitting on a grave stone, and as I have since learned, had come thither upon the same design as myself. He at first seemed a good deal surprized at my aspect, figure, and manner of approaching him; for I then wore my *Arabian* dress, and had on my head a small turban, such as are in fashion among the Greek Christians of European Turkey, and which I have found from experience to be much more convenient than the common hats worn in America, and other western countries.—As my appearance must have been perfectly new to the good man, it is no wonder if he was at first under some disagreeable apprehensions from my approach: he seemed also to fix a very uneasy eye upon the black walking stick I then had in my hand, part of the history of which I have given in the first number of these lucubrations. When I at length had advanced within about two yards of him, the honest man desired to know who I was, whether a dead or

of a living character, and what was my business in that solitary burying ground?

SINCE we have been better acquainted, he has informed me, that notwithstanding he had never been one of those who give implicit credit to the idle and ridiculous stories, so common in every country of the world, relative to the apparition of ghosts and spectres, yet when he first beheld me in my outlandish habit, walking toward the church-yard with my spectacles over my nose, he began to think there might be some reality in those tales; and made no doubt but the spirit of some one of his departed parishioners, had, for some unknown purposes, been permitted to leave the invisible world, and to re-visit, with an assumed body, these silent mansions of the dead; he has declared also that he, nevertheless, thought it somewhat strange and unaccountable that an inhabitant of the other world should have occasion for a pair of spectacles, or a walking staff; which are commonly supposed to be furniture only necessary for living persons.

To go on with my narrative of what happened in the burying-ground:

I took him by the hand, assuring him at the same time, in answer to the question he had put, That I had never yet been admitted to the unseen abodes of departed men, but was in every essential respect a mere mortal like himself, but one who had nearly worn himself out with travelling over all the known countries of the universe in search of knowledge, and speculating, in the mean time, upon a *subject*, that Aristotle himself, the prince of philosophers, had never dared, professedly, to meddle with.

THE good man seemed to be agreeably surprized, and after making some enquiry concerning the place of my nativity, and of the occasion that led me to this solitary abode of the dead (in both which points I satisfied him) we walked together to his habitation; and as there happened to be a certain congeniality in

our

our dispositions, this slight accidental acquaintance in a little time ripened into an intimate friendship.—Excepting the honest husbandman I mentioned before, this is the only person I ever visit; they are both men of simple, upright, and blameless lives, strangers to all fantastical politeness, vain ceremony, and insincerity; their houses are plain rural edifices, and the most curious observer, even *Vitruvius* himself, if alive, would be at a loss to discover any thing in their structure, bearing more than a very rude resemblance to any of the five orders of architecture.—This neighbourhood is remarkably peaceable and civil: how it may be with the other inhabitants I cannot say, but the ecclesiastic and the husbandman both tell me, that neither of them have locked their doors by night for near forty years past; their property being secure, and they sleeping in the utmost safety, without that precaution. One reason, indeed, of their happy security may be, that this district is considerably remote from the more noted and frequented high roads of the country, and is but little known to any more than its simple inhabitants.

NOT even the unhallowed footsteps of a *British* army have ever been suffered to defile these charming plains; the happy rustics have heard of wars, tumults, and bloodshed, but the particularly benevolent hand of providence has so ordered, that the *abomination of desolation* has been kept at a distance; the dreadful scene has never been realized in the vicinity of these quiet abodes.

WHEN I reflect upon the felicity of the inhabitants of this little territory, fancy ungratefully forces upon my remembrance, with inexpressible regret, the idea of those happy days I once enjoyed in my father's cottage on the romantic borders of Switzerland.—Hence, in spite of my philanthropy, I am often compelled to execrate the miscreant, whose cruel ravages in the little groves first banished me from the simple

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blessings of the rural life, to wander through savage parched countries, over tiresome tracts of unfathomed oceans, and to visit rivers and islands planted on the extremities of the universe, for the sake of observing the various genius of mankind, their manners, customs, and religions, as well in their rude and uncultivated state, as in the polite and civilized ; and for the purpose of collecting such manuscripts of the ancient *Der-vises* and *Bramins*, as might, in some measure, assist me in completing that *immense undertaking* I have now in hand. But I find the desire of knowledge is insatiable, and begin to blame myself for having travelled so far, and suffered so many hardships in pursuit of a phantom, that may indeed be seen but never grasped ; and which now at last, when I am sinking under a load of years, gives me but restless days, anxious nights, melancholy musings, hard study, and intense application of thought ; and deprives me of that satisfaction and content of mind, which this simple clergyman so amply enjoys ; who has never read perhaps more than three or four volumes of theology, the common authors called Classics, a little ancient and modern history, and travelled a few days journey beyond the village that gave him birth.

As I intend in some future paper to give a farther and more particular account of this clergyman, I shall conclude the present with informing my readers, that he has undertaken to send these pieces of writing regularly once a week for me to the city. He also receives such letters as are to me directed, which I examine at my leisure, and to which, if any way interesting, I will not neglect to return an answer. I have, however, of late had several handed to me that have given me no small degree of chagrin ; one of these was superscribed “ To the wild man that lives in the woods.” —It must have been written by some simple countryman, as it contained a request from the writer, that, “ as he made no doubt I was deeply skilled in the science

science of the stars, I would exert my abilities to the utmost, to discover from the different aspects of these luminaries, where he might find two or three horned cattle, and a grey horse, that had either been stolen or had strayed from him, and been absent some days."

—I hereby inform the author of that letter, whoever he may be, that these sparkling globes of light, that seem, in the absence of the sun, to fasten on the beautiful azure of the firmament, have far less connexion with human affairs than he imagines; and I beg, for the time to come, that he will interrupt my meditations with no such useless and impertinent epistles.

SENTIMENTS OF A TRAVELLER.

Written 1780.

WHILE I was yet on the other side of that immense body of water which separates the eastern and western worlds, I had imbibed strange opinions concerning America in general, but more particularly of that part which at this day comprehends the thirteen United States. From my own reflections, as well as from the conversation of others, I had been inclined to believe that the people of these countries, who had then supported a war for three years against one of the most powerful, enterprising and warlike nations upon the face of the earth, must have been nearly reduced to the original state of nature, that is, were destitute of houses, cloathing, and most of the common necessities, not to mention the luxuries and conveniencies
of

of life ; had been driven into woods and mountains, where they suffered all the miseries of cold, hunger and nakedness, or at best were clad in buffaloe and bear skins, and supported a miserable life upon acorns or a little parched maize ; that their fields were growing up a second time into woods ; and, finally, that they were preserved from total extirpation solely by a native obstinacy and invincible love of liberty, that set at defiance the most vigorous exertions of their enemies.

BUT how were my opinions, in many particulars, confounded, and my expectations most agreeably disappointed, when, after my arrival at an eastern port called *Newbury*, in travelling southwestward through the country, I perceived agriculture in all its glory ; towns and cities well peopled, regulated and supplied with every necessary ; the harbours crowded with ships of war and commerce ; the people obedient to, and cheerfully active in supporting the laws ; and almost every thing in a flourishing condition.

WHEN I beheld all this, I could not avoid asking myself, Are these the republics of yesterday, or are they of a thousand years standing ?—Here and there, indeed, where their enemy had been able to penetrate, the most horrid vestiges of devastation were yet to be seen, but like a cut or a bruise in the flesh of a vigorous, robust young man, they were healing apace, and promising in a little time to be no longer painful or discoverable.

THE view of these things brought to my remembrance a passage in the writings of *Diodorus* the Sicilian, who speaking of the exploits of *Dion* against *Dionysius*, has, if I recollect rightly, the following reflection :—

“ Who would ever have imagined that a person with two transports only, should get the better of a prince who had in his pay, and at his devotion, four hundred ships of war, one hundred thousand foot, ten thousand horses, proportionable stores of ammunition and provision

vision, and treasure sufficient for the maintenance of such numerous forces : who, besides all this, had in his possession the most considerable of all the *Grecian* cities, where he was master of havens, arsenals and citadels that were impregnable, and was moreover strengthened with the most powerful alliances ?—The cause of *DION*'s unparalleled success was, in the first place, his courage and magnanimity, joined to the good will and affection of those for whose liberty he was engaged—these circumstances, concurring in the same instant, produced such a wonderful event, as may by posterity be thought incredible.”

It is hardly possible for an untravelled subject of the old and regular governments of the eastern world to entertain proper conceptions of the wonderful and astonishing efforts that may be made against an enemy by a young and growing country and people, who are actuated by a genuine, ardent sense of the value and blessings of liberty : they may be trampled down repeatedly, but, like the grass of a fine soil in the vernal season, they will rise again in the space of a night, invigorated by that strong principle of life, which, from the minutest fibres of the root, pervades every vein of the stock and branches. * * * * (*Imperfect.*)



THE
PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. V.

[Containing some particulars relative to the Island
of SNATCHAWAY.]

At the same time that we delineate the vices and follies of this Island, let us not forget, that she is a friend to science; maintains a bold, warlike, and enterprising race of men; and may justly boast of having produced a considerable number of persons, whose actions and sentiments have done real honour to the nature of man.

IN the year of the Christian era 1765, as I was crossing that part of the Mediterranean which extends between *Corfica* and *Genoa*, in a Spanish Felucca, the vessel on a sudden sprung a large leak; an accident that menaced us with almost immediate destruction, particularly as the sea water poured in upon us in such quantities as rendered the incessant working of our pumps of little or no avail. In this distress, just before the vessel went down, we embarked in the boat, to the number of sixteen persons, each taking what he thought most precious: for my own part, I was not on this occasion much incumbered with baggage, having long before laid down a rule to myself, and which I never yet violated, to be the owner of no other property than a staff, a scrip, a pair of spectacles, a bundle of oriental manuscripts, and such articles of dress as should not be troublesome to carry with me, and yet of so humble a kind as not to be likely to induce any person to rob or kill me for the possession of them.

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As the weather was favourable, we rowed toward the European shore, which was yet, however, at a very great distance, when, after seven or eight hours hard labour, we perceived a sail in the north-eastern quarter of the horizon, which proved to be a trading ship on her return from the dominions of the grand duke of Tuscany to the island of SNATCHAWAY. After much intreaty and many disregarded signals of distress, we were, a little before night, taken on board, and, after several weeks sailing, safely arrived at this celebrated island. Perhaps it may not be amiss to mention, that the commander, who was a *Snatchawegian*, appeared to possess all the importance and despotic authority of an Indian Mogul; and because he had obliged us in saving our lives, treated us with the greatest inhumanity and contempt during the voyage: he seemed to be a man totally devoid of all the finer feelings of the mind, and took a pleasure in rendering others as miserable as he possibly could, without utterly destroying them. That he might be in some measure indemnified for the trouble we had given him, he sent us on shore almost as naked as we came into the world: As to my own part, he sold the very spectacles off my nose, together with my long blue gown which I had received about a year before as a present from an Arabian chief: I had even much ado to retain my staff of black ebony, which has been my constant companion for many years past, and I hope will attend me to the grave.

AFTER we were set on shore, I travelled for some months up and down the Snatchaway country, hoping soon to experience the hospitality and generosity, and be a witness to the liberty, which, according to *their own* writers, this nation enjoys in preference to all others in the world. But I soon discovered that the boasted freedom of the bulk of the nation was but a name; and their whole liberty consisted in their being allowed to rail at their superiors, talking with some
freedom

freedom of the affairs of the government, and calling the *first magistrate* a fool, whenever his conduct, or that of his ministry, happened to displease them.

IN return for this glorious privilege, the people at large are the slaves of the rich and great ; are saddled with kings, royal families, lords spiritual and temporal, and myriads of their needy dependents, who subsist wholly upon the labours of the industrious : while the bulk of the people are oppressed by heavy imposts, are retained in an abject state of poverty by these unsympathizing leeches, and have to struggle desperately to preserve a miserable existence.

THIS nation is likewise said to be charitable beyond all others ; a specimen whereof take as follows : An old debauchee or a sordid miser having gathered an estate by the most infamous means possible, when at last he finds himself arrived at those uncomfortable boundaries which separate this world from the world invisible ; when he is upon the point of making his entrance into a new and unknown state of existence, instead of bequeathing his ill-gotten hoard to those that may be allied to him, by blood or otherwise ; instead of casting an eye of pity upon an helpless orphan, or the maimed soldier neglected by his country, his last will declares that (by way of bribing the superior powers) a hospital shall be built, or a church erected out of that substance which he can now no longer personally enjoy. He takes care, also, not to forget to provide, since an *affected charity* is always noisy, that a monument for himself be raised in or near this cathedral or hospital, with epitaphs and eulogiums thereon inscribed, to tell the world that so great a patron of benevolence and religion once existed.

THIS island abounds, also, with more odd, anomalous, and fantastical characters than perhaps are to be found in the whole world beside. One person will form a resolution not to marry till his last hour is come,

come, and then seriously requests his young bride never again to be married to an old man.—Another is the most wretched of all created beings as long as the wind happens to blow from the east: a third, without having ever stirred beyond the boundaries of his native village or farm, takes it into his head that all nations, excepting his own are barbarians, slaves, *papishes*, cannibals, cowards or monsters of cruelty.—I knew a person, not far from the royal cathedral, so surprisingly whimsical in his disposition, that he swore an oath (and a terrible one it was) never to rise out of bed while the wind blew at *east*, or either of the adjacent points. While at home, he ever had it in his power throughout the day to ascertain the direction of the current of air by means of a weathercock on the spire of a neighbouring church, which he could view through a glazed window as he reclined with his head on a pillow. A certain person of his acquaintance having by some accident discovered the whim, contrived one night to have this index of the winds wedged fast precisely in an eastern and western direction, with the head towards the east. The winds had already blown several days from the reprobated point, and the whimsical man for some time bore very well with this obstinate perseverance of easterly weather, but finding at length, from the unvarying position of his informant, that there was likely to be no end to the easterly weather, actually hanged himself one morning with his garters, out of mere vexation and despair.

—THOUSANDS in that country are wearied or disgusted with life long before the age of forty. While I resided in the metropolis, hardly a day passed but there were numerous instances of suicide; even their females hanged, drowned, or strangled themselves with the most undaunted resolution, often for some little imaginary flight or affront, that would scarcely have caused a sigh or an hour's uneasiness to the beautiful

tiful damsels of Circassia, the Levant isles, or even Asiatic Tartary.

BUT what particularly displeased me, was their almost perpetual executions of criminals. Thousands of vicious or unfortunate wretches are annually hurried out of the world in a most ignominious manner, for trifling thefts and other petty crimes, which indeed ought to be discouraged in every community, but certainly cannot be of so heinous a nature as to merit the extremity of death, when murders, highway robberies, and a few other crimes justly reckoned capital, can meet with no greater punishment.

THE men of Snatchaway are also intolerably proud and ambitious. They imagine there are some peculiar excellencies in the contexture of their bodies, some precious drops of blood in their veins of a superior quality to that of other nations. They suppose themselves animated by a species of courage wholly unexperienced by foreigners, and which is able to break down and carry all before it: it is, in short, *Snatchaway* courage.—If at any time a native of this island is vanquished in battle or elsewhere, he does not attribute his disgrace to the strength or bravery of his antagonist, but to some unusual and unforeseen defect in himself. In prosperity he is excessively arrogant, imperious, and presuming; in adversity he can only suffer with patience when he conceives the world is looking upon him with an eye of sympathy and admiration. The very shoemakers, weavers and pedlars of Snatchaway suppose themselves, by some happy privileges of birth, to be upon an equality with, and can swallow as much flattery as, any first minister or crowned head in Europe or Asia. The Snatchaway men are also of a nature greedy and selfish beyond conception, and look upon the neighbouring nations of the continent as their natural enemies, and treat them as such whenever their wars or commerce interfere with their own private or national interest. They are like-
wise

wise destitute of politeness as well as common civility to strangers. The people of Fickle-land, on the opposite coast of the continent, although, perhaps, the most civilized, brave, generous and humane in the world, are the perpetual objects of their abuse and ridicule: The Snatchaway stage alone is a convincing proof of my assertion. If a coward, a fop, a debauchee, a miser, or any other contemptible character is to be represented, it is sure to be in the disguise of a Fickle-lander. Even the grammatical blunders of one of these who attempts to speak in the Snatchaway tongue, are an everlasting source of merriment for all ranks, the great vulgar as well as the small. They have persuaded themselves, and endeavour to persuade others who have not an opportunity to judge for themselves, that this nation (the Fickle-landers) wholly consists of feeble diminutive men, flatterers, boasters, fops and poltroons: If it is objected to them, Why do you not conquer that country, and append it to your own dominions, seeing it is so easy to be effected by reason of the weakness, effeminacy, and cowardice of the natives?—They have a reply ready, *viz.* “The people of Fickle-land have imbibed such slavish principles, and are such contemptible objects in themselves, that it would be a disgrace for Snatchaway men to rule over them.”—Thus excusing their known inability by a mean invective against a nation that has at all times baffled their mercenary designs and mortified their ambition. * * * * * (*Imperfect.*)

[*Written in 1781.*]

THE

THE
PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. VI.

(Concluding the account of the Clergyman of the Forest.)

THERE are so many accomplishments in the person, and such an amiable simplicity in the manners of this rural clergyman, that I have often been induced to spend more time in his company than I could well spare from the *great and voluminous work* in which I am almost perpetually engaged. To make some amends for this, which however cannot be called lost time, the lamp in my cavern burns far into the night, and it is not, commonly, till towards the dawn of the day, that I allow myself those moments of repose, of which all persons stand more or less in need in this mortal life, to fit them for the duties and labours thereof.

As this man industriously avoids all occasions of speaking much concerning himself, I have been obliged to make use of some pains and artifice to collect a few sketches of the history of his life, in which I have by degrees so far succeeded that the following short account may be looked upon as authentic.

HE is a native of the Northern American world, and assures me has never indulged the least inclination to set his foot off the *terra firma*, or trust himself any considerable time to the watry element (of which he entertains the most horrible ideas) for all the advantages that might accrue from visiting the most renowned cities, conversing with the wisest philosophers, or being admitted into all the cabinets of curiosities, assemblies
of

of literati, or celebrated libraries that the eastern continent affords.

HE is now in his sixty-fourth year, and seems to have received a tolerable classical education, as he has more than once explained passages to me from *Quintus Curtius*, and translated whole chapters out of *Titus Livius*, the Roman historian, with considerable elegance of diction. Although he is arrived to an advanced age, and time has already sprinkled his head with grey, yet such has been his temperance, and regularity of life, that few, from his appearance, would suppose him to be more than fifty. One reason for his carrying his years so well may be his never having been known to make free with spirituous liquors; and he is far above the womanish weakness of peevishness, fretfulness, and falling into sudden and violent passions of rage. He is equally a stranger to melancholy and lowness of spirits, and is in short of that equality of mind, as having never been much elevated by prosperity, or dejected by adversity, that secures the felicity of content and cheerfulness to the happy possessor. There is an agreeable serenity continually upon his countenance, and his whole conduct in regard to himself, as well as his demeanor in his connections and intercourse with the world, proves that his conversation and hopes are fixed on a better country.

It is with pleasure I observe that he is an utter enemy to slave-keeping. The unhappy African was never beheld in his fields to faint beneath the lashes of an unfeeling tyrant, or to groan out a life of bondage and misery to support his vanity, his wickedness, or his imaginary wants. He has preached, too, with such success against this execrable practice, that there are but one or two of his parishioners who are at present known to hold any individual of their own species in slavery, and even these are so entirely convinced of the impropriety of their conduct, that they have not dared for a long time to appear in the church. Such as were

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convinced

convinced by his reasonings on this subject, dismissed their slaves sometime ago, making provision, however, for their sustenance till they should be in a situation to help themselves, and retaining (but perfectly at their liberty) the old and decrepit, who had passed their best days and the vigour of youth in the service of their masters.

HE has often told me that he had once formed a resolution, before he purchased the few acres of land he now possesses, in imitation of an ancient patriarch, never to call more ground his own than would be just sufficient for a burying place. His motive for which resolution I suppose was the same as that of the venerable Abraham the patriarch; that he might thereby demonstrate to the world, or at least to the little sphere in which he moved, that his mind was so little taken up with this earth and its various enjoyments, that he thought it a species of folly to appropriate to himself a greater share of the soil thereof than would be just sufficient to entomb his bones.——I could never discover with any certainty how he came to depart from this sentiment and design. It is not unlikely, however, that he had penetration enough to observe, that mankind are often ungrateful to whom they are in reality most obliged, and not unfrequently leave those to perish in poverty and obscurity, who, when advanced in years, or enfeebled with toil, ought to be the objects of their tenderest concern.—It must have been for some such reason as this, that while he had it in his power, he made himself master of so much of the perishable substance of this world, as would barely ensure him from suffering by the malice or contempt of mankind, whenever they should think fit to withdraw their favours or attention.

THE principal satisfaction that life affords to this uncommon man is the opportunity of doing a good action, or being in any respect serviceable to the real interests of his fellow creatures.—Amongst other particulars,

particulars, he lately intimated to me, that in his younger days he had experienced a keen ambition to be known in the world as an author of note and character: He accordingly composed several pamphlets and essays on different subjects, and procured them to be published; but as he had the mortification to find that scarcely any one read these laboured productions but himself and two or three very intimate friends, he soon became weary of authorship, left the town in disgust, retired to a solitary abode in the country, and pored over two or three orthodox theological authors for several years, and was then sent abroad with a commission to instruct the western American savages in the doctrines and morality of the Asiatic Messiah. He informs me he was full three years on that mission, but finding little or no prospect of success among these rude and uncultivated people, from whom indeed he at last narrowly escaped with life, he retired to these civilized parts of the country, where he has now resided thirty-seven years, instructing the parishioners by his example, as well as by the doctrine he preaches, which is virtuous and moral, without mystery.

ALTHOUGH, in comparison to my own, the travels of this ecclesiastic have been a mere nothing, yet he is willing to imagine they have been very extensive. He has more than once entertained me with circumstantial details of his long journies by land, and danger of being shipwrecked in an Indian canoe on the great lakes of Canada. As he has never had an opportunity of paying a visit to the great salt ocean that washes these coasts, he is often very particular in his enquiries relative thereto, and has more than once asked me whether the navigation of the Atlantic is as hazardous as what might be expected upon those lakes?—He has also been anxious to be informed whether the gallies in use upon the Mediterranean at this day, are of a similar construction with those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the representation of which

which he has seen upon medals :—whether any remains of old Troy are to be seen in this late age ; or if it be true that what is now shown for the ruins of Palmyra, was in reality the ancient *Tadmor*, the city that Solomon, the son of David, built in the wilderness :—what is the present extent of the once famous city of Jerusalem ; or whether the spot in Mesopotamia, where the garden of Eden is supposed to have been situated, retains any traces of its antediluvian beauties and fertility ; or, finally, if it be probable that the grand pyramid of Egypt, with the neighbouring ones, were certainly within the walls of the ancient Memphis ?

As he is a person of an easy comprehension, and a tolerable proficient in ancient and modern history, I now and then pass an evening with him very agreeably in discoursing upon these subjects. The only question he ever put to me that gave me the least uneasiness, was, that I would so far favour him as to trust him with the important secret, *where my cavern was situated ?*—I immediately desired him to reflect what an unreasonable request he was making, and to recall to his mind a maxim he frequently had in his mouth—“ *What you would have kept a secret, impart to nobody.* ”—He immediately acquiesced in the propriety of my refusal, and at the same time assured me, he would not give me any trouble, for the time to come, on that score ; adding, that he supposed I was engaged in abstruse studies, which could not succeed if my retirement was once discovered to the world.

THERE are many other particulars relating to this honest man, of which I make no doubt some of my more curious readers would be glad to be informed ; as, “ Whether he has a wife or children—how many acres does his glebe contain ; to what may his annual income amount ; is he a tall or a short man, or middle sized, and what figure does he exhibit in the pulpit ; what subjects does he mostly preach on—does he read his
his

his sermons, or speak *extempore*, or does he commit them to memory?—what sect does he adhere to; does he wear a gown, or a plain black suit;—or in what part of the country is the old cathedral and its cemetery situated, where our acquaintance began?”

It is almost needless to say, that for various reasons these queries cannot, or rather must not, be now answered. However, the diligent and attentive reader may, from several hints contained in this paper, more easily discover what he *is not*, than precisely what he *is*. Sufficient be it to say, that his sentiments, in matters of religion, are far from being narrow or selfish; he execrates, despises, or persecutes no man for the sake of his opinions; is a slave to the more confined notions of no sect or party, and has ever lived upon the best terms with the various Christian denominations in this part of the country.

As to some other points relative to the situation of his rural retirement, his social connexions, and the like; it is not impossible, nay, it is more than probable that time, which brings all things to light, may disclose these matters, as well as several other interesting particulars, of which no one has yet the least idea.



THE

PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. VII.

FATIGUED with that perpetual hurry of thought, in which my studies had engaged me for some days past, I yesterday morning took up my walking staff, and as the weather was uncommonly fine for the season, and promised an agreeable day, I determined to make an

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excursion

excursion beyond the bounds of the forest to which I had so long confined myself, in order if possible to shake off that rust and melancholy which is apt to gather upon the mind, when too closely employed in one track of thought or business.—After travelling a few hours, as chance directed, I found myself in the vicinity of a farm-house, beautifully situated on the south side of a fine grove of poplar trees. The mansion, it is true, had not in itself the appearance of elegance, grandeur or magnificence, but at the same time every thing manifested that use and convenience had been principal objects in the view of the projector.

INDUCED by this favourable appearance of things, and considering that plenty has in all ages and among every people been accounted the mother of hospitality, I walked up to the door, which I found shut, and guarded by a large dog, who, upon my near approach, almost deafened me with his barking, and more than once endeavoured to seize upon the fleshy part of my right thigh with a set of teeth that grinned rage, vengeance and desperation.

AT first it gave me some uneasy sensations to be laid under a necessity of acting offensively against an animal for whose whole species I entertain a most extravagant regard; but when I considered that he had violated the rights of hospitality, in attacking me at such an hour of the day, and in circumstances, as to myself, every way justifiable, I became less solicitous about what might be the event.—Things, however, were not to come to extremities. A venerable old man soon appeared at the door, whom I took to be the master, or rather some grey headed ancestor of the family. But it gave me not a little dissatisfaction that this ancient person, instead of inviting me, as a stranger, to enter the house with him, came out himself, and shutting the door after him, made a sign to me to follow him to an out building that stood at some considerable distance from

from the farm house, where we sat down together on a bench placed on a ground floor.

AFTER the common preliminary conversation which may be supposed to have passed at the first interview between two men of different nations, wholly strangers to each other, and both far advanced in life, I requested him to inform me whether he was not the owner and master of the estate upon which we then were?

I soon perceived, that my question embarrassed the rustic veteran a good deal, and after making several attempts to turn the conversation into a different channel, which I as constantly frustrated, he at length gave me the following little history of himself and the possessions that surrounded us.

“ I WAS born on the second year of the present century in one of those grand divisions of this country formerly denominated British Provinces, and adjacent to that government in which we now are. My father was not a husbandman, but a plain mechanic, who had long maintained a large family by dint of his industry. When I had arrived to the age of twenty-one years, finding me averse to pursuing the art or trade, in the practice of which he had passed the best part of his own days, he put twenty pounds into my hands, and turned me out into the world to provide for myself in the best manner I could. After striking out a variety of plans and schemes, most of which were founded upon the idea of *living in the world without personal hard labour*, I was at length convinced of the futility of my ideas, expectations, and opinions; and being naturally of a robust constitution, resolved within myself to procure, if possible, a comfortable independency in life by a faithful and severe attention to business, while youth, good health and a vigorous arm afforded me the means. With such views I came into this part of the country, which was at that time one entire forest, and having travelled through it and spent several days in thoroughly investigating it, I at length pitched upon

on this spot, which particularly pleased my fancy for its fine stream of transparent water, tall groves of beautiful trees, level meadows, gentle ascents, and other ornaments and advantages which may yet occur to every beholder, even after time and unremitted labour have considerably changed the original prospect and scenery.—Having made sufficient observations upon the situation and nature of the soil, I returned once more to the city, and finding out the proprietor of this, at that time, wild and savage territory, I made a purchase of a few acres, reserving to myself only money enough to provide the tools necessary for agriculture, and some coarse cloaths for my own apparel. I then packed up my small property, and with considerable fatigue once more reached the bank of yonder stream, which is now planted with beautiful willows, but at that time was bordered with an almost impenetrable wilderness of ash-trees, red oaks and walnuts. My first care was to erect a small cabin, which I covered and enclosed with the bark of trees, and made sufficient to defend me from the storms and snows of the winter, and the rains and unwholesome dews of the nights. At the intervals of labour my gun supplied me with provisions of the animal kind, and as to bread, my next neighbour, who lived at the distance of at least five miles from my hut, furnished me with small quantities of *maize* at different times, for which I paid him with the labour of my hands in the harvest season of the year. The pure water of the stream was at first my only drink, but I afterwards discovered an excellent spring, which has never been known to fail in the most dry and parched seasons that this territory has experienced.

“ I CONTINUED ten years in this way of employment, incessantly engaged in the innocent toils of the rural life, and at the conclusion of that period found my prospect considerably enlarged. My meadows yielded a most luxuriant burden of grass, a small
though

though heavy harvest grew yellow upon my fields, and great part of my little purchase was already handsomely fenced in. I had also in this time become master of several oxen and horses, with other domestic animals, at least a dozen hives of bees, and an abundance of tame poultry of almost every kind. With the profits accruing from all these, I made repeated additions to my original purchase, not forgetting in the mean time to build what I supposed to be a convenient house from stone dug out of a neighbouring quarry; and most of the other materials were also supplied from my own estate. At length I married, in the thirty-second year of my age. I chose for my companion in this state a young woman six years less advanced in life than myself, a native of a village about twelve miles from hence, sprung from parents of the middling class; and a girl whose character and temper was such as not to be likely to pester me with the follies and fopperies of a town; nor yet one who was only fit to be placed with other useless lumber in the corner of a parlour.

“ EVERY thing fell out equal to my expectations. We lived together extremely happy for about thirty years, and during that interval were the parents of several fine children.—God of nature, why could not this happy state have been prolonged to me without alteration or alloy!—About seven years ago, however, my dear wife died, an event which consigned me over to a state of melancholy for a long time, insomuch that I resigned up my plantation and the care of it into the hands of my eldest son, only reserving to myself what should be considered a decent maintenance for the remaining days of my life. As soon as my son found himself legal master of the possessions I had acquired by the sweat of my brow, instead of continuing to improve the farm, or make additional purchases, contrary to the example set him by his father, the first thing he thought of was to provide himself with a wife,

wife. Finding him determined and fixed in this resolution at rather an early age of life, I advised him to copy from his father's conduct in this matter, and match himself in some plain family, of honest manners, not used to extravagance, and, if possible, such as had gained a decent competency in the world *by their own proper care and industry.*

“ THE boy, I am willing to believe, followed my advice as far as he knew how. The family with which he soon after connected himself, were of good repute, and of decent character and circumstances ; but times and manners are strangely altered within twenty or thirty years last past, and the fopperies and extravagancies, introduced in the time of the late war, have entirely turned the brains of many thousands of honest people. You must know, my friend, my son's wife is extremely fond of grandeur and gay company. She sees nothing but vulgarity in my house and furniture. Upon her first entering the kitchen she ordered the wooden trenchers to be thrown aside, upon which her mother-in-law and myself had made many a comfortable and contented meal. My beds were abused for their coarse homespun ticking and sheets, and coverlets of the same home manufacture. My chairs with *rush bottoms* were pronounced execrable, and long since had the fate to give place to others of a new and more expensive construction, seated with cushions of red velvet. Instead of a plain waggon with a light wooden cover, my son is hourly importuned, or rather, peremptorily commanded, to purchase a new coach and phaeton for the more genteel conveyance of my lady on her visits. In short, every thing I ever possessed is, in her view, mean and unfashionable ; nay, I believe I myself am also considered as an old fashioned despicable piece of furniture, as it was but the other day I heard her ask my son, “ why that old man presumed to sit down in the dining room at a time when he could not but know genteel visitors were there ?”

“ THE

“ THE very structure of my old mansion house is a standing occasion of ill nature and morose reflection; she sees nothing in it but inconvenience, and at least once a day execrates the builder or projector for the rusticity of his taste, and has prevailed upon my son already to contract with a person for erecting a large, new and more elegant structure. What all this will end in, is not difficult to foresee! My son's fortune will never support so much vanity and expence for any considerable length of time. I was a foolish old dotard to yield up the fruits of my long and laborious industry out of my own hands, to be expended before my face in the walks of idleness and folly. Should I live two or three years longer, I have now the melancholy prospect of being turned out in an extreme old age to the mercy of the world, or of being once more compelled to build a cabbin in the woods at a time when the nerves of my arm cannot possibly be of the same use to me as formerly. My good friend, (continued he) you appear to be a stranger, and in times past my heart would have leaped with joy to have invited you to a participation of my table, my bed, and (if the season demanded it) my fireside; but, as your whole appearance is, according to my daughter-in-law's ideas, unfashionable and outlandish, I dare not introduce you into the presence of the family, as I am positive it would be considered in the light of an insult to the house, and most probably some disagreeable consequences, both to yourself and me, might take place.”

HERE the old man ended his story, and then bidding me adieu, retired into a small out building, where I had sufficient reason to suspect he was victualled and lodged, and passed most of his time, *for fear of bringing disgrace upon the master and mistress of the family by his uncouth appearance.*

[Written 1783.]

THE



THE

PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. VIII.

UPON my return homeward, I halted, several miles short of the outskirts of the forest I inhabit, at a solitary cottage a very small distance from the high way, where a painted board, suspended from the branch of a tree, projecting horizontally, advertised me that *hospitality was to be sold in that place for money*. Upon my entering the inn, I found every thing in uproar and confusion. It seems a wedding was to be held there the same evening for a young couple of the neighbourhood, and this event, which is by far the most important of their whole lives among the bulk of mankind, in respect to themselves, had occasioned these preparations for the festivity of the approaching night.—I should have passed on without delay from this fantastic scene of momentary mirth, had not the importunities of a certain blind musician (who was hired to regulate the music, according to an ancient custom still kept up on such occasions) in a manner compelled me to sit down on a bench at the door, and tell him the news of the day. After gratifying him as well as my scanty knowledge of the affairs of the great world would at that moment allow, he further requested me to inform him what might be the opinions of the people in the capital in regard to *his own late performances on the violin*?—Upon my honour, friend, replied I, to the best of my knowledge the people in the capital, at least those with whom I have happened to be conversant, are not as yet

yet sufficiently acquainted with your merits to have made your performances the subject of public conversation : possibly, however, I may be mistaken ; I am but very slightly known in the city, and those few with whom I associate are, for the most part, wholly disconnected with, as well as entirely ignorant of music in all its branches and modes of expression.——“ Not acquainted with my merits,” replied the musician——“ Is it possible there are any people in Philadelphia that have not heard of *David Quiverstring*, the famous blind fiddler, who can at any time play more than three hundred of the newest and most fashionable tunes without the assistance of the book of Notes !—I would wish you to understand, Mr. Traveller, (continued he, somewhat angrily) that I am not only known but well respected throughout this continent, and even in Europe I have good reason to think my merits are not altogether disregarded or unnoticed !”

WHEN he had uttered these words, he swaggered back to the company, and began to strike up some miserable airs as a specimen of his transcendent abilities. Being now at liberty, I pursued my journey homewards, not without reflecting by the way on this unaccountable fondness in mankind for fame and extensive reputation. To acquire the esteem and good-will of valuable men is certainly an innocent as well as a laudable endeavour, but to pass sleepless nights and anxious days, to toil in the walks of science, or to exhaust the spirits on the rack of invention, and our principal aim in all this being nothing more than merely to become *popular*, is certainly absurd in itself, at least so far as regards the peace and happiness of an individual, but is without doubt a principle implanted in us by nature for the general advantage of the human species, when formed into societies and civil connexions.

WHEN I had returned to my cavern, after refreshing myself with a mess of roots and a draught of pure water from the adjacent rivulet, I at length fell unexpectedly

pectedly into a gentle slumber, when the blind fiddler once more intruded himself upon me in a dream, and I now imagined he had arrived to such an insufferable degree of conceit and impertinence, as to request me to recommend him as one qualified for the place of first musician to the *royal family of France*.

VEXED at his forward and arrogant behaviour, I instantly turned him out of my cave; at the same time desiring him to recollect that merit and modesty have ever been inseparable companions, and that he who is employed in trumpeting forth his own praises, has already anticipated that return, be his merits what they may, which he might have had pretensions to expect from the world.

AFTER the dismissal of this visionary personage, I conceived myself to be suddenly transported to a large plain, which was called *the Walk of human life*. I found myself, I cannot tell how, placed in the midst of this plain, which extended east and west, and was sufficiently enlightened; but what most surprised me was, that it began and ended in darkness. I was now apparently carried westward by a propensity of self-actuating motion, which I could neither resist nor account for; and, in my way, saw at a distance a large black building, over the marble gate of which was written in capital letters, *THIS IS THE TEMPLE OF OBLIVION*. The spirit that superintended the affairs of this melancholy edifice, appeared soon after at the middle gate, and fixing his eyes full upon me, beckoned to me to advance towards him. A strange horror immediately took possession of my soul; notwithstanding which, I obeyed his intimation, advancing towards him with a trembling step. He then made an attempt to take me by the hand, as if to welcome me to the environs of his dreary abode, when I shrunk back from his grasp, alarmed at the idea of any of my limbs coming into contact with the cold substance of an inhabitant of the world of spirits. He
smiled

smiled at my fears, bidding me, at the same time, to attend to what he should say, and he would teach me wisdom. "This plain (said he) is the passage of all mankind into the ocean of forgetfulness, and through this temple, which is dedicated to *oblivion*, every individual without exception is once doomed to pass. That other spacious building which you see at a distance, and situated some miles off to the right, is called the Palace of Fame. Cast your eyes eastward, and observe what millions of the human race are travelling this way! They are, to a man, conscious that the palace of oblivion may finally receive them all: and yet, strange to behold, there is not a single individual among them that does not make use of his utmost endeavours to take the Temple of Fame in his way, notwithstanding the distance is much more considerable, and the road full of sharp rocks and other dangerous obstacles, with which the direct path to the Palace of Oblivion is not in the least encumbered. Let us go towards them, and observe their designs and motions."——After a long walk we at last came to the place where the two roads separated, one leading directly west, and following the course of the sun, to the Palace of Oblivion; the other, by a circuitous and difficult rout, to the Temple of Fame. The road to the latter appeared to be very little worn, being almost overrun with briar and thorn bushes; and I could not help taking notice of a number of four looking spirits, in the several shapes of owls, asses, monkeys and wolf-dogs, inhabiting the confines of this region, whose whole employment seemed to be the driving back, and otherwise ill treating, such as attempted to pass this way. In consequence of their malicious activity, most of those who had entered the road, and had even made some progress towards the Temple of Fame were soon discouraged by so much ill usage, re-measured their steps to the spot where the two roads separated, and then passed quietly on with the innumerable

able multitude that were irresistibly hurrying away to the Palace of Oblivion.—There were some few, however, who, either by a daring and animated perseverance, undaunted fortitude, a native pride and dignity of soul, or by some fortunate circumstance, evaded the activity of these morose spirits, and with immense difficulty reached the Palace of Fame.

“LET us walk thither, said the superintending spirit, and we shall soon discover whether their entertainment in the airy Temple of Fame is at all worth the trouble, anxiety and vexation they experienced and underwent in attaining to it.” He had no sooner uttered these words, than we were at the place he mentioned.

I WAS surprised on our first approach, when I observed that this spacious building consisted of scarce any thing else than doors and windows. No refreshment of any kind was offered, and the only person we could hold any conversation with was the Genius of the Temple, who was almost constantly employed in blowing upon a trumpet, and looked so miserably meagre and gaunt, that I could have sworn that, from all appearance, a meal of solid food had not entered his stomach in half a century.

THE rooms within were all arched and circular, and the least whisper was re-echoed a thousand times from wall to wall, and from chamber to chamber. Here and there, labels of paper were suspended, inscribed with the names and titles of former visitants; and I saw a very few persons loitering about in different parts of the palace, whose countenances bespoke hearts full of disappointment and chagrin.—“These are some of the few, said the superintending spirit, who with so much difficulty and vexation surmounted all obstacles and discouragements, and foolishly imagined they should be completely happy if they could but by any means attain to these abodes: Alas, they are as discontented as ever! here is nothing that can sufficiently

sufficiently reward them for their nights of labour and days of anguish, for their pains, and solitudes, and loss of pleasures which might have been better seized while opportunity permitted. First image and reflection of the Deity, O Virtue ; such shall be the lot of all who do not make thee, simply, the end and basis of all their actions.—How happy would they have been had they passed contentedly with the herd of mankind in the short and easy road to the dark valley of oblivion ! But the spirit of deception had been busy among them, and not a few were persuaded that their final and most felicitous abode would be in this place.—That was delusion indeed ! I shall permit them to remain here but a small number of hours, they shall have time given them to inscribe their names upon a few bits of paper, and suspend them from the wall—this is in reward for their perseverance and heroism—they shall then pass through the back part of the Palace of Fame, and disappear with the rest of mankind in the dark cloud that verges on the Palace of Oblivion.”

—The superintending spirit had scarcely uttered these words when a violent wind began to blow thro’ the temple, and tore away a great number of the paper labels that had been tacked to the walls, cieling, doorposts, and other parts of the building, inscribed with the names of celebrated men of different ages.—

“ It is thus, continued the spirit, that even the memory of these candidates for everlasting fame is dissipated and lost forever : Those vain labels of paper are mostly blown away with their owners into yonder dark and impenetrable cloud, and those that remain will, by some future commotion of the elements, be treated precisely in the same manner.”

THUS it is then, said I, that mankind are the sport of endless deceptions ! Tell me, kind spirit, for what wise purpose could man have been designed, and why is he continued in his present state of existence merely to be actuated by desires which were never meant to be

gratified, and tormented with expectations which, in the end, are answered only by delusions?

“ THE miseries of your species, replied the spirit, are principally owing to the suggestions of the spirit of pride. What is the race of man, that they should be panting for habitations beyond the stars! You imagine yourselves the most curious work of the Deity because you possess five distinct senses—Believe me, there are beings in the universe that possess as many thousands. The qualifications that Nature designed for man in his present state, are ever in his power. It is by seeking for things that are beyond him, and incompatible with his abilities for enjoyment, that he becomes miserable. While the horse is satisfied with the herbage of the plain and the wholesome spring or rivulet of clear water, he is happy, because he has the full enjoyment of all that Nature intended for him; but should he once loath his natural food, and be only anxious to attain the fruits that hang on the boughs of lofty trees, or strong spirits produced by the arts of distillation, he would instantly become wretched, because he would desire what his station and condition did by no means entitle him to. At the same time, I could wish you to understand and remember, that this discontent with himself and his situation, so peculiar to man, ought to be an undoubted evidence with you that there is something within him different from mere material mechanism, totally distinct from the elementary principles, and which shall live again in after ages in the bright regions you see beyond the skies.—Yet to himself, continued the spirit, man is an absolute mystery: he emerged from yonder cloud of darkness in the east, and in a similar state of obscurity he must be again involved. The wisest among you have never yet been able to unravel the designs and views of the great original Spirit in permitting existence to man: I will, however, be so candid as to acknowledge that some few have been born possessed of souls of so much sagacity

sagacity as to be able to look thro' yonder dark cloud that bounds the visible existence of man, so far at least as to have some faint glimmerings of the real intentions of the Deity in this matter : but whenever I discover any such I am obligated by a most sacred oath to kill them in their infancy, lest the secrets of the Creator should be unseasonably revealed.

" You must know that this plain lay, for a prodigious succession of ages, a mere lifeless mass of matter. There was not a tree nor a bush to be seen, not a blade of grass, nor an animal, nor running streams, nor vegetables, much less the majestic race of man. At last Volatilio, the spirit of activity, came to spend some ages in these remote parts of the universe, after having passed twelve thousand *years of the first order* in traversing the immensity of space, and in erecting a prodigious variety of mundane systems in the course of his travels. One day, in looking around him, he cast his eyes upon this plain, but it did not please him. The perpetual solitude that reigned here did not agree with his active and sprightly imagination ; and he soon after applied to the first principle of animation for leave to people it with several ranks of beings compounded of the soil of the plain and the water of the ponds ; the whole end of whose existence should be his own amusement, in the same manner as the characters on a theatrical stage are employed to entertain their evening audience. It is but just, said he, that I should have something to divert my fancy after so many ages of fatigue and wandering through the cold and comfortless regions of inanity.

" THE spirit of animation had never been averse to gratify every reasonable request of the spirit of activity, who was exceedingly dear to him, but could not on this occasion reconcile himself to the notion, that creatures compounded of two such mean principles as *dust* and *water*, should be admitted to a knowledge of the harmony and beauty of the universe, and

to a view of those operations of Nature which he suspected would afford them too clear an idea of the DEITY, for beings of their wretched and despicable origin. At last, however, upon repeated solicitations, he complied with the request of Volatilio, on condition that the faculties of the principal creature should be extremely limited and narrow ; that they should have a glimpse of the wonders around them only thro' a medium of thick air, and that, after displaying a little while on the stage of human life, they should, as the law of their nature, individually revert into the identical substances of which they were originally composed ; after passing thro' the Temple of Oblivion, where the perceptive faculties, according to their present organization, should forever be destroyed, and the *principle* of REASON alone remain.

“ VOLATILIO accordingly formed numberless animated substances of various shapes and qualities ; but man he contrived with a particular view to his own amusement, a compound of contradictions and absurdities, virtues and vices, sorrows and joys, wisdom and folly. All their disputes in philosophy, their ideas of the operations of the superior nature, their systems of astronomy, their legislation, their commerce, their wars, their massacres, their bloody devastations, their religions—all were to him matter of laughter and merriment. He saw nothing in the affairs of mankind that ever cost him a sigh or a tear, or one uneasy sensation ; as some compensation, however, for the amusement they afforded him, he gave them every enjoyment that could in any way be deemed suitable or necessary to their natures ; and if they still chose to perplex themselves with aiming at more than he intended for them, it only added to his pleasure, or at most excited his pity.—But I will be so candid also as to acknowledge, they were not designed to be completely happy. This gave the spirit of animation a momentary idea of sorrow, nor could it be otherwise, since he

is benevolence itself. He, therefore, as some alleviation of their misery, bestowed upon them the divine present of sleep, by the influence of which, one third at least of their sufferings is annihilated before the final and unalterable sleep is brought upon them. Moved, also, with compassion at the view of those evils which, in some sense, are unavoidable, as being casual and incidental to the nature of man, he has deigned to relieve them further by different means. Cast your eyes over the plain, and you will see two personages, designed for consolation."

IN compliance with his request I looked among the crowd, and saw two females of the most enchanting beauty, playing upon harps, and lutes, and other musical instruments, and reciting songs and airs, which every now and then seemed to brighten up the countenances of those that paid their attention to them.

"THESE, said the superintending spirit, are the heavenly arts of *Musick* and *Poetry*. Without them, how dull and tedious would be this journey of human life! The spirit of animation has not given the heavenly Muse in vain, except to those who, incapable of tasting the consolation she affords, are amusing themselves with the grunting of swine, and the croakings of ravens."

BUT was it not cruel, replied I, in the spirit of *Activity* to tantalize the human race with a view of those wonderful realities of Nature they are so capable of admiring, and which they must nevertheless forever part with after gazing at and admiring them but a moment?—"You wrong the spirit of animation, said my attendant, in calling it *cruelty*. What honour could there be in remaining in the torpid state of the clods of the valley? Who would not prefer a momentary illumination into life and perception, to an eternity of unconscious sleep? This sun, this moon, these stars, this beautiful fabric of land and water, this whole system of animation; are they not well worth

worth the trouble of beholding, though it be but for a moment?—What are all the miseries and perplexities of life when put in competition with a single glance of these stupendous wonders, that are continually passing before you on the great ocean of matter? But what am I saying! Are not the pleasures that always attend upon virtuous actions a full recompence for the shortness, the wretchedness, and the uncertainty of life? The Deity is pleased with the exercise of virtue, because that is the essence of his nature; and the reward of virtue is constantly found in the composure and felicity that is, or ought to be, enjoyed by every virtuous mind.

“ I MUST now return to the Palace of Oblivion, continued the superintending spirit, to give those their eternal dismissal into the abyss of darkness who have been collecting and loitering at the portal since I have been talking with you. Your time of dismissal is not yet come, so that I must once more leave you in the region of human life, where I would, however, wish you to be as happy as you possibly can: Give me your hand, then, and I will conduct you into that charming part of the country that is dedicated to silence and solitude; abodes where the men of sentiment and virtue were ever inclined to dwell, and where I, as the superintending spirit of this fantastical region, would wish to leave you.”

HAVING spoke these words, he offered to take me by the hand, but I shuddered at the idea.—I had ever (said I) a secret dread of the inhabitants of the spiritual world: your hand must be so cold! Kind spirit, you are of so strange an aspect I tremble to touch you. Grant me at least one of my own species to direct me to the charming solitudes you mention, and there I will remain till I am destined to behold you once more in the palace of forgetfulness.

“ BE not afraid,” said the spirit, with a good natured smile; “ all the inhabitants of the world of spirits

spirits are, without exception, friendly to mankind : you are your own enemies in affixing ideas of mischief and malevolence to a class of beings that would cease to exist the moment they ceased to be virtuous."

HAVING said this, he seized me by the left hand to conduct me to the habitations of virtuous men, when the fright, occasioned by the sudden grasp of so formidable a spirit, awakened me just as the dawning of the day began to glimmer through the apertures of my cavern.



THE

PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. IX.

DISTANCE has a strange delusive effect upon the mind, and its errors and deceptions can only be corrected by the strictest severity of judgment. A traveller on the brow of a lofty hill sees nothing but deformity around him. Shapeless rocks, caverns of tremendous depth, rugged roads, and solitary echoes are his only companions. When he has gained the summit he looks forward over an immense valley, and sees other mountains at the distance of several leagues.—The prospect is delightful. The woods appear to be of a beautiful blue. The rays of the sun are reflected in colours of gold, and every object that can be discerned on these distant hills awakens the idea of enchanted groves and retreats of felicity.—The traveller descends rapidly from the gloomy scene around him, hurries over the intervening valley in all the raptures of expectation, but has no sooner approached these
painted

painted objects than the enchantment vanishes, and a similar group of rocks, caverns and other disagreeable objects, are once more presented to his nearer but disappointed view.

THESE ideas were suggested to my mind in attending to the history of a traveller with whom I happened to meet some days ago at the house of my friend, the rural clergyman. He was a peasant from the remote corners of Poland; not, by his appearance, more than thirty years of age; and frankly assured me he had, while at home, entertained the absurd imagination from his very childhood, that if he could once find means to cross the Atlantic and set his foot on the shores of this western world, he should without any other trouble become at once completely happy, and sit down at his ease.

BUT I will give his history in his own words.—
 “What first bewildered my ideas, and misled me in regard to my notions of this country was hearing my mother read certain books giving a detail of the first discovery and settlement of the *British Provinces in America*. As my father was only a vassal or tenant to a certain great man, possessing no more than three acres of ground, and had never been and never expected to be in a better situation, I was perfectly charmed to hear him tell of immense tracts of the most fertile territory, totally uninhabited and unoccupied, except by the natives of the soil, who now and then ran over it in small parties for the purpose of hunting deer and other wild animals of the forests.—When to this description was added the prospect of beautiful rivers abounding with the most delicious fish of every kind; wild turkeys wandering in prodigious flocks over plains covered with luxuriant herbage, and yet so weary of life as to offer their throats almost voluntarily to the knife of any person that wanted his supper; when I heard of buffaloes rambling in the forests, thousands in a herd, and so tame and gentle as to suffer

suffer themselves to be knocked down by a lad with a small club whenever my appetite should relish a beef steak—when I heard all this and had convinced myself of the reality of these and a thousand other particulars of the same delusive nature, by having read, or heard them read, in print, (and what was in print was the same to my father's family as the evidence of their senses) my fancy was fairly captivated by the alluring prospects. I could no longer go out to work on our little garden spot with a contented mind. Our landlord became my utter aversion; I considered him in the light of a detestable tyrant whose business and interest it was to restrain and detain us forever from these glorious scenes of liberty and affluence, and out of the little we could extort by hard labour from the surface of his three acres could retain to ourselves but a very small share, to prolong a miserable existence. At last, in my eighteenth year, I disclosed my intentions to my father, and desired his permission to leave our little habitation, where there were also several of my junior brothers growing up to be the support of his old age; as it was my whole desire and inclination to visit and settle in that distant charming country of which I had heard both him and my mother read such enchanting descriptions in the long winter evenings, after the labours of the loom or the spinning-wheel were laid aside.

ALAS, my son, said the good old man, what an unreasonable inclination are you cherishing in your bosom! cannot you be satisfied with the simple lot of your ancestors, who have always been happy in the humble vale of life, and through several generations have peaceably possessed this little spot of territory, paying ten golden ducats of Poland yearly to the Lord of the Soil, as an acknowledgement that our tenure is of him?

THIS does not at all satisfy me, replied I. I am anxious, exceedingly anxious, to set my foot in those

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vast and unbounded regions, where I can also assume the native dignity of man, and become likewise the Lord and Possessor of many fertile lands, where none can come in to demand a share of my labours against my consent, and where my descendents may, in time, arrive to a condition of opulence and esteem.

ALL I could say, however, did not obtain my father's consent that I should leave him, and I soon after set out privately with a design to travel to *Hamburg*, and there take shipping for America; having only three rix dollars in my possession, upon which were founded the whole fabric of these mighty designs.

THERE was, at that time, a law in force throughout the kingdom of Poland, that no subject should leave the dominion without a permit signed by the intendant of the province to which he should belong. As I had neglected this precaution, and indeed could not have made sufficient interest to obtain any such permission, I consequently became liable to all the penalties to be inflicted in case of discovery. I was, accordingly, apprehended, before I had crossed the river *Oder*, and not being able to give a satisfactory account of myself, was committed to prison, where I lay several weeks, and after it was discovered to what family I belonged (for I was obstinate enough to confess nothing) I received the punishment of the strapado, and was sent back to my father, who soon after hired me out to the landlord, and in this service, which was very severe, I continued upwards of four years.

BUT finding slavery more intolerable every day, I once more bade adieu to my native country, my tyrant, my father and my friends. Small indeed are my obligations to the latter, said I, if they brought me into the world and nourished me up only to be a slave. I will quit them forever, and boldly assume the rights of man.—I once more set my face towards
Hamburg,

Hamburg, and with better success than formerly. I took care to avoid all high roads, travelling for the most part only in the night, ventured into no public ferry, or passage boats, for fear of examination, and swam over all creeks and rivers that lay in my way, till at last, by repeated efforts, and using all the cunning I was master of, I had the good fortune to reach the free city of *Hamburg* in safety. Here I wrought by the day for such as would employ me, till I could find an opportunity to embark for the country I had so long considered as the true seat of human felicity, and where I supposed the fables of the golden age were realized upon earth. After essaying several disappointments, and making many fruitless applications to masters of vessels employed in the western navigation, I was fortunate enough, after three months unremitted endeavours, to ship myself on board a vessel bound to *Philadelphia*, upon condition of working on the passage and paying sixteen dollars, the fruits of my day-labour, while detained in the rich and flourishing city of *Hamburg*.

I lost sight of all European shores without the least sentiment or idea of regret. I had long considered my native continent as a region where, in general, the rights of men are slighted or forgotten; where the principal care and concern of the directors is to enslave the mind, as they well know that the more substantial slavery of the body must speedily and inevitably follow; where superstition has made ravages which the most exalted exercise of human reason will not be able to repair for centuries to come, and where every thing is for sale if a sufficient price is but once offered.—With these ideas I lost sight of the Danish and German shores, and thought I beheld even on the inhospitable and unnatural wastes of the ocean something more favourable to the spirit of LIBERTY, than in the wretched plains and vallies of the countries I had now left behind me.

NEAR

NEAR three weeks had elapsed before we were quite clear of the English channel, our progress having been much interrupted during this interval by contrary winds. The first land we saw after leaving the *land's end* of England, was the islands called *Salvages*; we had also a view of several of the Canaries, and in the course of the next month found ourselves on the coast of *Carolina*. A gentle westerly breeze now blew from the shore, and brought with it certain strong effluvia from the forests of the pine trees. The gales of *Arabia*, impregnated with all the odours of the east, were never half so grateful to the Barbarian in the sandy deserts of Africa. These (said I with myself) are indeed the gales of *Paradise*: how happy must those persons be who are at this instant wandering in the delectable groves from whence these divine perfumes are momentarily wafted on the wings of refreshing zephyrs! Here are no task-masters, whose merciless fangs are employed in wresting the pitiful morsel from the desperate clench of poverty! all are happy because all have enough. Nature has showered down her stores of abundance upon them; pining hunger, and severity of labour, and dejection of spirit, and dread of poverty, are totally unknown in yonder happy scenes! It is not possible I can be unhappy when once I shall have acquired a property among, and have formed an acquaintance with, the virtuous people of these delightful and ever joyous climes!

IN the midst of these luxuriant ideas of a permanent felicity, we reached the bay and river of *Delaware*. I saw nothing to cast a shade upon the scenes wrought up into so much excellence by my distempered imagination, till we dropped anchor opposite a small village on the water side of the great river, where by order of the ship master I was sent on shore, with several others, to purchase poultry and other fresh provisions, our stock of which was already wholly consumed. Although the inhabitants of this place appeared to live
much

much at their ease, they still complained bitterly of poverty and the unparalleled hardness of the times, and to the best of my observation were as dexterous in the little arts of over-reaching, and putting off indifferent provisions at an extravagant price, as any I had seen on the other side of the water. This circumstance was no confirmation of the opinions I had hitherto entertained in regard to the happiness and virtuous dispositions of the people on the western shores of the Atlantic. Upon a little further inspection I was struck with the view of a jail at a small distance from me, through the iron grates of which a great number of confined persons were bawling aloud to every passenger for charity. Upon enquiry I was told that the greater part of these were villains, guilty of the blackest crimes, and that it was expected a number of them would be hanged soon after the next assizes. As to the others, I was informed they were for the most part unfortunate debtors, detained there till time, chance, or death, should accomplish their deliverance.——

This last scene convinced me I had been pursuing a phantom, and that virtue, honesty, sincerity and complete felicity are not to be discovered in any country, without a very large mixture of the dregs of baseness, villainy and misery. Upon my arrival in *Philadelphia*, nothing occurred that came up to my original idea of the American cities, excepting the regularity and convenience of its streets and buildings. Friendship I found to be little more than a name, merely selfish and interested; and as to *Brotherly Love*, the term was understood here in a very limited sense. Hospitality was sold for ready money; sheriffs and constables were as busy and as brutal as in Europe; landlords as oppressive and rigorous as can be imagined; and, in short, I found at last that mankind were the same here as on the other side of the ocean, a few refinements in vice only excepted, in favour of the people of the west. I soon after determined to bid adieu to the

city, and fix upon some unappropriated spot of land in the remote parts of the western territory, which I might cultivate by my own industry, as the likeliest means to make some approaches to that happy state of life which has been ever uppermost in my thoughts, the life of a free and independent farmer, or tiller of the earth. Indeed I am convinced that man was never designed for a state of inactivity ; if we are not industriously employed we by no means answer the design of the Creator in giving us an existence.—I am now on my way towards the waters of the *Ohio*, and as I advance, I think I can perceive that things alter for the better. The first twenty or thirty miles of my journey were rather disagreeable. The farmer's sons would now and then set their dogs upon me, when I attempted to walk over their fields of wheat, and if I asked at a farm-house for a draught of milk and water, the good woman would always take care to charge me three-pence before I left her. But I am happy to find that I am now considerably to the westward of this odious and paltry custom, for I am of opinion that country is not worth possessing, nor that soil worth the trouble of cultivating, which cannot, or does not, enable the industrious inhabitant to bestow a night's lodging, or a meal of victuals, or a draught of milk and water, on a friendless and moneyless stranger, without expectation and condition of a pecuniary reward."——

Here the European stranger concluded his narrative :

"THIS is all folly," said the benevolent clergyman ; " you are indeed wrong, my friend, because you are seeking in the great world for that felicity which is not to be found or enjoyed at all, if a man's own bosom is not its occasional repository in all possible situations and circumstances of life. What are to me the vallies of Euphrates, or the blooming gardens of the star of the morning, if I do not possess a taste and relish for those divine abodes ? What are the sounds of the organ when addressed to the ear of deafness ;

deafness; what are the beauties of material nature to the eye that, since its formation, has never imbibed a ray of light?—Such is the felicity of the world to him that has not a capacity to enjoy it. I want words to express how much I pity the man who cannot be gay in adversity and sincerely cheerful even when banished into the gloomy deserts of Tartary. God and Nature never meant to limit the happiness of the mind to the fortuitous circumstances of place or condition. He has rather placed its felicity beyond the power of chance and accident. The virtuous man cannot be entirely miserable unless he lays aside his confidence in virtue and reposes it in shadows and objects of delusion. How wretched is that man who expects full content from external things!—he will most certainly find himself deceived at last when this transitory world slips from under him, and the invisible wonders appear!”

HERE the poor stranger looked somewhat confused, and I felt really sorry for him.—The beauties of virtue, her consolations, and virtue considered as its own reward, are undoubtedly pleasing subjects of discourse to men of innocent lives and little acquaintance with the nature of the world; but, after all, as virtue has but a small share in the general composition of man, her real rewards may be hoped for, but are not often completely enjoyed in the present state of being. The senses can only be acted upon by material objects; how then is it possible that we can at pleasure abstract our affections entirely from matter, and fix them on idle objects of which we know nothing, and which were never yet explained, nor pretended to be explained, except by comparisons drawn from the visible world? A man perishing with hunger cannot be satisfied with a lecture on the virtues of abstinence, however excellent it may be in itself; and pride, I am convinced, is at the root of most religions in the world, since they agree in supposing a certain perfection in mankind which the author of nature has imparted to a much nobler order of beings.



REFLECTIONS, NARRATIVES, AND IDEAS

OF THE LATE

ROBERT SLENDER.

I. **T**HE great advances which the moderns have made in the walks of art, in these latter ages of the world, I imagine to have arisen not so much from any natural superiority of intellect they possess over the ancients, as from the circumstance of every individual being laid under a necessity to confine himself to the practice of some particular branch of business. When the whole attention of a man's life is bestowed upon the formation of a pin or a needle, a button or a bracelet, how can it be otherwise than that these articles will soon be brought to their utmost state of perfection? Society at large has profited by this regulation, but the individual suffers miserably whenever accident or necessity obliges him to step out of his accustomed path. Set the pin-maker to build a house, or the carpenter to make a needle, and they are equally awkward and helpless.——Early antiquity proceeded in a very different manner. The education of their youth was upon such a plan that they should not be at a loss how to be useful upon every emergency. *Homer*, I remember, gives the hero of the *Odyssey* several different trades, so that when he was cast ashore on the solitary island where *Calypso* afterwards detained him, he was not at a loss how to build and rig a vessel with his own hands, after the Goddess had taken pity of him and supplied him with the necessary instruments of labour,

labour, cordage and sail cloth. What a pitiful figure would a modern of the same rank exhibit on a similar occasion !

2. *ISBECK-IMAN*, the celebrated Indian poet, during the wars between the tribe to which he belonged, called *Raja-kol*, and that of *Samar-ban*, originally from the deserts of Thibet, had composed many verses to the disparagement of the latter, bitterly satyrizing their chiefs and adherents, and not even sparing *Melek-Muli*, the prince of the tribe, who usually rode upon a great white elephant. *Isbeck-Iman* being at last taken prisoner by the enemy, was conducted to a dungeon seven fathoms deep in the earth, and was there treated in the severest manner for a long time, in revenge for the liberties he had taken with the character of *Melek-Muli*, and those of some other great men that had fought under his standard. When the tribe of *Raja-kol* had, however, at length conquered their inveterate country, and peace was restored in those parts, they remembered the sufferings of *Isbeck-Iman*, and promised to bestow on him a small piece of land, upon which he might end his days in peace, and as a recompence for the many miseries he had experienced on account of his patriotic attachment. This benevolent design was, nevertheless, forgotten, and a brother poet having one day reproached him for his neglecting to urge this matter with the great men, " Let them first reward the maimed soldier, replied *Isbeck-Iman*, and do justice to the widows and orphans of those who have perished in their service ; as to myself, my verses will always gain me a subsistence as long as the sound of the harp is heard with pleasure on the plains of *Jesselmere*, and when these fail, the art that was taught me by *Haroun*, the fisherman and sailor of Bengal, will still secure me from beggary."

ISBECK, no doubt, intimated by this answer, that men of genius and literature ought to be the last persons in the world to consider themselves as fit subjects
for

for public benevolence, and that an independency of spirit should at all events be preserved, particularly in men of his profession, if they would wish to support and act consistently with the divinity of their character. How few are there in these days that possess the independent spirit of Iseck-Iman! Most men of ability at this day in Europe choose rather to shadow themselves under the wing of the great, or subsist by the mean arts of flattery and sycophantism, than to rely upon themselves and their own exertions for support.

3. COUNTRIES newly settled, or such as may have lately emerged from the horrors and devastations occasioned by war, are rarely much troubled with polite authors or other retainers to the fine arts. It is not that Nature is more niggardly of her gifts in such situations than elsewhere, but it is the general want of taste and encouragement that occasions this artificial scarcity of genius. Long peace, opulence, and leisure beget taste in a nation, and it is the prerogative of taste to distinguish true excellence from its mere resemblance.

STRANGE as it may seem, want of reflection has pestered the world with more authors than any other cause whatever, and more particularly so for a century or two past. Did every man that sits down to write a book for the public consider, that in the space of one hundred years both himself and his book must perish and be forgotten, I do not say he would weep like the Persian general when he observed the same thing of his immense army, but I am positive he would throw aside the pen forever, unless some prospect of immediate advantage overbalanced the whimsies of fame and immortality. The world is at present overrun with book-makers rather than authors: finding compilation a much easier task than striking out new and original ideas, they go on serving up the old mess under a variety of disguises, every thing remaining the same, except the stile and manner, which may possibly be adapted

adapted to the humour and fancy of the age in which they live.

I HAVE ever been of opinion that good fortune is no less necessary to the success of an author than to that of a great military commander. How many poems of equal, and perhaps superior merit to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* have wholly perished from the knowledge and remembrance of mankind, only for want of the accidental advantage of being expressed in so beautiful a language as the Greek. The Arabians, as well as the Indians of the east, are people of a strong and vigorous fancy, the soul of poetry lives and breathes through their writings, but the uncouth languages in which these divine ideas are contained are disgusting to an European ear, and thus these sublime productions are confined to the perusal of a few tribes wandering up and down in woods and deserts, or to the studious and unsocial Bramins in the solitary recesses of the mountains. Time, like distance, paints imaginary colours of excellence upon some objects, which in reality they do not possess. A piece of writing upon the most ordinary occasion, which we could be assured upon decisive evidence was penned by the hand of Alexander, the son of Philip, would at this day be reckoned inestimable, and, were matters properly managed, would procure a comfortable living, if not an immense estate, to its owner. In the same manner, many things that have been really handed down to us from remote antiquity are idolized and admired, not so much for any internal excellence, as because they are, simply, ancient. Sir Richard Blackmore's poem of Prince Arthur is at present held in detestation by the readers of English Poetry, and is indeed almost wholly neglected and forgotten, except when mentioned in ridicule. Let some great revolution in literature take place, suppose Europe to be once more overrun by the most savage and wasteful barbarians, and continue a scene of havock and confusion for eight or nine centuries;

turies; suppose farther, that every book of poetry perishes in this long interval of ruin except Blackmore's poem just mentioned, which by some strange accident is preserved till the revival of science and taste; in such case, I make no doubt this execrated poem would be read, admired, commented upon, and extolled by all, as a most divine performance in itself; and recommended as a valuable fragment of antiquity.—— Such is the silly caprice of mankind.—— The discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope has not proved more fatal to the commercial prosperity of Egypt and Venice than the invention of the art of printing has proved to authors, I mean those really such. The world is at present so entirely surfeited with books on every subject, that a reader's attention is confined a very short time to any one in particular. This was not the case two thousand years ago. One favourite author (and almost every author was such to somebody) then formed a complete library, books being both very scarce and very dear. By continually poring on this volume beauties were discovered which the author never intended, and the defects overlooked as bearing no proportion to the beauties. We that live in this late age can lay claim to no such attention. After an immensity of labour we publish our book to the world; if it takes, a crowd of contemporary authors instantly set their brains to work to produce something better on the same plan, and thus the resemblances soon eclipse the original, or at least go shares in the honour. If it is of no value, it falls to the ground of course, because no one will read an indifferent book when thousands of better ones may be read at the next library for a trifle. Every subject has been ransacked to the bottom, and even the dregs have not been refused.

4. THE influence of riches has more to do in bringing an author into reputation as times are now, than almost any other cause. A countryman of my
own

own once candidly told me that he had ever found an additional, specific pleasure in reading the works of Horace, from a consideration that this elegant poet was intimate with Augustus, the master of the world, and his first minister Mæcenæ. Preposterous as this may seem, I am of opinion almost every man is influenced more or less by similar prejudices. I remember when I lived some years ago at *Leyden* I published a treatise, entitled, *The Harmony of the visible Creation illustrated*. At the time I was employed in writing that book I lodged in a small house belonging to a widow woman, near the military barracks, and I will be so ingenuous as to acknowledge it was in the garret or upper apartment thereof, an apartment in a house that I prefer to all others when I engage in works of deep research and intricate speculation. To my great mortification, I found that my book lay dead upon the printer's hands, notwithstanding our utmost and united endeavours to get it off. Not a dozen of them sold in as many weeks, and I began to conclude that either my ideas of *harmony* were very absurd, or that it was a subject not understood by the college or citizens. I was at last, however, relieved from my perplexity by a sympathizing news-hawker, who whispered me one morning as he handed me the Gazette, that nobody would read books *written by an author in the upper story of a small wooden building*. This hint was sufficient: although I could ill afford it, I instantly took new lodgings in a house five stories high, bowed to great men in public with whom I had not the least acquaintance, and began a correspondence with the governors of the college, who were utterly unknown to me, when to my great surprise as well as satisfaction the whole impression was sold off in less than twelve weeks after this change of situation and behaviour.

5. AN author should always study the turn and humour of the age in which he lives, before he sits down

to write, especially if his views terminate in his own personal interest and emolument. If a man belonged to a nation of fanatics and enthusiasts, he would be a madman to publish discourses on *the efficacy and supremacy of human reason* ; and if none but boys and girls were to be his readers, he would hardly trouble himself with Aristotelian metaphysics and philosophical researches. In short, if he would effect his purposes, he must find out who are the majority of readers, and accommodate his works to the taste of those who are most likely to peruse them. A too great regard to the reigning taste is nevertheless oftentimes attended with fatal effects to reputation in a subsequent age. The most shining abilities, if employed only in superficial speculation or on mysterious and perplexing subjects, meet finally with but little regard from the bulk, by which I mean the busy part of mankind. It is only when an author is employed in reducing speculation into a sort of mechanical practice, and visible and permanent advantages accrue from his studies, that they can lay claim to a lasting and universal attention.

6. THE northern nations of the eastern continent have ever succeeded in their attempts against those of the south, as being of more robust bodies and hardy constitutions, and consequently invigorated by an undaunted daring spirit that seems peculiar to most nations inhabiting cold climates. We might bring numerous instances from history to support this opinion. The northern tribes of Asia and Europe have, in different ages, overrun and subjugated the people in more southern situations, forced them to receive their laws, often their habits, languages and customs, till insensibly incorporating with them, they became through the influence of climate the same soft, voluptuous and enervated people they had conquered, and perhaps again submitted in their turn to another swarm of northern invaders.—Whatever truth the foregoing

foregoing remark may have in respect to the eastern world, it is considerably corroborated by the amazing difference of genius, that, with a few exceptions, is observable in certain points, between the northern and southern American United States—What a superior spirit of activity, boldness and enterprize inspires the former?—With a resolution and ardour, undaunted by discouraging or vexatious obstacles, they plan and execute what an inhabitant of Georgia or Florida imagines himself and his countrymen naturally disqualified from attempting.—It has nevertheless been questioned by some whether the *climate* of a country alone, that is, the different degrees of heat or cold, dryness or moisture, have any real agency on the constitution and economy of the human frame, so as thereby to influence its actions. I must confess I am a retainer to the affirmative of the question.

We know very well that the oak tree only grows naturally in the more northern latitudes, but as we advance south another race of vegetables, and a different species of trees constitutes the groves of the torrid zone. Several new sorts of birds, insects, quadrupeds, and reptiles, also meet our view. Nature has not a less vigorous vegetation there than here; she has only changed her mode of acting, in some particulars, and instead of the oak or the pine raises trees equal in bulk, but different in quality; the cypress, the mahogany, the cabbage tree, or the cinnamon. They are still, however, trees, though in some things varying from ours—they have roots, trunk, and branches, but those juices that are continually flowing upwards produce different leaves, flowers and fruits. It is the same with the race of man; at least, a very striking analogy is to be observed. The mind is influenced by the body; and the body, as it is a mere animal production, and draws its nutriment from the earth, as well as animal and vegetable substances of an inferior kind, must in some measure be influenced by

by soil and climate, and be varied accordingly, or we must allow that the complexion of the body has nothing to do with that of the mind.



THE

PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. X.

WHEN nature first brought forth her infant, the American world, to enjoy the blessings and vivifying influences of the new created sun, as if conscious of the injuries this part of her creation was to suffer in future ages, she seemed particularly industrious, she took especial care to plant it in such a situation that many hundreds of centuries, an immense number of years must elapse, before it could possibly be discovered by the greedy natives of the eastern continent. —

“Till more than five thousand years have passed away (said she) it shall be inaccessible to all, except a few tribes of wandering Tartars, who from time to time may find their way thither by accident; literally *the children of nature*, wild as the wind and waves, and free as the animals that wander in the woody or the watry waste. The magnet alone, continued she, shall enable the polished people of the eastern regions to discover and ravage the delectable lands I have formed in the opposite hemisphere; but that fossil, the invaluable loadstone, I will bury deep in the earth, unobserved its wonderful properties, till destiny and over-ruling fate, whose decrees no one can obviate, to my extremest grief, shall disclose it to the eye of avarice, ambition, and scrutinizing curiosity,

and

and prompt a bold and daring *Columbus* to go in quest of those shores which it will not be in my power any longer to conceal."——

So spoke NATURE, the mother of all men, and all things. In the mean time ages rolled away : the old world was peopled, unpeopled, and peopled again. Nations grew and flourished : they quarrelled, they fought, and made peace : the *four great monarchies* succeeded each other, and fell again into decay, with their emperors, kings and heroes, by far less durable than the lifeless marble columns which to this day mark the spot where their proudest capitals stood, or where their most famous battles were fought. These nations had their ages of politeness and barbarism, ignorance and science, misery and felicity : the follies of one age were acted over again by another, and each retired in its turn to the receptacles of silence, solitude and darkness, to make room for succeeding generations.

BUT still America lay unknown and undiscovered, with all her islands, lakes, mountains, woods, plains, capacious harbours and extended shores. Here the fish sported in the waters, undisturbed by hooks or nets, and the beasts of the forest enjoyed a secure repose. The poets of the eastern world were in the mean time amusing their iron hearted cotemporaries with the fictions of a golden age ; their fabulous Arcadias and Saturnian kingdoms ; the ideas and notions of which must have owed their existence to the magic power of fancy alone, as they were wholly ignorant that the happy scenes, the innocent people and pastoral ages, of which they sung, were at that moment realizing in another quarter of the globe, as yet unexplored and unknown.—But, in process of time, as nature had foreseen, this immense continent was at length raised from its long night of obscurity to the view of astonished nations : the inhabitants, like the country, seemed to be a new race of mortals, of different na-
tures,

tures, ideas and inclinations from those already known. They, also, gazed at the Europeans as a species of men, differing in all respects from themselves, and, as far as regarded power and abilities, beings of a superior nature.

As the Europeans had the *means*, they of course conceived they had also the *right* to extirpate the innocent natives, or drive them from the sea coasts to the interior parts of the country. The most specious pretext for this procedure seems to have been, that the Aborigines, or old inhabitants of America, did not sufficiently exert themselves to cultivate and improve the lands nature had so liberally bestowed upon them: they were content with the productions of the simple genius of the earth, and *therefore* were scarcely to be considered, according to these casuists, as legal proprietors of the immense territories that were now discovered.

FULL of this idea, the Europeans flocked over, and carefully examined the soil and productions of this new-found region: the best lands in North America were observed to lie in a temperate climate, and the new-comers soon found it their interest to cultivate and improve a soil that promised so much to the hand of industry. This roused the jealousy of the natives, who, unwilling to part with their pleasant abodes in the neighbourhood of the sea, made many attempts, (and sometimes not unsuccessfully) to annihilate these intruding strangers; but, as the several divisions of the old world were at that time overstocked with inhabitants, who constantly waged bloody wars with each other, notwithstanding the devastation and destruction of the human species occasioned thereby, it became absolutely necessary that many should emigrate. Providence gave permission to the arm of tyranny to expel thousands from their native lands; and many, in hopes of bettering their fortunes, submitted to become voluntary exiles. Among the rest, Britain seemed very
busy

busy in virtually banishing and expelling her subjects to this remote region, who chose the northern coast, as knowing of no other asylum, excepting the grave, from the scourge of oppression. These, with a mixture of adventurers from various nations, at length humbled the savage tribes, and by the mere force of industry rendered a large proportion of this new country rich and flourishing. Britain soon cast a greedy eye upon the hard-earned possessions of this exiled race; she claimed them as subjects, and took them under her protection; but at the same time said in her heart, *They shall hereafter be my slaves.*

THE children of the first emigrants immediately forgot the wrongs and injuries their forefathers had experienced, and strictly united themselves to her, not as yet aware of her insidious designs: but nature disregarded the connexion; and whispering in the ear of reason, was heard to say, "The union cannot be lasting."

HER words have proved true: the people of the present age have seen the unnatural bonds in a moment dissolved, the union broken, and the connexion at an end! Tell me, ye advocates for the dependence of these states upon the remote island of Britain; ye who assert that their happiness, their interest, and their glory is bound up in such a dependence, would you not esteem him a madman who should attempt amidst the rage of contending winds and waves to bind together two bulky ships with a single thread of silk for their mutual safety? Just as reasonable is it to suppose that America and the comparatively paltry and oppositely interested island of Britain can be happily united under one and the same sovereign.

WHAT a spectacle of derision do the infatuated Britons now exhibit to the world, in seriously attempting to subjugate a country to which nature never gave them a shadow of right, and whose immense extent is, of itself, a standing and insurmountable obstacle

stacle to their success ! An island, situated on the extremities of the ocean, on the verge of polar darkness, incumbered with rugged mountains, traversed by uncouth savages of horrid mien ; barren heaths, and useless, broken lands ; a spot, whose strength is merely artificial, sending out on impracticable conquests her fleets and armies, the flower of her youth and her ablest commanders, who, the moment they come within the vortex, the sphere of attraction of this huge unwieldy body, the American world, are instantly swallowed up, like straws in a whirlpool, and irrecoverably lost !

WHAT a nation of numerous and ingenious mechanics and manufacturers were the English only ten years ago ! With the fleeces of their sheep they warmed the inhabitants of either frigid zone : the fine linens of their island were in high estimation in every clime ; but in order to prosecute their mad scheme of reducing to unconditional submission or desolating a country naturally invincible, they have taken the weaver from the loom and the cobbler from his stall ; the back of the pedlar is released from its burden, and he who of yore was honestly and profitably occupied in fitting garments to the shoulders of his brethren, fancying himself on a sudden an *Alexander* or an *Hernando Cortez* ; in search of glory, in quest of never-fading laurels, and for the support of his idol, Royalty, traverses the wide extended ocean, and leads to imaginary conquests and devastations in the trans-Atlantic world !

It is not easy to conceive what will be the greatness and importance of North America in a century or two to come, if the present fabric of Nature is upheld, and the people retain those bold and manly sentiments of freedom, which actuate them at this day. Agriculture, the basis of a nation's greatness, will here, most probably, be advanced to its summit of perfection ; and its attendant, commerce, will so agreeably and usefully employ mankind, that wars will be forgotten ;

gotten ; nations, by a free intercourse with this vast and fertile continent, and this continent with the whole world, will again become brothers after so many centuries of hatred and jealousy, and no longer treat each other as savages and monsters. The iron generation will verge to decay, and those days of felicity advance which have been so often wished for by all good men, and which are so beautifully described by the prophetic sages of ancient times.

My friend, the clergyman, informs me, that after passing a ridge of lofty mountains extending on the western frontiers of these republics, a new and most enchanting region opens, of inexpressible beauty and fertility. The lands are *there* of a quality far superior to those situated in the neighbourhood of the sea coast : the trees of the forest are stately and tall, the meadows and pastures spacious, supporting vast herds of the native animals of the country ; which own no master, nor expect their sustenance from the hands of men. The climate, he says, is moderate and agreeable ; there the rivers no longer bend their courses eastward to the Atlantic, but inclining to the west and south, and moving with a gentle current through the channels that Nature has opened, fall at length into that grand repository of a thousand streams, *Mississippi*, who collecting his waters, derived from a source remote and unknown, rolls onward through the frozen regions of the north, and stretching his prodigiously extended arms to the east and west, embraces those savage groves and dreary solitudes, as yet uninvestigated by the traveller, unsung by the poet, and unmeasured by the chain of the geometrician ; till uniting with the *Ohio* and turning due south, receiving afterwards the *Missori* and a hundred others, this prince of rivers, in comparison of whom the *Nile* is but a small rivulet, and the *Danube* a ditch, hurries with his immense flood of waters into the Mexican sea, laving the shores of many fertile countries in his passage, inhabited by savage nations to this day almost unknown and without a name. It

It is a standing rule in philosophy, that Nature does nothing invain. A potent nation, now at war with these republics, has proclaimed her resolution *to lay waste what she cannot reclaim by conquest, and schemes are projected to oblige such to re-emigrate to Europe as shall escape the fury of the destroyers.* But if this new world was not to become at some time or another the receptacle of numerous civilized nations, from one extremity to the other, for what visible purpose could Nature have formed these vast lakes in the bosom of her infant empire, which surprise and astonish the traveller, who, leaving the salt ocean behind him to the east, finds, unexpectedly, new oceans of a prodigious extent in those tracts where Fancy would have surmised nothing but endless hills, inhospitable wilds and dreary forests existed? These lakes having, severally, a communication with each other, and lastly with the Atlantic ocean, towards the north-east; approaching also very near, by the west, to several of the navigable branches of the Mississippi, from an easy communication through a long tract of country, the intercourse between the various parts of which would, in future times, at least for the purposes of commerce, be extremely difficult and laborious, were it not for this continuation of waters, that for ages have been waiting to receive the barque of traffic, urged forward by the sail or the stroke of the springy oar; as the soil bordering thereon has no less impatiently expected the operations of the industrious plough.

DURING a very considerable part of the year, the south west wind blows unremittedly on the face of this serpentine river, the Ohio; and even at other times, the current of air is more prevalent in that direction than in any other, which being directly opposed to the course of the stream, moving at the rate of one mile hourly, is it not evident that Providence, Nature, or Fate, has so ordered this matter, that the commercial vessels hereafter sailing northward thereon may have favourable

able gales to make an answerable progress against a current that is still contrary and the same, and that those bound to the south may have the assistance of the ebbing stream to combat the adverse winds with more advantage.——It would carry me far beyond the bounds of a short essay, to point out every particular, indicating the future importance of this newly discovered country; and it is really astonishing, as I intimated before, that a nation endued with the divine gift of reason, if they would exercise that gift, should at this day entertain a serious thought of reducing, by force of arms, this immense continent to their absolute sway; a continent beholding two hemispheres, abounding with a hardy and active race of inhabitants, producing every thing within itself proper for its own maintenance and defence; a continent extending thro' such a number of degrees of latitude and longitude, from the limits of the torrid zone, the circle of the northern tropic, to those frozen streams and icy mountains, where, chilled with the extreme rigours of perpetual winter, Nature seems to have lost her vegetative powers; and where a few of the human race, the natives of the polar regions, that are found to exist in those unjoyous climes, bears so little resemblance in the features of the mind to what the civilized world calls a *man*; that they scarcely deserve the name.

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A
DISCOURSE UPON WHIGS AND TORIES,
BY
MR. S L E N D E R.

FROM what I have observed, I will undertake to affirm there are no two parties or descriptions of men
in

in any country, that entertain a more sincere antipathy for each other, than those denominated *Whig* and *Tory*, in North America. It seems as if *Fortune*, willing, on her part, to carry the affair to the utmost, had so ordered, that the very words which symbolize those two *characters* should be totally dissimilar both in *aspect*, *composition*, and *pronunciation*. In the words *whig* and *tory* there is not a letter alike. If the one is a monosyllable, the other is a dissyllable; and the sounds of the two words, when pronounced, are as different as can be well conceived: one is short and smart, the other long and tremulous.—Whatever may be the radical derivation, or the primitive meaning and import of these terms, whether *Whig* is formed from a Saxon word, signifying *sour milk*, or from the horse-driving *Whiggamores* of Scotland, who, upon a certain occasion, in the days of the first Charles, opposed themselves to the royal party; or whether the appellation, *Tory*, owes its origin to the miserable Irish banditti, or certain highway robbers so called; whichever of these be right or not right, it is to be regretted that these opprobrious terms, so far fetched, foreign and insignificant in themselves, are so generally applied in these republics as I have frequently observed them to be. Because the people of England, who are everlastingly at variance among themselves, as well as quarreling with the rest of the world, thought fit in the last century to stigmatize each other with contemptuous denominations of this sort, must the American revolutionists of the present day for that reason assume the appellative, *Whig*, a name they are no way concerned in, and the origin of which is, at best, local and obscure?—It is true, names are only those arbitrary sounds or marks, by means of which we distinguish one thing, individual, or collective body from another; and if that purpose be answered, it is sufficient, as far as regards the mere purpose of discrimination: but, in the present case, the terms *Whig* and *Tory*, from their

their former appropriation, convey an idea that these two classes of men are liege subjects of one and the same monarch, and are only at variance about some contested points of civil or domestic polity. There was some reason, indeed, for distinguishing in this manner the ministerial and royal party from the genuine assertors of liberty prior to the immortal DECLARATION, which at one stroke severed this country from the chains of despotism and dotage; but upon that event, these appellations, as well as a hundred others of the same kind, should have been instantaneously abolished. The free republican of America, and the base mercenary adherent to the cause of tyranny and despotism, or *two words* expressing those characters, should alone have formed the distinction.

FOR my own part, although I profess myself a citizen of the world, and am not easily prejudiced against any man or body of men, merely for the sake, or on account of the name that malice, ignorance, party-spirit, or ill-nature may have endeavoured to fasten on them, yet I cannot but admire at the stupidity or obstinacy of those, who, although born and educated in these States, and favoured with the blessing of reason to discern right from wrong, and their own interest, with that of their country, from what would be ruinous to both, are nevertheless to this hour faithful adherents to the infamous cause of Britain, or in the common stile, *Tories*.

SOME time ago I was overtaken in one of my excursions by a well dressed person, pretty far advanced in years, mounted upon an elegant horse, whom I afterwards discovered to come properly under this description.—Stopping his horse short, he accosted me by the common and usual enquiry, *What news?*—There was something in the man's countenance that immediately prepossessed me with an unfavourable opinion of him, and not happening at that time to find myself in a talking humour, I replied hastily, That

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“ there was no news worth mentioning that I knew of”—hoping that by thus evading his question the fellow would pass on, and leave me to my meditations. I was, however, fated to be disappointed: whether he took me for a person of an uncommon reach of understanding and profound knowledge, because I then wore a large grey wig, (a mistake not unfrequent) or whether he was one of the two-legged, unfeathered animals that cannot travel a mile on a road with any satisfaction unless they have some other person in company, he seemed resolved to stick by me to the last. Finding his determination, after travelling more than half a league by the side of his horse, I thought it best to change my ground, and with an air of quick recollection, said, “ There is indeed one trifling piece of intelligence that I accidentally picked up this morning at an inn on the road-side—Advice is received that the island of *St. Eustatius* has been lately retaken by the French, together with the British garrison stationed there, consisting of seven hundred effective men, or thereabouts.”——“ Death and the devil!” replied he, taking me up short (for he had not heard the news before) “ what do you talk of trifles? that is news of importance, if it be really so; but I yesterday perused the *Royal Gazette* from beginning to end, and it maketh no mention of any such thing.”

It is in the Philadelphia papers, however, replied I.

“ No man of sense, returned he, will give attention or credit to half they read in the Philadelphia Gazettes. I wish the compilers of those papers would pay a little more regard to truth and modesty, in future, than they have hitherto done—it is insufferable that the public should be thus imposed upon by those fellows!”——Whether the intelligence I give you be true or not, rejoined I, it matters very little: if the island is not taken, things will only be as they were; if it is taken, I hope the monarch of England is able enough to lose seven or eight hundred men and
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a barren rock, which he hardly ever knew to be his own, without feeling it very sensibly.——“ That is more than I know, answered my new acquaintance, in a fit of ill humour—these repeated losses come damn’d heavy upon us—eight or nine thousand men captured in Virginia with their leader, *Cornwallis*, and seven or eight hundred in St. Eustatius, as you report—with these losses and discouragements, I do not see how the devil *we* are to stifle the rebellion in such a hurry neither.”——You give credit then, cried I, to the reports of the British army in Virginia having been made prisoners of war?——“ Why, faith, betwixt you and me (said Mr. Tory) myself and two or three of my next neighbours laughed heartily at the accounts of that affair as published in Philadelphia, and for more than three weeks after the day of Earl Cornwallis’s surrender, considered the whole narrative as fabricated by the journeymen of the Congress, and consequently fictitious ; but, when we saw it also in the Royal Gazette, uncontradicted, we began to think there was some reality in the matter : For my own part I bore it patiently, smoked my pipe, shook my head, looked wise, and sat still in the chimney corner : but my wife took it hard enough, for she loves king George dearly ; she sighed and sobbed three whole days till her eyes were bloated with tears, and I really thought she would have killed the parish schoolmaster with the churn-stick for only coming to consult me on the true and genuine import of the eighth article of the capitulation. As she had previously locked the door to prevent his escape, he thought himself supremely happy to leave his newspaper in my possession, and dart out of the window with whole bones, though not without receiving several blows and bruises, which I think will firmly imprint that unlucky *article* in his remembrance till his dying day.”

HERE he paused, and I thus went on :——“ After the surrender of the island of St. Eustatius to the arms of
of

of France, the prisoners were sent off under guard to Martinique: the same day the *Marquis de Bouillé* detached a number of vessels and troops, who, in a few hours, with little or no opposition, made themselves masters of *Saba* and *St. Martin's*."—"Yes, replied my comrade hastily, (coughing aloud at the same time that he might not be mortified with hearing what I said) but have you not been notified that the whole continent of South America has revolted from the crown of Spain, and proclaimed a new monarch of its own?—There is also a famous *Indian priest*, who, I hear, is likely to do great matters.—This revolt will so embarrass the perfidious house of Bourbon, that for the future it will be wholly out of their power to support and abet the *rebellion* in these colonies as heretofore. But, do you hear any thing new from *Mr. Greene*, or from Count *Rochambeau*?—the Royal Gazette adviseth that the former is killed, and his army cut to pieces; and that the last mentioned has hoisted the standard of France in Virginia, and taken possession of that province in the name, and for the benefit, of the French king, his master. The same paper asserts that Louis the sixteenth intends to oblige us all to turn Roman Catholics. I hope he will be disappointed, for neither my wife nor myself could ever think of worshipping wooden images and paying homage to St. Gregory's beard. But the English nation is not reduced to so low an ebb of consequence as many are willing to suppose. The natives of South America have a predilection for Britons, and as soon as they begin to dig in the mines of Potosi, upon their own account, will doubtless supply old England with the bullion and dollars that were formerly transported to Spain in the annual Flota and Flotilla."—"You need not be under any concern about the mines, said I; for it is now almost a month since undoubted advices have been received, that this revolt, so magnified by the English and their partisans, is no more than a petty insurrection

insurrection of a few turbulent and insignificant tribes of Indians, that have been tampered with, and induced to take up arms, by the emissaries of the British nation. The insurgents are already dispersed, and the principal leaders put to death.

“YOUR intelligence must be ill founded, replied he, (remounting his horse in a pet) the Royal Gazette mentions nothing of the sort. But, from my late perusal of several numbers thereof I suspect terrible scenes will be exhibited next summer on this continent? Britain is now thoroughly provoked, and the thunderstorm is gathering that will speedily burst upon us. *Nothing could have happened more fortunately for her than the capture of Lord Cornwallis, and his brave army.* The nations that have hitherto appeared indifferent to her fate will now *up-rush*, like a giant from his slumbers, take an active part in her favour, and settle matters entirely to her satisfaction, and the confusion of revolutionists.”

THE disaffected man then dismounted from his horse a second time, and whispered in my ear (although no one was in sight) that *seventy-five thousand, two hundred and fifteen Russian soldiers, embarked in four hundred and eleven transports, convoyed by thirty-eight ships of the line, might be looked for on these coasts about the middle of April next.*

You must certainly have been misinformed, my friend, interrupted I; the numbers you mention are far from being just—here he looked confused—I have been told of sixty line of battle ships, one thousand one hundred transports, and at least one hundred and ninety thousand land forces—“Why, indeed, replied my companion (his visage suddenly clearing up,) it is possible I may have been mistaken in this matter—let me see—upon the whole, to the best of my remembrance, you are right—perfectly right—one hundred and ninety thousand—I recollect that you are entirely and

indisputably right ! The British Lion is not easily roused ; but when he is, let rebels beware !”

THIS latter piece of intelligence put my companion into so good a humour, that, to my inexpressible joy, he once more mounted his beast, bade me adieu, and rode off on a gallop, I suppose to impart what he had heard to some confidential friend.

THUS would these blind and obstinate men rejoice in the political downfall of the country that gave them birth, and to which they are bound by every tie of nature and honour. Men of this stamp would gladly see these promising republics shackled in the chains of slavery, despotism and tyranny, not considering that in pulling down this beautiful structure of liberty and virtue, raised with immense toil and cemented with the blood of heroes and patriots, themselves and their posterity must also be involved in the general and undistinguished ruin. But, ye Republicans of America, as long as your British enemies are suffered to occupy the least spot of territory among you, know that so long there will be retainers to their cause : similarity of language, manners and customs, together with old and rooted prejudices, will abundantly suffice for that purpose : while your adversaries can poison the stream thousands will drink of it. Weak people are the multitudinous offspring of every age, and credulous people are to be met with every moment ; timid people are seen in droves, and the prejudiced in opinion are without number. It must be, however, some satisfaction to the friends of universal liberty that the present race of Americans that are disaffected to the independence, the freedom, the honour and the true interests of their country, are comparatively few, are also for the most part well stricken in years, and are daily and hourly disappearing from this great stage of action : People of this character may justly be compared to those unbelieving Jews mentioned in the records of Moses, who wandered forty years in the wilderness and perished

rished there at last, because, after a thousand miraculous interpositions of Providence in their behalf, they still doubted that their divine leader was able to conduct them to the promised land. They wished rather to return, and be once more slaves in Egypt, than assert their right to Canaan. *Their hearts failed within them, because of the Giants, the sons of Anak.*

(First published in Philadelphia, January 1782.)



THE
PHILOSOPHER OF THE FOREST.

NUMB. XI.

THERE is nothing that detracts so much from the character of *rationality* that some men are perpetually talking of, as distinguishing the human species from the inferior ranks of created beings, than the practice of the savage profession of war, which has constantly vitiated the morals of mankind, misled their understandings, promoted a spirit of pride and barbarity, and rendered irksome and unwelcome to the far greater part of them that small portion of time which was certainly lent us for nobler ends than to be employed in violently driving each other from the borders of this material existence, antecedent to the hour that nature may be supposed to have allotted. — This was the sentiment of Ho-ang-chi-ampti, a Chinese pilgrim, and a strict adherent to the morality and opinions of Confucius, the famous ancient Asiatic philosopher. — They who are acquainted with the writings of Moses, the Jewish legislator, do there find that no sooner had man placed his foot upon this earth,

earth, than he wantonly raised his arm against his brother, and basely slew him ; at a time, too, when the world was yet solitary, when unsolicited nature poured out her stores in abundance, and necessity could feign no pretence of hostility ; and when he might have been expected, had he been influenced by reason, to have considered his brother as a second self, and regarded the welfare and safety of an individual of his own species as a point of the first and greatest importance. But this was only a specimen of what was to come. Every age has produced its *Cains*, whom divine Providence, in its unsearchable designs, has often permitted to oppress, enslave and destroy the more peaceable and well disposed part of the human race.

THERE is no man that thinks at all, but must have considered the intimate resemblance that subsists between men as individuals, in respect to the features of the mind and disposition, and those collective bodies called tribes or nations.

EVERY town and village produces a person who endeavours to render himself superior to his fellow townsmen or villagers, and accordingly, as they are weak enough to submit, humour, and give way to him, his impudence and insolence increases. Thus, too, it is with aggregates or bodies : such were the Romans and Carthaginians two thousand years since ; such are the modern British in Europe, the Malays in Asia, the Dahonims in Africa (who are perpetually at war that they may have prisoners to sacrifice to their gods) and such were the Mohawk Indians in America, whose restless, warlike and overbearing spirit has produced its natural effect, their almost universal extirpation.

SOME sentimental persons have passed half their lives in contriving plans of universal and perpetual peace ; and indeed some of their plans, at first view, seem plausible enough and easy to be carried into execution ; but till the interests of all nations are the same, and till all mankind are brought to be of one way

way of thinking, we may reasonably despair of such speculations being realized. Discord and disorder are interwoven with the nature and constitution of the human race; and I am well convinced that we may as rationally expect to see an ocean unruffled by tempests, or the sky perpetually clear of the iron glooms that so often infest it, or to find individuals without private quarrels, jealousies, and bickerings, as the world at large delivered from rapine, dissention, tyranny, discord, violence and bloodshed.—— This is a sad prospect, but at the same time a real one. What has been will be again. The rivers that flow to the ocean are also eventually supplied from thence; and indeed all things are in a state of constant revolution, which caused a sage of antiquity to remark, “ That there was nothing new in the affairs of this world.” If one generation, weary of the little squabbles of their day, at length returned to that mortifying dissolution common to all corporeal substances, the same passions, interests and resentments rise with a succeeding age from the ashes of the past, and produce, successively, the same tumults and disorders.

SINCE then the seeds of discord are so unhappily sown on the soil of human nature, fatally fertile in hastily rearing them to a rank maturity, every wise nation will endeavour to smooth the rugged brow of war, so far at least as to murder with decency, and by shewing such little complaisances and civilities as are not incompatible with our sacred regard to virtue and liberty, convince the dubious, that the nations of the earth have not entirely forgotten that they are brethren, derived from ancestors, although not precisely of the same, yet of a similar and kindred nature, and created alike rational beings by the enlivening breath of the divine author of all things; from the immense ocean of whose ideas the many myriads of mankind continually exhale their existence, and to which, like drops of rain in a clouded atmosphere, they again as certainly return.

How

How barbarous and shocking to humanity were the European wars several centuries ago ! A happy immortality is reserved only for those (said the Scandinavians) who die bravely with their swords in their hands. They imagined the principal pleasure of this immortality would be to drink beer out of bowls made of the skulls of the enemies they had slain in battle, according to the number of which every one was to be esteemed and honoured in the mansions of another world. Their war songs were particularly horrible to the imagination, and full of those savage notions of valour and romantic heroism that is at this day observable in the American Indians. What evil demon has been let loose among mankind to defile the temple of REASON with the odious scenery of devils ! Is it possible that a being illuminated by the rays of that spiritual sun could, in his senses, write the following lines : they were composed (with a great deal more) by one of the warrior chiefs of the Scandinavians, more than eight hundred years since, a few hours before he expired :

*Balderi patris scamna parata scio in aula ;
Bibemus cerevisiam ex concavis crateribus craniorum.
Non gemit vir fortis contra mortem
Magnifici in Odini domibus, &c.*

Brave deeds atchiev'd, at death's approach I smile,
In Balder's hall I see the table spread ;
The enliv'ning BEER shall now reward my toil,
Quaff'd from their skulls that by my faulchion bled.
The brave no more at death's approach shall groan ;
In Odin's lofty dome all sighs forbear,
Conscious of bloody deeds, my fearless soul
Mounts to great Odin's hall, and revels there !

I THEREFORE admire and respect the Spanish nation for having introduced into camps the good natured spirit and civilities of chivalry ; a spirit of courteousness which, although ridiculed by the inimitable pen
of

of *Michael Cervantes*, for the extravagance to which it was carried, has nevertheless continued to this day to have a good effect in alleviating the horrors of war among the more civilized nations of the world.—

And yet the civilities of war have something extremely ridiculous in them. Would not an inhabitant of some other more happy planet, suddenly arriving here, pronounce all warriors lunatics, when he beheld them this hour tearing each other to pieces with their diabolical machines of destruction; and the next, smiling upon and embracing their vanquished opponent with all the tenderness of bosom-intimacy and friendship! This, however, is an inconsistency that is praiseworthy: the vanquished are ever entitled to kindness and compassion, and none but savage, brutal, unprincipled and uncivilized communities treat persons in captivity in a different manner.

ALL wars are in a great measure produced by regal pride originating in regal power: monarchs are the children of discord, and to humour their ambition the world is forever in a state of distraction.—If the king of one country is naturally a bad man, he of consequence makes it his business to excite jealousies and promote encroachments; and, in the vulgar phrase, picks a quarrel with his neighbour, that, by getting the better of him in battle, he may have more slaves to bow down before him, while living, and more reason to have something great said or written about him after his death.—If another be humane, honest, benevolent, and is possessed of all the public and private virtues of a prince, the duty he owes his subjects compels him to resent such injuries or encroachments; and thus, between the two characters of good and bad, virtuous and vicious, the world is held eternally at variance.—The stupid notions also, of fame and unfading immortality, have incited many that wore diadems to become monsters and murderers; but alas! the laurel wreath and the cypress bough never yet flourished

flourished to perfection on the same tree; and to whatever honour, emolument, or satisfaction the survivors and conquerors in these bloody contests are entitled, I am convinced the dead have no participation in that empty and visionary enjoyment.——I shall pursue my ideas on the irrationality of war at another time, for at present I am really in doubt whether a man that is constitutionally a lover of fighting, if any such there be, can be justly called a *rational animal*, or not, (for so Logicians define him) whether he, as one of mankind, is an emanation from the all perfect Spirit, as Plato and many later writers have asserted him to be; or, on the contrary, a mere mass of those vexatious, discordant, chaotic atoms which are doomed to be everlastingly at enmity with each other, till the *soul of the universe*, the great principle of harmony and beauty, shall again move upon the superficies of these troubled waters, and bring light out of darkness, beauty and regularity from confusion, darkness and disorder.

INTERESTING THOUGHTS,

DESIGNED FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD;

By *Christopher Clodhopper*, Yeoman.

AT the present time, when people in general find so much difficulty in paying their taxes for the support of civil government, owing, as they say, to the small chance the farmer has of selling the produce of his lands to any advantage; I would beg leave to ask the public, or their representatives, what impropriety there would be in laying duties, discouragements and imposts upon the undoubted and indisputable articles of luxury and superfluity so much in vogue amongst us, and imported so liberally from the British islands in Europe?

As

As to myself, I am a plain countryman possessed of about two hundred acres of but tolerable land in the state of Pennsylvania, and do aver and assert, that by proper economy, industry, and not suffering a single superfluous article, really so, to come within my doors, I have hitherto been enabled to pay my taxes cheerfully in specie, and could have done it, notwithstanding the small demand there generally is for the produce of the lands, had they been half as high again as they are.——Many of my neighbours who complain the most, are people, I observe, that must have their teas of different kinds, their coffees, their sugars, their gauzes, laces, ribbons, &c. &c. regularly bought with ready money, which, although seemingly trifles, amount in their cost to five or six, or, I may say, often ten times the value of the taxes of which such heavy complaints are made.——But it will be said, “The consumption of these articles encourages an intercourse with foreign countries, and employs a very considerable number of seamen, and others, who would in all probability be a burden to the community were it not for the trafficking spirit of the public, which in all countries is founded rather on private vanity than any ideas of general convenience.”

To this I answer, that as to the seafaring men whom this traffic supports, they are for the most part natives of foreign countries, and in the service of other powers, so that upon the old principle of the head of every family taking care for its own, we are no way interested or concerned in their support; and, even if this were not the case, it would be preferable for every *state* to maintain them, when out of business, at its own expence, than keep them employed in a species of commerce so detrimental to the public and their country.

I WAS lately at Philadelphia, and as I sat in my waggon, or traversed the streets, I could not but observe, with some concern, the extravagantly rich body

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dresses,

dressés, as well as the idle imported fopperies upon the heads of both sexes. The money, thought I, that has been needlessly thrown away (perhaps a great part of it sent to the dominions of an inveterate enemy) for these trinkets and ridiculous gewgaws, must be immense.

I AM certain, for I shall now descend to particulars, that a moderate tax imposed upon all high-heeled shoes in use amongst the ladies of this state, would build a frigate yearly (supposing the present fashion to continue) for the protection of the trade of this port. If ladies are determined to walk upon wooden pegs five or six inches in length, thereby risking the breaking of their necks and limbs every step they take, it is their own choice; but I say let them be made to pay for their temerity.——Again, an easy tax laid upon all head dresses and high rolls in Pennsylvania (excepting those of a more moderate size at present in use among the young Quaker ladies) would, I assert, produce cash enough, supposing them not to decrease in consequence of the tax, to raise and support a full and complete regiment of light dragoons.

THE CALASH ought also to pay something, as it is a piece of furniture that, in my poor opinion, is wholly unnecessary. A country housewife's plain bonnet, made of homespun linnen, serves all the purposes of the Calash, and being manufactured amongst ourselves, would come cheap: add to this consideration, the dangers and difficulties to which this unwieldy machine, the Calash, exposes the wearer in high gales of wind, squalls, and sudden flaws; there being no method yet discovered, as I am told, of diminishing its quantity of surface by way of single, double, or balance reef, in proportion to the increase and violence of the storm.——However, far be it from me to discourage the use of this monstrous production of art, even if it should increase to the number of yards in the Royal *Louis's* mainsail, provided it be subjected to
due

due taxation.——But the articles of vanity and needless expence are by no means confined to the *ladies*. What is a tye-wig, or the tail thereof, that it should contribute nothing towards carrying on the war? The double rows of gilt buttons also upon coats and waistcoats ought to be taken notice of by those in authority, because one single row is sufficient; and all wanton superfluity should suffer severe taxation: a penny, or even a half-penny, imposed upon every needless button, annually, would be but a trifle to the owner, but, in the aggregate, a vast deal to the community at large. In the next place all laced garments, except those worn by people belonging to the army, might, if properly attended to, be made to produce something clever. He that can afford to purchase a suit of laced or embroidered cloaths for his own proper use, it is to be supposed is also able to pay something handsome to his country for the gratification he feels in displaying his peacock's feathers to the view of the gazing multitude.

THERE are an hundred other supernumerary articles, both amongst men and women, that ought to be timeously discouraged, altogether, or made to turn out to the benefit of the public. Were these evils only to be found in towns and cities, the consequences would not be so dangerous, but I am sorry to find from late experience that the fancies of many young persons in the country also are fascinated and bewildered by these new modes of dress and ornament. My girls, indeed, having never yet been in town (and I hope they never will have an opportunity) still retain their rural simplicity of dress and manners, and in my eyes are more truly amiable in their plain attire than the gaudy cit with her flowers and furbelows, and all the rustling geer that she so well knows how to display to the best advantage. But my eldest son, having spent several weeks in this city last fall, came home a mere baboon. His hair besprinkled as white with powder

powder as an old man's of eighty-five with extreme age; a pair of ruffles reaching from his wrist-bands to the extremities of his nails; a strip of gold lace encircling his hat with a loop and button of the same materials; a huge stock on his neck containing almost muslin enough for his winding sheet; a suit of superfine cloaths wrought off in a wonderful glaring manner, and to complete the jest a long piece of cold iron, that he called a sword, dangling after him, in imitation, I suppose, of some coxcomb he had seen or been acquainted with in town.—My wife, my daughters and myself were quite out of humour at the sight of this ridiculous metamorphosis, especially when we considered that the silly fellow had put more upon his back in one superfluous suit than would pay our taxes for two years. I remember one of my girls, his sister, looking at his sword with a contemptuous sneer, asked him if he had brought us a new spit to roast meat upon?—This so mortified poor *Jerry* that he has hung up his sword in the garret, (as the Hebrews of old time did their harps on the willows by Babel's stream) and has never ventured to gird it upon his thigh from that day to this.

Philadelphia, July 10, 1782.

PRISCILLA TRIPSTREET'S

ANSWER TO CHRISTOPHER CLODHOPPER.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and remarked of the unparalleled rage of the lower and middling classes of people in Britain, for planning and scheming and breaking their rest for the advancement of the public good, and the ardent desire they manifest upon all occasions to be instructed in the depths

depths and mysteries of political science ; notwithstanding all this, I do not believe there is a country in the world that produces more of these imaginary *Solons* and *Lycurgus's* than this, called the United States of America. Every common fellow that has been taught to snuffle a little over a school book, or to make a scrawl or scratch he calls writing, thinks himself amply qualified to reform and regulate the affairs of the great world.——There was a striking instance of this in a late performance, said to be the production of a certain Mr. Clodhopper, a man from some remote part of the country, who, it seems, whenever he comes to town, has the impudence to lie in his waggon, making observations upon our dresses and fashions as we walk the streets or ride in our carriages. How narrow and diminutive must that soul be, which can voluntarily restrict itself merely to those articles (I pity his poor wife and daughters) that may just keep soul and body together, as the saying is, and cover them from the inclemency of the air and seasons, in contempt and disregard of the comforts and conveniencies of life. Avaunt, ye *Clodhoppers* of the age ! enjoy in peace your wretched fare and still more wretched attire, but come not henceforward into public view with your execrable croakings, to do your utmost to rob us of our teas and our sugars, our calashes and our shoe heels, and other blessings, which, if withheld, as your niggardly hands are itching to do, would render life itself an unsupportable burthen, not worth owning or enjoying on such miserable terms of deprivation.

HAVE the ladies of North-America ever manifested themselves such bitter enemies to the liberty of their country, or been so sparing in their contributions to the support thereof, that the free and virtuous sons of America should, at this period of the war, look to them alone for supplies to build a navy ? No—it can only be the low and contemptible idea of some narrow-

minded miscreant, whose coarse soul of clay is incapable of enjoying the pleasures of high life, or even a mediocrity of condition.——Let me ask this prating rustic how so vast a number of poor families could be supported in this city were it not for the generous policy of the rich in encouraging superfluity?——Upon thirty married ladies of my acquaintance I know that fourteen families, and they not the smallest, do from day to day depend for a subsistence, not by way of presents or charity, but by honest labour and industry. Supposing now these thirty ladies to conform to the blessed opinions and advice of our venerable and amiable Mr. Clodhopper, what would become of those same people and their poor innocents? Relentless savage! with a dry eye and a hard unfeeling heart wouldst thou see them perish by the most horrible of all deaths, or, what is still worse, if possible, behold them forced into the country to provide a hard earned subsistence upon new and untractable lands, by the toil of their fingers and the sweat of their brow!

I AM not ashamed to confess, that I am one of those who wear shoes suitable to the mode of the times, and cannot see what difference it makes to the public whether our heels be high or low; or what possible right the curious impertinents can claim to be meddling with a fashion that is at least innocent in itself, or if there be any ill consequences attending it, the damage of which must inevitably fall upon our own persons. Now, as to high heeled shoes being a luxury, I deny it in every sense; for any person who can afford to purchase a pair of shoes at all, may as well have them *high* as *low* heeled, considering the vast plenty of wood in this country, and it is the wood alone that constitutes the difference.——Again, in regard to the head dresses, I allow they are rather more suitable objects of reprehension than the heels of shoes, but supposing a tax to be laid upon, and collected from these, and a regiment of dragoons raised, or a stout ship of
war

war built therewith, would not the enemy have good reason to deride, despise, and insult the Americans that should navigate and man this great ship?—There (they would no doubt say) is a *man of war*, which the virtuous, spirited, and invincible sons of America have been compelled to build *at the expence of their ladies heads!*—May a tax be speedily and effectually laid upon all the Christopher Clodheads and Clodhoppers of this country, and I am convinced we shall soon be a thriving and a happy people.——That the calash is a piece of unnecessary furniture I absolutely deny also. Would he wish to see us tanned by the sun in the same manner as I suppose his unfortunate wife and daughters are with their abominable and ever execrable homespun white linnen bonnets?—As to the danger attending the use of the calash it is altogether imaginary, since ladies that can afford to purchase this machine are supposed to be of some condition, at least of such as not to lie under the necessity of being much exposed to tempestuous weather; however, my husband, who has been many voyages to sea (and is a warm friend to the calash) although he is very angry with Mr. Clodhopper for his impertinent and ill advised publication, has, notwithstanding, taken a hint from it, which he thinks may be the foundation of several considerable improvements in this machine. He tells me, that to obviate all possibility of my being blown off a horse, or out of an open carriage, or off my feet into the river by the sudden gusts or flaws that are too frequent in this climate, he intends to provide my calash with what he calls single, double and balance-reef *eyelet holes*, with *reef-knittles* (I know not what they are) knotted therein, ready for use upon any emergency, together with certain things he calls *sheets, tacks, clew-garnets, clew-lines* and *reef-tackles* running through a sett of small pullies, which, he says, will be of good use upon many occasions.—Since he proposes this merely out of good will, I shall
let

let him take his head, but were I to have my own way, I would only wish for a few stout corking pins, and half a yard of ribbon, which I presume would be abundantly sufficient for every purpose of safety.—— Mr. Clodhopper, after all his impertinence towards the women and their fashions, has nevertheless shewn some candour in mentioning an article or two of needless extravagance amongst the men, which he thinks ought to be subjected to an impost, annually. Why did he not point out several others: the WATCH, for instance; why might it not pay half a dollar annually?—My husband, at a moderate calculation, finds there are one hundred and fifty thousand gold and silver watches in the thirteen United States. Now, watches of gold ought certainly to pay more than those of silver; but, to come below the mark rather than go above it, let us suppose there are amongst us only one hundred thousand silver watches: these, at half a dollar each, would raise the very considerable sum of eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, currency of this state. This would be a very serious parcel of money, the actual payment of which, too, would only fall upon such as are able to bear it; for no one has a right to carry a watch (in my manner of thinking) who cannot or will not pay *three shillings and nine-pence* annually for the privilege. That a watch is for the most part an unnecessary article, I argue from hence: first, that those persons seem fondest of owning watches that have the least to do; and were it not for their favourite habit of squinting every two minutes at the dial and indices, or twirling about the seal, usually appended, with their fingers, would scarcely know how to employ their time: secondly, because the scripture says, the two great lights in the firmament were made for signs; that is, to let us know (among other uses) what time of day or night it is, without the aid of artificial time-pieces.

IN the next place, is it at all becoming that ladies should

should pay tribute for the use of a trifling ornament or two, and gentlemen be permitted to travel the streets with a huge umbrella, of foreign fabrication, untaxed?—Let it be taxed immediately, say I.—Again, Why should the men's large silver, pinchbeck and plated shoe buckles, weighing sometimes a pound each, be passed over in silence, when the use of a little gauze, or silk, or wire, is so severely reprehended in us women?——I shall now conclude this long answer to Mr. Clodhopper, with humbly representing, that all those men should be severely taxed who follow such effeminate trades and occupations as policy, justice, and humanity ought long ago to have appropriated to the women. Does not common reason teach, that the needle (sail needles only excepted) ought to be inviolably the property of the female world? There sojourneth in our neighbourhood a man more than six feet in height, and of proportionable bulk and corpulency, that fingers no other instrument than the needle. Did not Nature rather design this man for a shipwright or a ploughman?—There is also another, a hearty hale looking man, who entirely maintains himself by *Quill-driving*, who, in the opinion of more than myself, might drive ox teams to much better advantage, both to himself and the public. I cannot help saying, now I am upon the subject, that I am sorry to see the pen so universally slipped into the hands of *men* as it has. If girls possessed of no fortune were properly instructed in the mere mechanical art of writing, and placed in those offices where copying and transcribing is only necessary, it would turn out thousands of rough looking fellows, *able*, though perhaps not *willing*, to serve their country in some far more useful and manly way.——In a word, true policy ought long since to have corrected these ungenerous usurpations. Who, with the least degree of patience, can behold the softer sex toiling from sunrise to sunset in a corn or harvest field, and a huge lubberly fellow at the same time enjoying himself

himself under the shade of a painted cieling, or taken up with employments that scarcely deserve the name of labour. These abuses and many others ought to be reformed without delay ; and, if the community wants money, let it be raised and levied, not from an impost upon a few insignificant female ornaments, as wise Mr. Clodhopper proposes, but, instead thereof, from those idle persons who have shoved themselves into callings that are justly the property of the more needy and friendless part of our sex.

PHILAD. July 17, 1782.



A

SHORT REPLY TO THE ABOVE ;

BY

MR. CLOD HOPPER.

I WAS busily engaged in ploughing a piece of *Indian corn* when my son brought to my hand the Newspaper containing an angry piece written against me by one Priscilla Tripstreet.—I do not snuffle over a school book, nor do I altogether scratch and scrawl ; though it is possible I may scribble, when I sit down at my writing desk. I am no relentless hard hearted savage, neither do I conceit myself so wonderfully wise as Madam Tripstreet supposes I do.—I thought townspeople had been better bred than to abuse us, simple country folks, with such monstrous invectives and bitter, hard names.

HAD her answer to my silly performance (the first I ever sent to a printer) affronted only myself, I should not have troubled the press with these few lines, but all the people I have seen hereabouts declare, that if
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the aforementioned Mrs. Tripstreet ever comes into or passes through our neighbourhood, her irreverent and degrading language, and so disrespectful to the white linnen bonnet, shall not pass unnoticed : I advise her, therefore, as a friend, to take care how she comes near my plantation in particular, as my wife and daughters are bitterly and violently exasperated against her, and if ever they, or either of them, have it in their power, will most certainly resent the affront, not indeed with the pen, (for that they know little about) but, maybe, with the *bridle reins, broomstaff or churn stick*.

1780.

A

POLITICAL CATECHISM,

FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY SUIT.

QUEST. **W**HAT is your name ?

ANSW. Titus Tax-grumbler.

Q. WHO gave you that name ?

A. THE Assessor of our county.

Q. How long have you had that name ?

A. EVER since I paid taxes with money of any real value.

Q. How much do you pay out of every *hundred* you are worth toward the general tax !

A. TEN shillings and eight pence.

Q. Do you not labour under great hardships, in being thus taxed ?

A. CERTAINLY I do.

Q. How do you spend your evenings ?

A. CHIEFLY at the tavern, card, backgammon, or billiard table.

Q. WHAT are your outgoings there ?

A. Two

A. Two or three dollars a week in punch and other liquors, besides losses at play, which I sometimes make up again.

Q. WHAT was you in the year *seventeen hundred seventy five* ?

A. I WAS a violent Whig (as I thought) and roared dreadfully against the British claim of binding America in all cases whatsoever.

Q. WHAT was the substance of your roarings ?

A. I ROARED, that we must have a *Congress*, and engaged for myself that I would support them with my life and fortune in a *virtuous* opposition to the unjust claims of Great Britain, till those claims should be given up.

Q. HAVE these claims ever been given up in reality ?

A. No, never.

Q. WERE you for the Declaration of Independence ?

A. YES, heartily.

Q. DID you also engage to support the Congress in that Declaration, with your life and fortune ?

A. I DID.

Q. WHAT is your Life ?

A. MY Life is to do mine honest endeavours to keep whole bones and a sound skin.

Q. WHAT is your Fortune ?

A. MY Fortune is, to prate and chatter a good deal about liberty, independence and patriotism, but not to part with a single farthing, if I can help it, to support any or either of them.

Q. IF this be the meaning of *life* and *fortune*, how is the war to be carried on against our enemies ?

A. IN the same manner as we support the spiritual war against the *world*, the *flesh* and the *dewil*.

Q. How is that ?

A. BY cursing them continually, and yet doing every thing they command us, or want us to do.

Q. Is there no other way to carry on the war ?

A. YES, verily.

Q. WHAT

Q. WHAT is that?

A. BY borrowing money from France, Spain and Holland, who are, individually, under great and manifold obligations to Congress.

Q. WHAT is the meaning of the word *Congress*?

A. AN assembly of Alchymists, who possess the philosopher's stone, and can transmute whatever they please into gold; yea, the whole Alleghany mountain, if it so seemeth good unto them.

Q. Do you not secretly wish for old times again, even the times of obedience to *George*?

A. Now and then my heart lusteth a little that way.

Q. WHAT was the history of *Lot's* wife?

A. SHE looked back towards *Sodom* and became a pillar of salt.

Q. WHAT is the inward meaning or thing signified by *salt*?

A. SERVITUDE and dependence entailed upon our posterity.

PHILAD. Aug. 14, 1781.

NEW YEAR'S VERSES

FOR 1788.

[Supposed to be written by the Printer's lad, who supplies the customers with his weekly paper.]

THOUGH past events are hourly read,
The various labours of the dead,
Invain their story we recall,
The rise of empires, or the fall;
Our modern men, a busy crew,
Must, in their turn, have something new.

By moralists we have been told
That "Time himself in time grows old;

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"The

" The seasons waste, the moons decay,
 " The sun shines weaker every day,
 " Justice is from the world withdrawn,
 " Virtue and friendship almost gone,
 " Religion fails (the clergy shew)
 " And we, alas, shall vanish too."

LET others such opinions hold,
 Since grumbling has been always old ;
 All Nature must decay, 'tis true,
 But Nature shall her face renew,
 Her travels in a circle make,
 Freeze but to thaw, sleep but to wake,
 Die but to live, and live to die,
 In summer smile, in autumn sigh,
 Resume the garb that once she wore,
 Repeat the words she said before,
 Bow down with age, or, fresh and gay,
 Change only to prevent decay.

As up and down, with weary feet,
 I travel each fatiguing street,
 Meeting the frowns of party men,
 Foes to the freedom of the pen,
 And to your doors our sheets convey—
 I sometimes think I hear you say.
 " Ah, were it not for what he brings,
 (This messenger of many things)
 We should be in a sorry plight ;
 The wars of Europe out of sight,
 No paragraphs of home affairs
 To tell us how the fabric wears
 Which Freedom built on Virtue's plan,
 And *Virtue only can maintain.*"

BUT something further you pretend,—
From want of money, heaven defend !
 Leave that to those who sleep in sheds,
 Or on the pavement make their beds,
 Who clean the streets, or carry news,
 Repair old coats, or cobble shoes—

Of every ill with which we're curs'd
 This want of money is the worst :
This was the curse that fell on *Cain*,
 The vengeance for a brother slain ;
 For *this* he quit his native sod,
 Retreated to the land of Nod,
 And, in the torture of despair,
 Turn'd poet, pimp, or newsman there——
 Divines have labour'd in the dark
 To find the meaning of his mark :
 How many idle things they wrote——
 'Twas nothing but a *ragged coat*.

SHOULD money, now, be scarce with you,
 With me, alas, 'tis nothing new !
 We news-boys always are in need,
 So fate and nature have decreed ;
 And still your bounty shall implore
 Till—printing presses are no more !—
 Did we not conjure up our strain
 The year might come and go again,
 Seasons advance and moons decay,
 And life itself make haste away,
 And news-boys only vex their brains
 To have their labour for their pains——
 Such usage I may find, 'tis true,
 But then it would be—something new !



A

DISCOURSE ON ESQUIRES,

WITH A SHORT NARRATIVE.

By his honor the President of the Debtor's Club.

THERE is nothing that, in my opinion, renders a man more truly little and contemptible, or manifests a
 more

more limited understanding than the giving way to a habit of peevish churlishness or moroseness of disposition, which, however disgusting or injurious it may be to others, in its effects generally renders the unhappy possessor of such a temper of mind, or customary ill habit, a plague and a torment to himself.

AMONGST the lower classes of men, if an individual be of such a profession or trade as compels him to depend upon the good-will and favourable opinion of others for a living, and happens to possess this morose turn of mind, he is obliged out of a principle of policy to act the hypocrite, and either conceal the venom that rankles in his heart, or discharge it upon such objects as are incapable of revenging an insult or retorting an affront. I once had some acquaintance with a mechanic, who not thinking it proper for his own interest and safety to let this unfortunate and malevolent disposition of his be generally known in his own street, used to give vent to it by now and then locking up his wife, children, apprentice or dogs, and kicking or beating them unmercifully whenever he happened to receive an affront abroad from a person whom he dared not to treat with blows, abuse or scurrilous language.

ONE might, however, pardon a great deal in the inferior characters of mankind, were their case and condition in partially considered. They labour under an immense pressure of real necessities, and are constantly harrassed with great and urgent difficulties in rubbing thro' the world. A first minister of state, with all the business of a kingdom in his head, does not suffer more real anxiety of mind than a poor tradesman with a wife and eight children.

BUT, of all insolence, that of men in high office is the most insufferable. These, for the most part, tho' nothing more than servants of the community, seem often to entertain a conceit that a high station, or an office of public employment, places them beyond the obligations

obligations of common civility to a humble, a deserving, or perhaps an injured applicant, who, possibly, at the same time, asks for nothing more than what is justly his own. The grandeur of appearance, some *remaining ideas of royalty*, and the necessary consequence of these men, gives them an imaginary patent to be morose and surly: It is certain that a multiplicity of business, especially when of a difficult and intricate nature, has a natural tendency to sour the temper, and this might serve as an excuse for an ordinary fellow who had been raised to something great from a low and piddling condition; but for a man of sense and ability to be constantly on the fret, and bursting into expressions of rage at every interruption or difficulty that may present itself, shews a little waspish mind indeed. The capacities of some men are so very narrow, that it seems impossible for them to turn their attention to more than one particular thing and subject in the course of a day, a week, or a month; but men of this stamp are not fit for posts of consequence. I know a cobbler that cannot make a shoe, a clergyman who can write nothing but sermons, and a lawyer who can speak on no other subjects but such as are commonly handled in courts of justice.

THE surliness of disposition, I have remarked upon above, strange as it may seem, is more or less constantly attached to people *in office*, however insignificant that *office* may be. When I walk the streets of this city, where, by the by, I am a mere stranger, I can instantly tell who are people in authority, simply, by the assumed significant superiority of countenance, displayed on these occasions by the great man. In some of these characters I too often discern the soul of a mendicant, petitioning me for some token of respect, which sometimes out of mere pity I condescend to bestow, if not to the man, to the office and authority, however, that he has the honour to represent. — As to myself, when I was *in office*, which I do assure you,

too, was a very considerable one, *no less than that of Letter-carrier to the Post Office*, I do not recollect that I ever took any insolent or forbidding airs upon myself, or gave one applicant a single hard word, frown, or rough expression upon any occasion, except once to a certain philosopher who had laid a deep scheme to cheat me out of *two pence*. This condescension of mine, you will say, was owing to a happy composure of mind and a certain natural evenness of temper and disposition.—Be it so—and I sincerely wish all mankind were possessed of a similar benevolent temper, whether natural or acquired.

SOME time since, in travelling thro' a distant part of the country, I was a good deal diverted with a character of this sort, one who had been lately created a Justice of the peace, and being very ignorant of the world had no less ideas of his own importance, power and dignity than I suppose Cesar, Xerxes or Alexander had in their day of theirs.

THROUGH mere neglect I had left my home without procuring the proper pass or permit for travelling any considerable distance, and, of consequence, had not proceeded more than sixty or seventy miles on my journey, when I found my progress interrupted by some countrymen, who informed me, for my comfort, I must go to the *'squire* along with them, and there give an account of myself and my business in those parts.—In these people's faces I immediately discerned a consciousness of authority, and with as much certainty as if I had been one of themselves. The law of the State had put them into power for a moment; they were now all officers and great men, by virtue of having seized my person; my carcase, such as it is, was in their power, and all the choice I had left me was to march quietly and slowly along with them, as guards, to the aforesaid *'squire* and Justice of the peace.

By way of sudden digression, I would observe, that this visible consciousness of superiority of condition, arising

arising from accidental superior circumstances in life, is not restrained to the human species. A stately coach horse, high fed, duly curried, adorned from *head to tail*, with his spangled furniture, his head full of the instructions of the groom, and perhaps having been used to be taken more care of than his master's eldest son and heir, carries himself with a much more stately demeanor, looks fiercer, and kicks at you with much more virulence, contempt and ill nature than the humble, patient, abused, hard-faring animal that travels with his squalid attire in a drayman's cart thro' the dirt and mire of the ill-cleaned streets of this city—But to return—(if I may use a pulpit expression, without profaning the phrase)—

As I travelled on with the before mentioned people, under whose direction I now was, I was entertained by them, between whiles, with terrifying accounts of the severity, sourness, and waspish disposition of the redoubtable *Justice Goslin* (that was his name) before whom, and at whose seat of judgment, I, a half-condemned and miserable culprit (in their opinions) was shortly to appear. By their accounts, the sternness of 'squire Goslin's visage was such, and such the terrifying keenness of his eye, that many people had been scared into compunction and a confession of their guilt, and, more than that, had suffered accordingly, who otherwise, and before a man of a common countenance, might, in consequence of the depth of their plans, have defied the world, the devil, and all his angels and ministers, to make any thing criminal appear against them.

At last, after many hours walking thro' very bad roads, and swimming several rapid creeks, the fatal dome appeared, in which it was my destiny to be called to an account before this redoubtable personage. It was a wooden building, with a white washed chimney top peeping out of the roof, and of such a structure that it is possible the architect might have been inwardly

inwardly composing soliloquies on the bowl of a tobacco pipe at the time he was employed in constructing it.

WHEN we had advanced to the door, which my conductors called the outer court, Madam Goslin, the old 'squire's lady, as I afterwards found her to be, made her first appearance, and having looked at me with great eagerness, and seemingly in anger, instantly retreated, calling out, *there was a prisoner in the yard!*

THIS personage was an elderly gentlewoman, near six feet in height, apparently about sixty years of age, and the moment I saw her, I also saw she had something official in her phiz. *This is an officer in petticoats*, said I, *but where is the officer in breeches!*

ONE of the guards then whispered me that it was not lawful for any prisoner to mention the word *petticoat*, at least within hearing of the Esquire or his family.—The 'squire, however, was too great a man to appear at the door in person, and therefore remained within till he was properly accoutred to receive me. The guard had by this time ordered me into the kitchen, and while there I heard a hoarse and angry voice call for *Jacob's Law Dictionary, staff, spectacles, and elbow chair*. There were several servants in this homely apartment, all of whom I could now and then observe peeping at me with a look of commiseration, but at the same time there was something in the cast of their eyes, that betokened them to be *slaves of a man in power*. But what do I talk? In the face of the very house-dog there were some visible lineaments of magistracy.

THE same voice which had called out so magisterially for Jacob's law dictionary, the staff, spectacles and elbow chair, now bawled out a second time, *Let the prisoner be brought before me!*

A NARROW door, which discovered the entrance into a dark passage, was then thrown open, and I advanced along it with resignation, composure and respect

spect towards the great man in the chair, hoping at least to be invited to dine with his honour after the elucidation of my innocence. But I was disappointed. *Inhospitality is a perquisite of magistrates and clergymen.*—Having approached within two yards of him—“Sirrah, said he, come not too near my person, but stand off at a proper and respectful distance, that thou may’st be fairly adjudged, and convicted for thy various and manifold misdemeanours!”

HEAVENS! thought I, does the man accuse me of crimes before he has heard a word of my case, and at an instant when he knows as little of me as he does of the *Agas of the Janizaries* at Constantinople!

BUT I will describe this man of consequence.—He was a squat, big bellied, chimney smoked figure, dressed in a long banyan and a buckskin jacket, much soiled with snuff; and, according to my ideas, answered pretty nearly to the descriptions of the little wooden household gods, of which so much is said in the Roman authors. His wig, instead of the true magisterial grey, had now become a dull yellow, by reason of its extreme age. His breeches were also of leather dyed black, and might have once belonged to a far more respectable animal. His hose—but I could not see the hose, his legs being covered by a pair of large boots, which it is by no means impossible might have served the whole purpose of the hose, as is usual with the Knights of the Thimble.

AFTER the Esquire had examined and re-examined, questioned and cross-questioned me, although I gave as clear and as satisfactory an account of myself as it was possible for one in similar circumstances to give, I was ordered in a tone of decisive authority to proceed on to the county jail with the escort, as at least a person of dubious principles and character. Finding it to no purpose to advance any thing more in my own behalf, to a person who seemed resolved at any rate to make me feel the effects of his superior consequence,

consequence, I was then marched off, accompanied by the guard, to one of whom the 'squire delivered a paper indorsed as follows: *Mittymouse for P. Pennyles.*

WHEN we arrived at the village, in which the county jail was, I had the good fortune to fall in with a person of my acquaintance, a resident in that part of the county, and formerly a member of our club, who rescued me from the fangs of my paltry attendants, and thus enabled me to pursue my journey.

ON my return, some weeks after, being then mounted on a sorrel nag, I met the good 'squire Goflin in the midst of a thick forest, travelling alone and on foot. I immediately perceived a strange and surprising alteration in his whole countenance and demeanour. The consequential grimace done away—in short, he looked altogether, and in every respect, simply—*like a man out of office*; but in the height of his confusion he made a shift to tell me, that he had been robbed a little before, by a highwayman—not only of the horse he had rode on, but also of what money he had in his pocket; and concluded with meanly requesting me, as he was no less than seven miles from home, to suffer him to get up behind me.——

If you will condescend to ride upon the crupper, replied I, *you are heartily welcome, Mr. 'Squire, but I am sure a man of your importance and knowledge in the law cannot condescend so far as that.*

He felt the force of the reply, and slunk away silent and ashamed into the wood.

LET no man affront another wantonly, as he knows not how soon he may stand in need of the assistance of the injured person; and let us remember that the various inequalities of condition that chance and fortune has made amongst men, ought by no means to make us forget that we are notwithstanding, at all times, and in all cases, under mutual obligations of good usage and civility.

PHILAD. Nov. 20, 1782.

O N



ON

CITY BURYING PLACES.

A SPEECH,

By a Member of the *Lower House*.

*Simon Petrus, vir pius et probus
Qui, vivus, omnibus profuerat,
Sub dio sepeliri voluit,
Ne mortuus cuquam noceret.*

Epitaph. Monachi.

*A certain man nam'd Simon Peter
Honest by principle and nature,
Who, as he aim'd while yet alive
To help his fellow men to thrive,
So in his will took special care
To give due orders to his heir
To place no piles of church-yard stones,
Or church-floor paving o'er his bones;
Lest he who, living, was well bred
Should sink his friends to death—when dead.*

P. F.

IT is commonly and generally acknowledged, by all people of solid sense and sober reflection, that when a man is once dead he is of no farther visible importance or service in this world, at least worth mentioning or dwelling long upon in the way of discourses. Were it necessary I might even produce scriptural authority in support of this opinion. The Hebrew records tell us in a certain place, that “a living dog is better than a deceased lion;” that is, the most insignificant, worthless animal in a state of actual existence is far superior to the noblest when in that state of torpid inactivity common called *death*.—Since this is undeniably and universally true, how preposterous is

is it to pay so much attention to the *departed* as is common and habitual among us. It is indeed a piece of superstition of the most childish kind—when a person weeps a little over a deceased relative for two or three hours, or even for as many days or weeks, I can readily forgive him, because it is the weakness of human nature, and the effect of those passions that will not on all occasions be immediately subjected to the controul of sound reason; but when his regret and affection carry him so far as to leave no scheme untried to procure his deceased friend to be interred under a church floor, I am in a moment out of all patience with him.

DEATH is but another name for insensibility, a change from what once had perception to what can now no longer perceive. How therefore can the rains or snows, the scorching sun, the blustering winds or the piercing frosts materially affect that substance which is already out of the power of the inclemencies of these hostile and vexatious elements! Does an inanimate corpse require a shelter from the cold winds of the north in the winter, or from the sultry gales of the south in the opposite season!

BUT the mischief of this practice does not altogether consist in its irrationality. Its consequences are more serious than is commonly apprehended. Forty or fifty corpses, and those perhaps none of the leanest neither, putrifying at a little depth below the surface of the pavement of a church, let me tell you, are serious affairs. They have been the destruction, I make no doubt, of many an honest man and well-meaning woman, who perhaps went to church or to the meeting with no other view than to pass an hour or two inoffensively, if not to advantage; and were, in return, poisoned to death, or contracted some fatal disorder from the scent of this worst of all carrion, *the human body in a state of putrefaction.*——This indecent and ridiculous custom of burying in churches

is no other than a relique of that Romish superstition which we, in other particulars, pretend to hold in such ineffable contempt. Let it be observed, however, that the practice of church-interment in Roman Catholic countries is innocent in comparison to that in vogue with us. Amongst them, when a fellow-citizen of note and consequence departs this life, as I have observed in Portugal, and elsewhere, such honourable person (for it is well known that few are suffered to be buried in cathedrals, except persons of rank and fortune) is placed in the grave opened for the purpose and covered on all sides with a sufficient quantity of strong lime: the dirt is then thrown upon this layer of lime and carefully packed down with a *flamper*, so that it is impossible that any pestilential vapours can arise from the deceased: that part of the pavement which had been taken up is then replaced, and the very interstices between the tiles new-plastered. After some weeks, the powerful operation of the lime leaves nothing but a dry skeleton, which is then dislodged from this temporary place of rest, and the skulls, thigh-bones, &c. sent away to the charnel house, or thrown into heaps in the fields, or placed in walls that are in those countries often constructed out of such materials.

AND such is the force and power of custom, that the very people who, a few weeks before, would have considered it as a very serious misfortune, and would have wept and snivelled for years had not their relatives been interred in this manner, can now look at the kindred bones without emotion and concern, when they make a part of the monastery inclosure, or church-yard wall!

THERE is a practice very common in most, if not all the cities of these states, of permitting large spaces for burying-grounds in the midst of them. Hence, in those parts where curious strangers would be led to expect a neat range of houses inhabited by wealthy

merchants or industrious mechanics, their eyes are offended with the melancholy view of a dreary uncomfortable solitude incumbered with grave-stones, and swelling with the inhospitable turf of death.

HERE let me pause a moment, and ask,—Are there not miseries enough in life, are there not dreary prospects in abundance elsewhere, that our eyes must be continually insulted and offended with the dismal view of the unsocial habitations of the dead, and that too in the midst of our cities! But this yet is not not the worst: These thousands of mouldering carcases, doubtless, hold a real and fatal communication with those subterraneous springs and rivulets which supply the wells of this town.—Were I one whose ancestors had been inhumed in these over-crowded squares, thus fatally allotted to the repose of the departed, I am sure I should continually imagine, at least every time I took a draught of pump-water, that I was swallowing down a part of the substance, perhaps even the *stamina vitæ* of my grandfather, or possibly a nearer relative—Horrid idea—*through what new scenes and changes must we pass!*

FOR these and other reasons it were to be wished that the large parcels of ground, now appropriated as burying places within the limits of this city, be strait-way, and forthwith, taken from the dead, and appointed to the purposes of the living—But, you will say, are we to dig up the bones of our ancestors that have been reposing in peace for so many ages?—I answer, *verily, brethren, by all means*; for it does not appear to me but a dry skeleton or a putrid mass may *rest as safely and may sleep as sound* a mile or two beyond the *Schuylkill* as in the midst of this populous and beautiful city. As to the *Potters-field* it is absurd to bury there, because, in a few years, it is more than probable that place will be surrounded with buildings in the same manner as those of which I make my complaint, are now.

AMERICA

AMERICA is a country, where (thanks be to the giver of all things) there is no want of *ground*; why then should we incumber our cities with the bodies of the departed! It would be well if we imitated the customs of the *Chinese*, and other Asiatic nations in this particular, who invariably choose to inter their dead far from towns, in remote and solitary places, in the caverns of the earth or under the suspended cliffs of barren mountains. This also was the custom of early antiquity, as appears from the book of *Job*, and numerous other passages of sacred and profane history—*Give me a possession of a burying place* (said Abraham) *that I may bury my dead out of my sight*—that is, at a distance from the resort and abodes of living men.

BUT, some of the more ignorant and prejudiced among my hearers, will say, the removal of so many thousands of dry and moist skeletons is a thing unprecedented in civilized Christian countries. That I roundly deny: it is a common practice in Europe; and that part of London now denominated St. Paul's church-yard, and which is at present covered with elegant buildings, was once literally a burying place, till necessity constrained the inhabitants to disoblige the dead, the better to accommodate the living.

THERE is a strange and absurd idea current with some, that wherever there is a place of *Divine Worship*, or, in other words, a church or meeting-house, there ought also to be a repository for dry bones; as if a mass of death and corruption, matter reduced to its primitive insensibility, had any particular or specific connexion with that exalted principle of life, that sublime, incomprehensible, and supremely intellectual *being*, to whom we approach, while living, to pay our devotions.

You will tell me, the dead put us in mind of our mortality, and the wise will lay it to heart—But to be put in mind of *death* and *sleep* at the same time is rather overdoing the matter; for I must confess that most of our
pulpit

pulpit orators display so little of oratorical gesture in their persons, and so little of energetic eloquence in their discourses, that between the *dead* men that surround us in the adjacent graves, and the *living* man in the pulpit, I most frequently return drowsy, discontented and melancholy from a place where I had vainly hoped to have my spirits raised to enjoy a share of those agreeable, those divine sensations, which never fail to exhilarate the soul, when the rewards of virtue and the true felicity of a good life are set in a proper point of view, and enforced with suitable gestures, and a glow of fine language equal to the subject.

PHILAD. Decemb. 4, 1782.

A
J O U R N E Y
FROM
PHILADELPHIA TO NEW-YORK,

BY WAY OF BURLINGTON AND SOUTH-AMBOY.

BY THE LATE
MR. ROBERT SLENDER.

*These our Actors,
(As I foretell you) are all spirits, and
Shall vanish into air, into thin air.*
Shakespeare.

P E R S O N S of the P O E M.

WILLIAM SNIP——a Philadelphia taylor.
SAM——his apprentice.
Captain O'KEEFE——an Officer in the army.
Monsieur TOUPEE——a French barber.
BILLY O'BLUSTER——an American seaman in the British
EZEKIEL——a Rhode Island lawyer. (service.
BOB——a Poet and Ballad-singer.
ROBERT SLENDER——stocking weaver.
SUSANNA SNIPINDA——Snip's wife.
CYNTHIA——a young Milliner.

C A N T O I.

Characters of the TRAVELLERS.

TORMENTED with critics, and pester'd with care,
This life, I protest, is a tedious affair;
And, since I have got a few shillings to spare,
I'll e'en take a jaunt, for the sake of fresh air.

SINCE the day I return'd to this vagabond shore
Where George and his cronies are masters no more,
And

And others are plac'd at the helm of affairs,
 Relieving the weight of his majesty's cares ;
 Through many long years, it has still been my doom
 To sit like a Mopus, confin'd to my loom,*
 Whose damnable clatter so addles my brain,
 That, say what they will, I am forc'd to complain.

OUR citizens think, when they sit themselves down
 In the gardens that grow in the skirts of the town,
 They think they have got in some rural retreat [meet, }
 Where the nymphs of the groves, and the singing birds }
 When only a fence shuts them out from the street ;
 With the smoke of the city be-weeping their eyes
 They sit in their boxes, and look very wise,
 Take a sip of bad punch, or a glass of sour wine ;
 Conceiting their pleasures are equal to mine,
 Who rove where I will, and wherever I roam,
 In spite of new faces am always at home.

Poor Richard, the reel-man, had nothing to say ;
 He knew very well I would have my own way ;—
 When I said, “ My dear Richard, I'm sick of the town,
 “ And Dutchmen that worry me, upstairs and down,
 “ A book of bad debts, and a score of bad smells,
 “ The yelping of dogs, and the chiming of bells ;
 “ I am sick of the house, and the sight of small beer,
 “ And the loom may be going, tho' I am not here ;
 “ I therefore shall leave you, and that, to be plain,
 “ 'Till I feel in a humour to see you again.” —
 Poor Richard said nothing to all that I spoke,
 But kindled his pipe, and redoubled his smoke.

YET it would have been nothing but friendship in him
 To have said,—“ Robert Slender, 'tis only a whim :—
 A trip to the *Schuylkill*, that nothing would cost,
 Might answer your ends, and no time would be lost ;
 But

* The stocking-loom was invented by a young man who paid his addresses to a handsome stocking-knitter, and being rejected, in revenge contrived this curious machine, which, it is said, consists of no less than six thousand different pieces.

But if you are thinking to make a long stay,
Consider, good Robert, what people will say :

“ His rent running on, and his loom standing still—

“ The man will be ruin’d!—he must, if he will—!

“ If tradesmen will always be flaunting about,

“ They may live to repent it—before the year’s out!”

As I never could relish to travel alone,

I look’d round about, but could hit upon none

Whom Satan was tempting to leave their own houses

And travel to York with their daughters and spouses ;

At last, by repeating my trouble and care,

And preaching, a month, on the sweets of fresh air,

And the curse, and the plague of remaining in town,

Where the heat was sufficient to melt a man down,

I got a small party to join in the trip ;

And the first I shall mention was honest WILL. SNIP,

PHILADELPHIA the famous had own’d to his birth,

The *gravest* of towns on the face of the earth ;

Where saints of all orders their freedom may claim,

And poets, and painters, and girls of the game :

To him all its streets and its alleys were known,

But his travels had never exceeded the town :—

A tailor by trade (and a dabbler was he

To make a silk knee-band set snug to the knee)

With his wife (and he says I may mention her name)

SUSANNA SNIPINDA ; so charming a dame,

The sun had with pleasure look’d down on her head,

So freckled was she, and her tresses so red.

To wait on the will of so handsome a lady

A youngster was order’d to hold himself ready,

A sly looking lad that was ’prentice to Snip,

And long had been learning to cabbage and clip ;—

When Snip was in sight, he was mild as a lamb ;

When absent, the devil could hardly rule SAM.

THE next I describe is one Captain O’KEEFE,

A killer of men, and a lover of beef :

With the heroes of old he had put in his claim,

And catch’d at their mantles, and rose into fame :

To

To the found of a fife and the tune of no song
 With his *Andra Ferrara** he paddled along :
 From his manners so rough, and his dealing in ruin,
 The ladies would often miscall him *Sir Bruin* ;
 He was, among women, a man of great parts
 And often had travell'd the road to their hearts :
 He had a sweet creature put under his care,
 And he was so gallant, and she was so fair,
 A Milliner's girl, with a bundle of lace, [face
 Whom CYNTHIA† he call'd, from the shape of her
 At a ball or a frolic how glib his tongue ran,
 He was, I may say, an unparallell'd man,
 Very apt to harangue on the hosts he has slain
 Of people—most surely created in vain— ;
 Yet so kind to the sex of the feminine make
 By his words he would venture to die for their sake,
 Whence some have suspected that some he ador'd
 Have more than made up for the wastes of his sword.

THE third in succession was Monsieur TOUPPEE,
 A barber from Paris, of noble degree,
 (For oft when he takes up his razor, to strap it,
 He tells his descent from the line of *Hugh Capet* ;‡
 Tho' soft in the head, his discourses were long,
 Now counting his honours, and now his *l'argent*.)
 This barber, tho' willing for pleasure to stray,
 Yet had some pomatum to sell by the way,
 Perfumes, and fine powders, and essence of roses,
 And liquids in vials, to cheer up our noses,
 Some printed receipts, and some choice *eau-de-vie* §
 And such was the cargo of Monsieur Touppee.

A SINGER of ballads was next in our train,
 Who long had been dealing in ballads invain :
 He sometimes would sing in a musical tone,

And

* A large kind of sword, in use among the Italians.

† Cynthia is also a poetical name for the Moon.

‡ A popular French nobleman, who, A. D. 987. usurped the crown of France, and was the first of a new race of monarchs.

§ French brandy.

And sometimes would scribble a song of his own :
 Yet never was seen with his brethren to mix—
 And laugh'd at your poets in coaches and six ;
 Who sing, like the birds, when the weather is fine ;
 Whose verses the ladies pronounce “ so divine ;”
 Who ride with *Augustus*, wherever he goes,
 And, meeting old *Homer*, would turn up the nose—
 As to those, like himself, that were held to the ground,
 He knew it was folly to feed them with sound—
 He knew it was nonsense, to crown them with bays,
 And was too much their friend to insult them with praise.

For a dozen long years he had liv'd by the mob ;
 On the word of a weaver I pitied poor BOB !
 The *Babes in the wood* was his favourite song,
 Or *Barbara Allan*, or *Johnny Armstrong* ;
 Yet so bad was his luck, or so poor was the trade,
 And the *Muses*, he thought, were so sneakingly paid,
 That if times didn't alter, and that very soon,
 He said and he swore, he must sing his last tune.

SOME devil had put it, somehow, in his head
 If he travell'd through Jersey his fortune was made :
 Some devil had told him (but whether in dreams
 Or waking, I know not) some devil, it seems,
 Had made him believe that the nymphs and the swains
 Were fairly at war with their old fashion'd strains,
 That the tunes which the kirk or the curates had made
 (And which always had ruin'd the balladman's trade)
 Were wholly disus'd, and that now was the time
 For singers of catches and dealers in rhyme
 To step from their stalls, where they long were disgrac'd,
 Reform the old music, and fix a new taste.

A MATE of a schooner, bespatter'd with tar,
 Who had lately come in from *Savanna-la-Mar*,*
 Was the next I prevail'd on to step from his deck
 And venture a jaunt, at the risque of his neck,
 His name, I remember (unless I mistake)
 Was BILLY O'BLUSTER, and much of a rake ;

From

* A seaport town in the S. W. quarter of Jamaica.

From morning till night he was still on the move,
 Was always in taverns, or always in love :
 His life was sustain'd by the virtues of *grog*,
 And many long miles he had sail'd by the log.—
 Of battles and storms he had known a full share,
 And his face, it was plain, was the worse for the wear ;
 To see a mean fellow, lord, how it would fret him ;
 And he hated a puppy, wherever he met him—
 He was ready to bleed for the good of each STATE,
 But since they had left the poor seamen to fate ;
 Themselves in the suds, and their fair ones in tears,
 And many brave fellows *detain'd* in Algiers— !
 Had spirit sufficient to make themselves free,
 But not to be equal with Britain at sea !—
 As this was the case—he must *give us the bag*,*
 Adhere to Old England, and sail with her flag.
 At cursing and swearing he play'd a good hand,
 But never was easy a minute on land ;
 If the wind was ahead, or his *Kitty* untrue,
 Why, *patience* was all the relief that he knew— :
 In the midst of misfortune he still was serene,
 And *Kitty*, he said, was a feeble machine :
 His heart was too hard for a lady to sigh,
 Yet I guess'd him a rogue by the leer in his eye ;
 “ The world (he would say) is a whimsical dance—
 And reason had taught him to leave it to chance.
 In chase of dame Fortune his prime he had pass'd,
 And now was beginning to sail very fast,
 But thought it was folly his heart to perplex,
 As *Fortune* was just like the rest of her sex ;—
 Designing, and fickle, and taken with show,
 Now fond of a monkey, and now of a beau :—
 Yet, still, as the *goddess* was made up of whim,
 He meant to pursue till she smil'd upon him.”
 And tho' he was always deceiv'd in the chase,
 He smooth'd up his whiskers, and wore a bold face.

ON

* A phrase common among seamen ; importing to abscond or slip out of the way.

ON horseback he first had attempted to go,
 But the horse was no fool, and had lent him a throw :
 He fell in a pond, and with not a dry rag on
The horse brought him back to the sign of the waggon,
 Where three times he call'd for a dram of their best,
 And three times the virtues of brandy confess'd ;
 Then took some tobacco, and soberly said,
 " De'il take such a vessel, she's all by the head,
 " Broach'd to on a sudden, and then, d' ye see,
 " Myself and the saddle went over the lee."

HIS head was so full of his ragged command
 He could scarcely believe he was yet on dry land ;
 He would rise in his sleep ; call the watch up at *four*,
 Ask the man at the helm how Lewes-town bore ;
 Then, rubbing his eyes, bawl out, " By my soul,
 " We are bearing right down on the *Brandywine** shoal ;
 " The devil may trust to such pilots as you :
 " We are close on *Joe Flogger**--the breakers--halloo !"

THE sixth, and the last, that attended our Journey,
 Was a man of the law, a Rhode-Island attorney,
 As cunning as Satan to argue or plead,
 To break an entailment, or cancel a deed :
 They call'd him EZEKIEL—I cannot tell what—
 Perhaps I forget it—perhaps I do not—
 He had once been a parson, and studied at Yale,†
 But took to the law, when his preaching grew stale ;
 In his system of thinking, not well understood,
 I wander'd about, like a man in a wood,
 For he wickedly thought that religion and law
 Were meant for the vulgar, to keep them in awe,
 And often asserted, and prov'd it beside,
 That pleading and preaching were nearly allied,
 That the church and the bar, like a man and a maid,
 Might, just when they pleas'd, lend each other their aid ;
 And brought some examples—take one, if you please,
 " *If they let me sell butter, why mayn't I sell cheese ?*"

* Shoals in the Bay of Delaware.

† Yale College in New-Haven.

C A N T O II.

The Chapter of DEBATES.

HAVING pitch'd on our party, the first thing, of course,
Was how we should travel, by water or horse?

"For my part, said Snip, I was always afraid

"Of sailors, and ships, and the shallopman's trade,

"And the reason thereof I will candidly tell,

My grandmother, *Mopsy*, was drown'd in a well;

"I therefore intreat you, and fervently pray

"We may go with the waggon the Burlington way."

"Hold, puppy," the sailor replied in a fret;

"The devil's not ready to bait for you yet:

Even this way you know there is water to pass,

And twenty long miles we should sail with an ass;

But, gentlemen all, will you take my advice?

Here's *Albertson's** sloop; she's so new and so nice,

Her bottom so sleek, and her rigging so trim,

Not *Bailey** or *Hyde** can be mentioned with him;

In her cabbin and steerage is plenty of room,

And how clever she looks with her flying-jib-boom,

A top-sail aloft that will stand by the wind,

And a yard rigg'd athwart, for a square-sail design'd.

"Odds fish! I would sooner some little delay

Than go, like a booby, the fresh-water way, [word

Where your cream-colour'd captains ne'er swear a bad

And sail without compass or quadrant on board,

See catfish and sturgeons, but never a whale,

Nor balance a mizen, to fight with the gale!

But *Albertson* goes by the rout of Cape May,

Dares tempests, and sees the bold porpusses play;

Where the shore of the coast the proud ocean controuls

He travels, nor strikes on the *Barnegat* shoals."

"You tar-painted monster! (*Snip*inda rejoin'd)

Your jargon has almost disorder'd my mind:

If *Snip* should be *drowned*, and lost in the sea,

You

* Commanders of Philadelphia and New-York packets.

You never once think what a loss it would be !
 I should then be a widow, dejected and sad,
 And where should I find such another sweet lad !
 And *Captain O'Blunder** a letter has wrote,
 As how, in three weeks, he will want a new coat."

SNIP's heart, at her answer, seem'd ready to break :
 " Snipinda," said he, " I would live for your sake !
 If I should be *drowned*, indeed, it is true,
 It would be a bad bargain for Sam and for you !"—

FOR fear they should hear him, Sam whisper'd, *Introd*
I would give my new hat that the devil had both.

" IF Snip should be drowned," said Captain O'Keefe,
 " The widow, I promise, should soon have relief ;
 However, for aught that a soldier can see,
 There are dozens as brisk at the needle as he,
 And, tho' it were hard that the sea-fish should tear him,
 I am fully convinc'd that his brethren can spare him ;

" BUT were I to mention the very best way,
 And the quickest to boot, (for they go in a day)
 I would sleep over-night at the sign of the *Queen*, †
 (Where the wine is so good, and the beds are so clean)
 Then starting by day-break, and riding in state,
 Arriving in *Bristol*, we breakfast at eight,
 Then push on our way with a rapid career,
 With nothing to hinder, and nothing to fear,
 Till Trenton, and Princeton, and Brunswick are pass'd,
 And safe on the *Hudson* they drop us at last."

WHEN the captain had finish'd, the Frenchman arose,
 And, shaking his noddle, cried out, *Me dispose*
To go by the way of the Burlington town,
Where one friseur does live, to whom I am known,
And some lady, that dress up their hair a la mode,
At the sign of the crown, by the side of the road !

Z z

Hold,

* Mr. Slender has left us wholly in the dark in regard to any knowledge of this person. We are apt to suspect he was some intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Snip's, in Pennsylvania.

† Indian Queen.

"HOLD, varlet, be still"—said the Yankee attorney;
 "Are you to decide on the rout of our journey?
 These run-a-bout fellows, I cannot but hate 'em,
 With their rings, and their ruffles, and rolls of pomatum;
 But, gentlemen, (if I may venture to speak
 In the stile I was wont when I dabbled in Greek,
 When I blew on my trumpet, and call'd up my pack,
 Who thought I was holy because I was black;
 Or, if you permit me to quote, in my way,
 Some words that were frequent with parson Dushay)
 "We all have in view to arrive at one town,
 "Yet each one would find out a way of his own;
 "What a pity it is that we cannot agree
 "To march all together to heaven!"—said he—
 But, since I'm convinc'd that it cannot be so,
 (For his journey resembles our journey below)
 Like the sects in religion, I heartily pray
 That each, as he pleases, may have his own way,
 Let Snip, and the Captain, adventure by land,
 The sailor by sea—he can reef, steer, and hand;
 Let the Frenchman set out in a flashy balloon,
 He'll either be there, or be dead, very soon,
 For my own part, I'm fond of the Burlington boat,
 But still, if you're willing, I'll put it to vote."
 THE hint was sufficient—he put it to vote,
 And fate bade us go with the Burlington boat.

C A N T O . III.

The Passage to Burlington.

THE morning was fair, and the wind was at west,
 The flood coming in, and the ladies were drest;
 At the sign of the *Billet* we all were to meet,
 And Snip was the first that appear'd in the street;
 He strutted along with a mighty brisk air,
 While *Sam* and *Snipinda* walk'd slow in the rear.

DRESS'D,

DRESS'd, booted, and button'd, and *cutting a shins*,
 The Captain came next, with his loaded carbine,
 Then handed on board the Milliner's maid ;
 The Barber and Ballad-man longer delay'd,
 For one had some ballads to sing and to play,
 And one had some beards to take off by the way :
 At last they arriv'd, and the sailor along,
 But he was befott'd—his dram had been strong ;
 The lawyer Ezekiel was last to appear,
 And Snip, on the quarter-deck, welcom'd him there.

BUT just as we all were prepar'd to embark,
 The wind came ahead, and the weather look'd dark ;
 So, while they were busy in hoisting the sails,
 And trimming close aft, to contend with the gales,
 Snip with'd himself home, with his needle and sheers,
 Then whisper'd the sailor, and told him his fears :——

Our seaman advis'd them to take in a reef,
 As the vessel was light ; but the skipper was deaf :——

“ 'Tis not for myself I'm afraid,” said the sailor,
 But herē's in your care an unfortunate tailor——”

“ PEACE, peace, cry'd the skipper, you salt-water gan-
 At sea you may talk, but here I'm the commander: [der,
 The worst of all puppies are puppies from sea ;—
 Your braces, and bowlines, are nothing to me ;
 Clue-garnets, and clue-lines, and courses, and stays—
 I wish, from my heart, they were all in a blaze :

Your topmasts, and yards, and your studding sail booms
 Are sweet pretty things—for the handles of brooms ;

For your back-stays and bob-stays I care not a pin,
 Nor when you went out, or when you came in :—

Away to the cabbin, and look out a feat,

And touch, at your peril, a halyard or sheet ?”——

“ Youague-cheek'd, cream-colour'd son of a bitch,
 Who have sail'd all your life on a fresh-water ditch,

Whose mate (answer'd Billy) might be an old wife,

Who never have rattled a shroud in your life,

Whose guts would come up if a ship were in motion,

Whose barque never look'd at the foam of the ocean,

Whose

Whose whole navigation must follow your nose,
 Since that is her pilot wherever she goes ;—
 In sight of your dock you can talk very glib,
 But I know what you are by the cut of your jibb.—”

“ HOLD your jaw, said the skipper, or else go ashore :
 Here’s a cann of strong grog if you’ll say nothing more.”

THEN a storm coming on, we stow’d away snug,
 And Snip in the cabbin lay wrapt in a rugg :
 Snipinda and Sam were inclining to sleep,
 And the lawyer harangu’d on the risques of the deep,
 O’Bluster was busy in looking for squalls,
 And Cynthia discours’d upon dances and balls ;
 And, while the poor Ballad-man gave us a song,
 The Frenchman complain’d that his stomach was wrong.

OUR travels, at length, in the boat being past,
 And arriving at Burlington safely at last,
 While the Quakers came down to welcome us there, }
 And the lads and the lasses, to laugh and to stare, }
 The first thing we did was to settle our fare :
 To the sign of the *Anchor* we then were directed,
 Where Captain O’Keefe a fine turkey dissected,
 And Billy O’Bluster would give us a jog,
 And pester’d the ladies to taste of his *grog* :
 “ Without it (said Billy) I never can dine;
 ’Tis better, by far, than your *balderdash* wine ;
 It braces the nerves, and it strengthens the brain ;—
 A world—and no grog—is a prison of pain,
 And MAN, the most wretched of all that are found
 To creep in the dust, or to move on the ground !—
 It is, of all physick, the best I have seen
 To keep out the cold, and to cut up the spleen :
 Here, madam—miss Cynthia—’tis good, you’ll confess :
 Now, taste ; or you’ll wish you had been in my mess—
 With *grog*, I’m as great as a king on his throne,
 The worst of all climates is—where there is none ;
New Holland, New Zealand—these islands accurs’d—
 Here’s a health to the man that *invented it first* ?”

NEXT morning, by three, the waggon was geer’d—
 The

The Frenchman and I were the first that appear'd :
 The tailor came next and demanded a dram,
 Then waken'd Snipinda, and cudgell'd up Sam.
 All drowsy and lazy, each had his complaint,
 Snipinda declar'd she was ready to faint,
 And Cynthia protested, she thought it not right
 That people should thus be disturb'd in the night :
 The Frenchman was fretting, and cursing the moon
 That always was rising or setting too soon ;
 The Lawyer was vext to be rous'd before day,
 And swore by his docket it was n't fair play ;
 The captain advanc'd with the milliner's maid,
 " Take care of my bundle, dear captain"—she said ;
 Then, full of importance, stept out in the street,
 March'd up to the waggon, and took the best seat :
 The finger of ballads was last in advancing,
 He had paid for his supper with singing and dancing.

C A N T O IV.

The Chapter of VEXATIONS and DISASTERS.

COOP'D up in a waggon, the curtains let down,
 At three, in the morning, we drove out of town ;
 A morning more dark I ne'er saw in my life,
 And the fog was so thick—it would cut with a knife ;
 In a morning like this were the Trojans undone,
 When the *Horse* was admitted, that never could run ;—
 It was a fit season for murders and rapes,
 For drunken adventures, and narrow escapes :—
 So, with something to think of, and little to say,
 The driver drove on, looking out for the day,
 'Till we came to the brow of a damnable hill
 Six miles on our way, when the cattle stood still ; [Snip :
 " Are you sure you are right with the waggon ?" cry'd
 " I am"—said the driver, and crack'd with his whip ;
 Then away ran the horses, but took the wrong road,
 And down went the waggon, with all its full load ;
 Z z z Down,

Down, deep in a valley—roll'd over and over,
Fell the *flying machine*, with its curtains and cover;
Where shatter'd and wounded, no glimpse, yet, of day,
A mass of perdition together we lay!—— [stone;

THEN howlings were heard that would frighten a
“Morbien! cry'd the Frenchman, me quite be undone;
Mon poudre perdu, and my fine *eau-de-vie*;
Diable take him for one *bon fricassée*!”

NEXT rose from his ruins tall Captain O'Keefe,
The first thing he thought of was Cynthia's relief,
Then felt for his sword, but chanc'd on a cane,
And rush'd at the stageman, to smite him in twain.

As fortune would have it, the stageman had fled,
And Snip the whole vengeance receiv'd on his head:—
The staff had been aim'd with so hellish a sweep,
Poor *Will*. in a moment was all in a heap;—

We had room to suppose that his senses were hurt,
For, in spite of our bruises, he gave us some sport;
His head, he conceited, “was made of new cheese;”
And ask'd, “if the sexton would give up his fees?”
Then rolling away, on the side of the hill

With his head in a puddle he lay very still;
At last he bawl'd out—“I am sick at my heart!

Come hither, Snipinda, and see me depart!

I am hastening away from the *Delaware* streams,
To make no more coats, and to sew no more seams,
A phantom I see, with a needle and sheers,

He clips at my coat, and he threatens my ears!

Snipinda, Snipinda! alas! I must leave her!

And all for the sake of this rascally *weaver*,

Who never would give me a moment of rest,

“Till I left my dear shop-board—and thus am distressed!

But a time will arrive (if I deem not amiss)

When Robert, the weaver, shall suffer for this—

May his breeches, hereafter, be always too wide,

Or so narrow and scant, as to torture his hide;

May his jerken be ever too long or too short,

And the skirts of his tunic not two of a sort!

And,

And, when from this horrible jaunt you return,
 Tell *Captain O'Blunder* 'tis needless to mourn :
 Ah, tell him I firmly believ'd I was going
 Where people no longer are stitching or sewing,
 Where white linnen stockings will ever be clean,
 And ge'mmen go dress'd in your black bombazeen ;
 Where, with *old continental* our debts we can pay,
 And the BUDS OF his BEAUTY—no blossoms display !
 Where with pretty brass thimbles the streets are all
 And a *remnant*, at least, I am told, *shall be sav'd* ; [pav'd,
 Where cloth may be cabbag'd, and that without fear,
 And journeymen work, thirteen months to the year !"]

SNIPINDA was mov'd at so dismal a yell,
 And groping about, to find where he fell,
 She cry'd, " I have got a sad bruise on one hip,
 But matters, I fear, are *far worser* with Snip."

" Yes, yes, (answer'd Snip) I'm preparing to go !
 Be speedy, Snipinda, my pulse is so low !"—

THEN she came where he lay, and took hold of his head
 And whisper'd the captain—" How much he has bled !"
 (For she thought, as he lay with his nose in the puddle,
 The water was blood that had flow'd from his noddle)

" Ah, where is the Doctor, to give him a pill,
 And where is the Lawyer to scribble his will ?

Ezekiel, Ezekiel—! attend to his words ;—

If I am his widow—I will have my *thirds* !

But can you (and here she reclin'd on his breast)

And can you resolve to forsake me distress !

Is it thus you would quit me, my love, and my joy,

And leave me *alone* with this cursed bad boy ?

Is it thus you consign me to trouble and woe !

When you are departed—ah, where shall I go !

I shall then be a widow—forsaken and sad !—

And where shall I find such another sweet lad !

Who then will provide me a mint-water dram,

Gallant me to meeting, and who will flog Sam !"]

By this time the story was currently spread,
 And most were convinc'd that the tailor was dead ;

" The

" The tailor is dead, beyond all relief;

" The tailor is dead—cry'd Captain O'Keefe—

" To fetch up a fashion, or trump up a whim,

" Not a knight of the thimble was equal to him!"

" THE tailor is dead (the lawyer exclaim'd)

God speed him! 'tis better to die than be maim'd;

If *life* is a *race*, as the clergy pretend,

God help him! his racing is soon at an end—

His anchor is cast, and his canvas is furl'd!

A creature he was so attach'd to the world,

So eager for money!—I say it with grief,

He hardly consider'd the *fall of the leaf*!—

He has come, we may say, to the end of his *tether*,

Where the maid and her master shall lay down together,

And where, I am certain, no children or wife

Shall make him uneasy—the rest of his life!

For the place where he's gone, may we also prepare,

Where the mind, when admitted, shall rest from her

And fiddles—the finest that ever were seen, [care;

Shall play for his comfort a new *Bonny Jean*."

" THE tailor is dead"—said the company round—

" The tailor is dead"—the dark forests resound—

" He is dead!" blubber'd Sam, with a counterfeit sigh,

When the sailor bawl'd out—" By the l--d, it's a lie—

The fellow is only contriving some fun,

His blood is not cold, and his race is not run—:

If a vessel is crank, and exposes her keel,

Are we frighten'd to death at a parlement-heel?

If he chances to tumble, and bruises his pate,

Is that a good reason to quarrel with fate?—

His head, it is true, may have had a small shock:

I'll bind it:—'twill only be strapping a block—

Here, give us a neckcloth, a napkin, a clout;

Now heave up his noddle, and frap it about:

Success to the scull that can bear a good jirk—

They only have damag'd his ginger-bread work:*

The

* The carved work in general about a ship is distinguished, among sailors, by this name.

The symptoms of life are exceedingly plain,
And *Captain O'Blunder* shall see him again!"

THE matter turn'd out as he said and he swore,
And the tailor threw open his peepers once more.

WHEN the morning appear'd, it is horrid to tell
What mischiefs the most of our crew had besel,
A bundle lay here, and a budget lay there,
The Frenchman was cursing, and pulling his hair :
The horses were feeding about on the hill,
And Snip, with his head on a hassock, lay still :
The driver beseech'd us the fault to excuse,
"The night had been dark, and he lost both his shoes."

THEN, he rais'd up his waggon, rejoicing to find
That, by leaving the top, and the curtains behind,
We still might proceed ; for the body was sound,
And the wheels, upon searching, uninjur'd all round.

BUT, dull and dishearten'd, we travell'd along,
Our waggon dismantled, our harness all wrong.
The Lawyer was vext that we went a snail's pace,
And Cynthia was sure she had ruin'd her lace ;
While Billy O'Bluster, who Snip had restor'd,
Asserted that Snip was the *Jonas* on board,
And often declar'd to the captain and me,
"He would give him a fouse if he had him at sea."

SNIPINDA repented not yet of the trip ;
She said, that she "only was sorry for Snip,
Whose virtues were many ; and, if he were dead,
How Sam, the vile varlet, would have his own head."

At length, we arriv'd, with the marks of our fall,
And halted to dine with the man at *Road-Hall* ;
Honest *David* has always a dish of the best,
But Snipinda declar'd there was nothing well drest ;
"And, Snip, (she exclaim'd) I would ask him to eat,
But I know that he never could relish roast meat :
I think it were better to get him some tea,
He always was fond of slop-dinners, like me,
But then—he could never put up with *Bohea*,
La, Madam ! is this the best tea that you keep ?—

By

By the taste and the smell you have purchas'd it cheap :
 No *Hyson* or *Congo* to give a sick stranger ;
 Poor Snip, I'm *afear'd* that his life is in danger !²

"LET him die and be d—d (said the sailor) who's he
 That his lean-looking paunch should be pamper'd with
 If I had him at sea, with the rest of our crew, [tea?—
 I'd burn out his guts with a bowl of *burgoo* !"

"FROM what I can gather (cry'd Captain O'Keefe)
 I am sure he might venture to taste of the beef :
 Nay, I think I can guess from the cast of his eye,
 That he longs to have hold of the bak'd mutton pye."

"WHY, captain, (she cry'd) would you kill the poor
 If he cannot have tea, he shall go without dinner. [finger?

At length to the ferry we safely arrive—
 The Frenchman was thankful he still was alive—
 Poor Cynthia complain'd of abundance of harms,
 The black on her face, and the blue on her arms—
 Snipinda exclaim'd that she wanted a *patch*
 Since Snip, in his ravings, had give her a scratch—
 The corpse of the captain was all in a wreck,
 And the sailor was plagu'd with a kink in his neck,
 He had a contusion, he said, on his thigh,
 And the balladman talk'd of a bruise on his eye,
 Then told me, how much he was vex'd at the heart
 That no one regarded the song-singing art ;
 Yet the world was in love with his music (he said)
 But never consider'd he liv'd by the trade ;
 That affronts and neglect were forever his lot,
 And the lovers of music respected him—not ; [swains,
 He had sung for the nymphs, and had sung for the
 But they were unwilling to purchase his strains,
 When he put up his ballads, and call'd for his pay,
 The swains turn'd about, and the nymphs ran away."

So, I said what I could to encourage poor Bob,
 And told him, "the world was no more than a mob ;
 That reptiles and wretches were all the world o'er,
 The wonder was only there were not some more ;
 He should treat them alike if advanc'd to a crown,

Array'd

Array'd in a rag, or disguis'd in a gown; [joice,
 That the time might arrive when we both should re-
 And weaving and singing be matters of choice;
 That a poet of genius (all history shews)
 Ne'er wanted a puppy to bark at his muse; ~~and~~
 And, tho' their productions were never twice read,
 Yet *Bavius* and *Mevius* must also be fed."

THEN, looking across to the *city of Perth*,
 I wonder (said he) if those people love mirth:
 A steeple I see, and that's a bad sign,
 As I was once inform'd by a cousin of mine;
 For the parson holds none to be worthy of grace
 If the gloom of December is not in their face;
 And a church and a clerk are always together,
 And a clerk and myself are not birds of one feather:
 While I am reduc'd to depend upon alms
 He thrives by retailing his old fashion'd psalms;
 And so, my dear comrades, I think 'tis invain
 Any longer to meddle with ballads prophane;
 A double advantage these fellows possess,
 In this wicked world they hold a good place,
 And when they go hence, there is room to surmise
 To the regions above, with their psalters, they rise,
 While I, with a load of unsanctify'd rhyme,
 In the service of Satan, am spending my time,
 If here I'm rewarded with wailing and woe
 When dead—to perdition, no doubt, I shall go!"

WHEN supper was over we hurry'd to bed,
 But I slept not a wink for a bruise on my head,
 And the balladman's story was fresh in my brain,
 For I was unhappy that he should complain.

THE waiter was order'd to rouse us at five——
 When the sailor demanded, *if Snip was alive?*

"Alive, (answer'd Sam) and alive like to be;
 He talk'd the whole night *about flogging of me.*"

THEN the skipper came in, with a horrible noise,
 Exclaiming, "The stage-boat is ready, my boys!"

The

The wind is a-head, and the ebb is a making,
The devil is in you not yet to be waking !”——

Now, all were embark’d, and the boat under sail
With a dark cloudy sky and a stiff blowing gale:
The wind at north-east made a hollow head sea,
Snip puk’d up his supper on Monsieur Toupee ;
The Frenchman roar’d out——“ Diable ! ah peste !
I wish he was dead, in his coffin at rest :

Good capitaine, tell me—ah foutre, morbleu !——
If the wind should blow tempest, den vat vill vee do ?”

POOR Cynthia was frighten’d, and pale in the face,
And begg’d of O’Keefe to take care of her lace ;
“ For if I should chance to be *drowned* (said she)
It would be a great loss to my madam and me !”

THE lawyer replied——“ Sweet creature, don’t fear ;
The skipper has been to New England, my dear,
He knows very well when to take in a reef :
Be quiet, and sit down by master O’Keefe.”——

SNIP offer’d the skipper five dollars, and more,
And a pair of new trowsers, to run us on shore ;
“ And, if I was *there* (said the faint-hearted swain)
No devils, or weavers, should tempt me again !
On foot, it were better to trudge the world through,
No shirt to my back, and no soal to my shoe !
I had rather, by far, I had broken both legs,
Been hurried to jail, or been pelted with eggs !
Now comrades, and captains, I bid you-good night—
And you, Mr. Slender, our journey will write !—
A journey so recent—no doubt—will attract,
Related in metre, and founded on fact !”——

BUT the mate of the schooner did nothing but
And call’d him a puppy, and fresh-water calf ; [laugh,
The worse was the weather, the bolder he grew,
And swore at the winds as he swore at his crew ;
All, all but himself were inclining to fear——
But ’tis time that our actors should now disappear.

SNIPINDA was sorry she ever left home :
Ezekiel allow’d it was madness to roam :

Toupee

Toupee was alarm'd at the break of the seas,
 And you, *Robert Slender*, were not at your ease,
 Yet could n't help laughing at Captain *O'Keefe*,
 Who shunn'd little *Cynthia*—and cast up his beef;
 (And *Bruin*, she said, I am sick at my heart—!
 Come hither—and *bug* me—before I depart!
 What wretches e'er travell'd so rugged a rout!
 Alas! I am sorry that e'er we set out!
 The world will so laugh at the wounds of our crew,
 And *Slender*, the weaver, no mercy will shew!)
 And *Sam*, while he own'd what a thief he had been,
O'Bluffer made love to a bottle of gin;
Bob's ballads and poems lay scatter'd about,
 Himself in the fuds, and his music run out:
Snip lay with his head by the side of a pot,
 In doubt if his soul was departing or not!—
 Complaining, and spewing, and cursing his luck,
 Then look'd at *Snipinda*, and call'd her his duck.
 At length, to relieve us, when look'd for the least,
 The wind came about to the south of south-east;
 The barque, that was buried in billows before,
 Now scudded away for the *Manhattan** shore,
 And, gaining the port where we wish'd to arrive,
 Was safe in the *basin*, precisely at *five*.

* The antient name of the Island on which the city of New York stands.

F I N I S



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